

Murray & St. Leger.

Cape Town.

THE LATE RT. HON. SIR BARTLE FRERE, K.C.M.G., &c.

THE HISTORY

OF THE

BATTLES AND ADVENTURES

OF

The British, the Boers, and the Zulus, &c.,

IN

SOUTHERN AFRICA

FROM THE TIME OF PHARAOH NECHO, TO 1880.

WITH COPIOUS CHRONOLOGY

VOL. II.

BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL FRANCIS MOODIE.

*"Oh blood and thunder! and oh blood and wounds!
These are but vulgar oaths, as you may deem,
Too gentle reader! and most shocking sounds;
And so they are—yet thus is Glory's dream,
Unriddled."—BYRON.*

COLOURED MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

CAPE TOWN:

MURRAY & ST. LEGER,

Parliamentary Printers and Government Bookbinders
1888.

All rights reserved.

YACON 11.1

11.1

11.1

11.1

11.1

11.1

11.1

11.1

11.1

11.1

The History of the Battles and Adventures of the British
the Boers, and the Zulus, &c., in Southern Africa.

BY D. C. F. MOODIE.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS, LETTERS, AND OTHER AUTHORITIES. ON
THE FIRST EDITION OF VOL. I IN AUSTRALIA.

D. C. MOODIE, Esq.—“Buckingham Palace, London, September 29, 1882.—Sir,—I am commanded by the Queen to thank you for the Volume on South Africa which you have had the kindness to present to Her Majesty.—I have the honour, &c., (Sig.) HENRY PONSONBY.”

The late Sir BARTLE FRERE to D. C. F. MOODIE.—“It is very gratifying to see anyone who really understands South African matters making the truth about them clear, for the ignorance on all such subjects is deplorable, and people utter opinions on matters of which they do not even know the facts.”

South Australian Advertiser, ADELAIDE.—“Mr. Moodie's work is a goodly volume. Mr. Moodie's experience in the past has enabled him to intersperse his narrative of events with many curious observations on the customs of the Zulus and other tribes, which are alike original and valuable. An important feature in the work is a chronological table of the principal events connected with South Africa since the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope in 1486, *which will prove most useful to Students*. The illustrations are numerous, some of them being decidedly effective, and the coloured map of South Africa at the beginning of the book is really an excellent one.”

The *Lantern*, ADELAIDE.—“A really valuable history. Exciting incidents and numerous anecdotes are portrayed with a vivid eye. The work redounds to the credit of its author. We cannot close our review of this book without adverting to the large amount of industry and research Mr. Moodie has brought to bear upon it. *Every Institute and Public School* in the Colonies ought to find a place for it.”

Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, K.C.M.G., to D. C. F. Moodie Esq.—“I think your book a meritorious publication. *It was most useful as a reference.* It shows great industry, and does your powers of research and skilful adaptation great credit.”

Chief JOHN DUNN, ZULULAND.—“To D. C. F. MOODIE Esq.—Dear Moodie, many thanks for your Zulu Book, which I got by la-t mail, much to my surprise and pleasure, as I had lost sight of you ever since our being boys together in Natal. Your book is very accurate, and gives a very good version of what really did take place in Zululand, &c.”

The Federal Australian, MELBOURNE.—“Mr. Moodie's volume on South Africa is one of the most creditable contributions to general literature that has ever been issued from the Australian Press. No person will find the work dull. Many readers will devour it with eagerness. On the whole, the author deserves high commendation for his industry and literary ability, and we hope his book will attain a wide circulation.”

Natal Mercury.—“A very attractive and most readable volume. Of all the books written upon the Zulu War, it alone possesses the distinction of having been prepared by one whose acquaintance with his theme is a matter of life-long intimacy, fortified by exceptional facilities of access to historical records. Mr. Moodie follows the history of Cetywayo with absorbing fidelity.”

Times of Natal.—“A book which commanded a large circulation in Australia. Its merits entitle it to a place on the shelves of every local library. Mr. Moodie's book is a thrilling narrative of adventure, *all the more interesting because it is a record of facts.*”

Natal Mercantile Advertiser.—“Deeds of blood, and the horrors of war, do not occupy all the pages of this very interesting book, but historical accounts, anecdotes, and reflections, will render it a valuable, if not indispensable, assistance to any one who, in the future, attempts to deal with the history of South Africa.

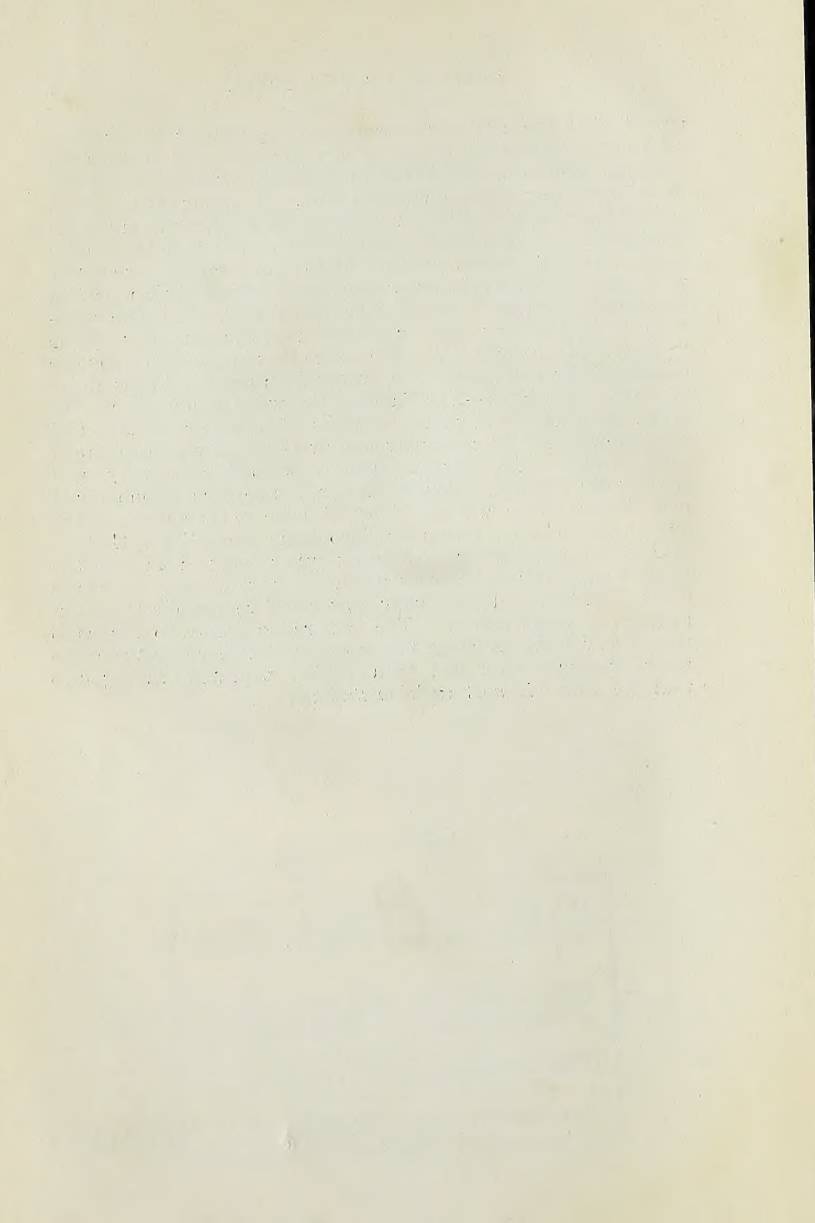
Cape Times, January, 30, 1888.—An advertisement in another column states that the “Battle and Adventure” parts of this rather ambitious work is now being carried through the printing department of this office. We have already given a synopsis of the contents of the two volumes some months ago, and now draw attention to the advertisement, as the numerous subscribers to the work will be interested to know that the volumes will soon see the light of the day (and the heat of criticism). It is ap-

parent that the author's intention is to present history in a striking and inviting form, in fact to base solid history on exciting adventure and thrilling incidents, which are all the more interesting because perfectly true. It is thought that thus presenting substantial instruction in such a taking form will be acceptable to the youth of these colonies as well as to the "older boys." In the various opinions of the press quoted, we notice that amid the general eulogy the fact is frequently emphasised that those "Battles" will be a standard work of reliable reference, and others lay stress upon the assertion that they will be "most useful to students." We notice that an Eastern Province contemporary also views these works from the standpoint above indicated. It says:—The Battles, &c., when produced, will be large, handsome, and valuable works of reliable reference, and teeming with thrilling narrative and wild adventure, based upon solid history. The advertisement sets forth that they will contain illustrations, coloured map, and a copious chronology, a new feature which will be of *special value to the student*, and it quotes parts of a letter from Sir Theophilus Shepstone, K.C.M.G., to the author, saying, "I think your book a meritorious publication. It will be most useful as a reference. It shows great industry, and does your powers of research and skilful adaptation great credit." The Australian press also alludes to the first volume as being the most creditable contribution to their literature that had then (1880) appeared, saying also that the book "*is most useful to students.*"

AFRICANA.

MERENCKY-BIBLIOTHEEK
 UNIVERSITEIT VAN PRETORIA.
 Klasnommer..... ZPA (8)
 Registernommer..... 66012

mo6DIE



PREFACE TO SECOND VOLUME.

THIS Volume will bring to a conclusion a labour for which I have been collecting material for ten long years.

I have mentioned before that the first volume of these historical "Battles" was produced in Australia in 1879, but since my return to Cape Town so many valuable sources of information have kindly been thrown open to me by members of the present highly popular Cape Ministry, and other officials like Mr. Theal and the Custodian of the "Records," Mr. Leibbrandt, and I have been so fortunate as to receive much other important assistance from the library of Mr. Fairbridge, as well as from those of other gentlemen like Sir Thomas Upington, Sir Thomas Scaulen, Mr. George Chase, and many other kind friends, too numerous to mention, as the auctioneers have it.

This assistance has much extended the scope of these works, which, it will be seen from the first volume, go much further back into the remote and misty Past than any other History on South Africa, and unearth subject matter round which oblivion had long folded her dank and dark wings, showing, as they do, the hidden springs which set the works of the early Portuguese Princes in motion many, many years before Diaz or Da Gama were thought of, when these philanthropic magnates planned the extension of the Crusade movement, and long years afterwards sent down Diaz along the West Coast of Africa, and planted their cross on an island in Algoa Bay, as well as one near Angra Pequena that Capt. Owen of the *Leven* speaks of as having seen mutilated by some scurilicious vandals.

I had intended to bring the works down to a later date, but this was impossible, unless I rejected a mass of valuable and most interesting old documents that imperatively demanded attention in their proper sequence of date, and this, in the interest of my subscribers and the general public, I

could not do, especially as this ancient matter is, now-a-days, very hard to get at, and daily sinking and vanishing like drops of rain in the earth.

However, I have brought them down to about 1880, and what has transpired of battles, &c., since then can hardly be deemed History, as the events are still freshly around us in books, pamphlets, serials, newspapers, &c., &c., History, cheese-like, must needs be *old*—and the racier the better.

If it is not so to all of my good readers, it is to me a source of comforting satisfaction to feel and know that I have fortunately become possessed of *all* the material which for years I have regarded as necessary to my present literary structure.

I should have liked, however, to have had more room in the appendices in which to devote attention to the Ethnological and Philological subjects in which this country is so rich. Like the musty papers above alluded to, races around us are daily sinking away into the Earth like drops of rain, while we stand by and don't raise a finger to arrest the fleeting and invaluable knowledge. Dr. Bleek and my father did their best as regards the Bushmen, especially the former, as the works that they have left behind them testify, but neither of them had learnt the native languages as a child, and without this acquisition, from my knowledge of the native languages, which I picked up *when a child*, I know that no certain information can be obtained. The crafty savage, in reply to the earnest and benevolent philologist, says, *not what is the truth, but what he thinks is wanted of him to say*. He argues to himself, barbarian like, "If I only manage to please him, I shall certainly achieve the requisite distention as regards roast beef and roast potatoes." I know him. The matter reminds one of what the Yankee wit said "The Horse is a noble animal—he knows his own stable!" *En passant*. Mr. J. C. Silberbauer is at present engaged in collecting information concerning the Bushmen.

It will be noticed that everything connected with these works is entirely a Cape production, with the exception of the pictures being copied and printed in London.

The chronological table at the end will, I trust, be

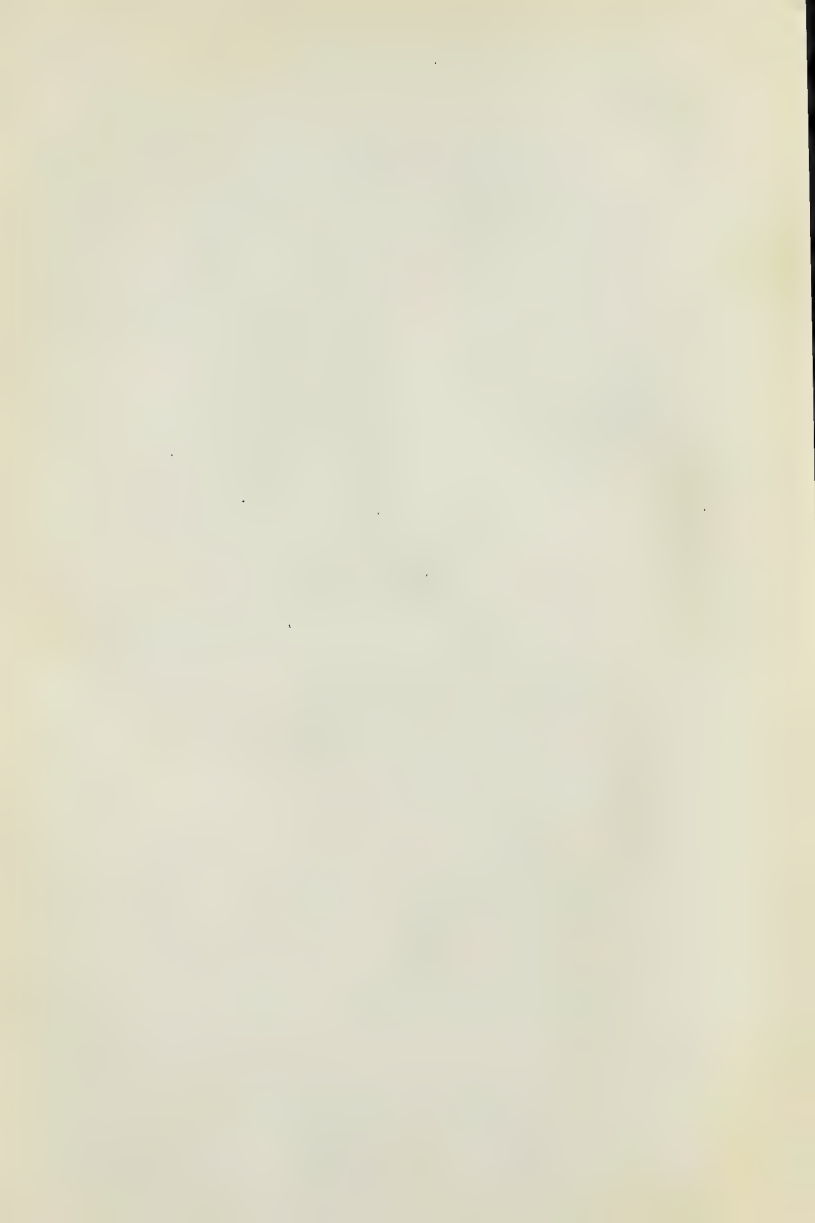
found to be an important feature. It has cost me much time and trouble, and I have compiled it from the very best available authorities. Hall has not been referred to at all, as good authorities, who have tested him, tell me he is unreliable. I am aware that, as far as extension goes it is not by any means exhaustive or complete, but it is accurate, and I hope to live to make it complete as far as regards remarkable "Footprints on the sands of Time."

No one, is, of course, infallible, and if any error has escaped detection, I should take it as a kindness if it was pointed out to me.

I now, respectfully, take my leave, and trust myself to the tender mercies of my subscribers and other friends, as well as to the humanity of the general public and the critics. May they have partaken of a comforting tiffin when they take in hand the mighty pen, is the prayer of

Your very humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

KAFIR WARS.

	PAGES.
Battle of Berea	1—5

CHAPTER II.

BRITISH KAFFRARIA—THE “WAR OF THE AXE”— BATTLES WITH THE AMAXOSA KAFIRS.

A Challenge to Battle—Horrible Tortures—Capt. Bambié Shot—His body—A most memorable day—All the Wagous Captured—Kafirs concentrating—Death in the bush—Strong drink	6—17
--	------

CHAPTER III.

THE AFFAIRS ON THE KOWIE BUSH.

Roared like a bull—“Waght Baas!”—“Zuur gaat aan!”	18—21
--	-------

CHAPTER IV.

THE PASSAGE OF THE FISH RIVER.

Hot Fighting—Warm work	22—24
-------------------------------	-------

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE OF THE GUANGA.

“Umbohlo”—Major Walpole wounded—“Marwouw!”—A Pretty Charge—Deadly slaughter—“Targho!”—The prisoner—“Marwouw!”	25—34
--	-------

CHAPTER VI.

MURDER OF FIVE OFFICERS AT THE SOHOTA MOUNTAIN.

Pounce upon their prey—Burial of Officers—Escapes by Chance	35—37
--	-------

CHAPTER VII.

THE AFFAIR OF THE GOOLAH HEIGHTS.

	PAGES
Entrapped by Kafirs—An Extraordinary Scene— “Push the Wagons Through!”—Amongst the Dead and Dying—Firing thro’ the Chink ...	38—43

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BEEKA MOUTH.

On the Spoor—“Charge!”—Shot with Partridge Shot—The silver Tea-pot	44—48
--	-------

CHAPTER IX.

THE BOOMAH PASS.

Mr. Brownlee, Regent—Masses of Kafirs Collecting —“The Troops Entered the Pass”—Bisset Wounded—“I have got it!”—“Fraser, Don’t Leave Me!”—Twenty-three Soldiers Killed— Extraordinary Wounds—Hot Work—Hard Fighting—Charles Bailie—Horrible Spectacle— Capt. Mansergh—Desertion—The Turkey— Shocking!—Sir Harry cut his way thro’— Short Commons	49—67
---	-------

CHAPTER X.

The wreck of the <i>Birkenhead</i>	68—70
---	-------

CHAPTER XI.

BASUTO BATTLES.

Cannibalism—Morosi and Major Donovan—Battle of Mekuatleng—Natal to the Rescue—Cathcart and Moshesh—The Battle of Berea	71—85
---	-------

CHAPTER XII.

BOER AND BASUTO BATTLES.

Weber Engages Nehemiah—Ghastly Relics—Boshof appeals for Help—Moshesh at Home—Basutos Raiding Natal under Ramelana, alias, Lesaoana.— Ramelana and Natal—Molapo Gives In—Patrol in the Malutis—Basutoland British—Boers and Secheli—Basutoland 1865—Barbarous Massacres —Mr. Botes Stabbed	86—108
---	--------

CHAPTER XIII.

BASUTO WAR—1865.

Skulking Burghers—Storming Thaba Bosigo— Gallant Wepener Killed—Runaway Boers and Baralongs—Scouring the Draagsberg—Makwai's Mountain 1867—Tandjesberg 1868—Ammunition Stopped—The Kieme Captured—Caves and Cannibals	PAGES. 109—120
---	---

CHAPTER XIV.

BATTLE BETWEEN CETYWAYO AND UMBULAZI IN 1856.

Battling Brothers—Rev. Tönneson's Account—John Dunn's Account—Battle on the Tugela—Alli- gators—A Rush for Life—Usutu!	121—132
---	---------

CHAPTER XV.

THE AFFAIR OF MATYANA.

Strategy—Shepstone Stabbed—The late Dr. Colenso —"Inya Leyo!" Matyana	133—138
---	---------

CHAPTER XVI.

STRIFE AMONGST BOERS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

The Boer—A Farce—A Night Alarm—Knocked him over	139—143
---	---------

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LANGALIBALELE REBELLION.

Bushman's Pass Affair—Durnford's despatch—A Wondrous Region—The Altitude of Solitude ...	144—149
---	---------

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GCALEKA AND GAIKA REBELLION OF 1877.

Ophir—Gold—Kafir War of 1877-8—Gcaleka and Fingoes	150—154
--	---------

CHAPTER XIX.

THE KAFIR WAR OF 1877-8.

The Late Sir Bartle Frere—Mr. Brownlee's letter ...	155—158
---	---------

CHAPTER XX.

THE BATTLE OF GUADANA.

Mr. G. B. Chalmers' Account	159—162
------------------------------------	---------

CHAPTER XXI.

	THE BATTLE OF IBEKA.	PAGES.
The Macleans at it	163—166

CHAPTER XXII.

Kreli's Kraal Affair	167
----------------------	--------	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.

	BATTLE OF LUSISI.	
The Bros. Goss	168—169

CHAPTER XXIV.

BATTLE OF UMZINTZANI.

Charge of the Gcalekas—Major Moore—Retreat of the Gcalekas	170—176
--	--------	---------

CHAPTER XXV.

BATTLE OF QUINTANA.

What became of the cattle?—Quintana*—Prepare for Attack—Hard at it	177—182
--	--------	---------

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MOROSI AFFAIR, 1879.

Morosi's Mountain—Yeomanry repulsed—Forces fall back on Ibeka	183—189
---	--------	---------

CHAPTER XXVII.

CAPTURE OF MOROSI'S MOUNTAIN.

Colonel Bayly—Exciting Work—No Fuzes—The Mortar a Success—A Strange Spectacle—On Top—Morosi killed.	190—200
---	--------	---------

CHAPTER XXVIII.

After the Capture	201
-------------------	--------	-----

CHAPTER XXIX.

Capture of Morosi's Mountain	202—204
------------------------------	--------	---------

CHAPTER XXX.

Death of Morosi—The Assault on the Mountain	205—207
---	--------	---------

* Properly "Centani" pronounced with the dental click.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE GRIQUALAND WEST AND NORTHERN BORDER FIGHTS.	PAGES.
Sir Thomas Upington—Northern Border Fights—Makoloque's Affair—Capt. McTaggart's Despatch—William Christian—"The Islands"—W. A. Maclean	206—218

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FIGHTS IN GRIQUALAND WEST, &C.	
Colonel Lanyon—Capt. Tom Maxwell—Death of Sub-Lieut. Paterson—Mankoroane Helps—Paarde Kloof Affair—Makoloque's Mountain—Causes of Outbreak	219—232

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE TRANSVAAL.	
The Dutch Boer—Voortrekkers—"Trek!"—Sand River Convention—G. P. Moodie—A prize—A Lost Prize	233—240

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE TRANSVAAL.	
Voortrekker's Journal—White Kafirs—Natal—Boom Plaats—Jealousy between Boers—"Gront Wet"—Secheli—Boers Arm Hunters—Teppe's Account—Mahura and Gasibone—Gideon Steyn—Snyman and Kruger—Bluebacks—The Keate Award—New Coinage—British Annexation—Delagoa Bay Railway—McCorkindale—Deadlock	241—281

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE ZULU POWER.	
Godongwana—Dingiswayo—Tshaka—Hunger Killed the Country—Cetewayo's Character	282—291

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE ZULUS AND NATAL.	
Sir Theophilus Shepstone's Account	292—299

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JOURNAL OF THE TREK BOERS TO MOSSAMEDES (COMPILED BY W. W. JORDAN)	
Plenty Game—The Thirstland Boers—Miraculous Escape—Fever—A Bolt—Poisoned Birds—A Fight—Caught by a Crocodile—Painful Scenes—Cattle Recovered—Deaths from Fever—Deplorable Condition—Relief—Back! Back!—Laws in the Desert—Desert Waters—Killing	300—332

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SUFFERINGS OF THE WANDERING BOERS.		PAGES.
The Thirstland Boers—Fearful suffering	333—336

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ADVENTURES OF THE TREK BOEREN—TERRIBLE TALE OF DEATH AND SUFFERING.

The Thirstland Boers—Mad Oxen—Murdered by Bushmen—Return to Transvaal	337—344
---	--------	---------

CHAPTER XL.

CONTINUATION OF ADVENTURES OF THE DESERT TREK BOERS.

Humpata—Mossamedes—Albertse and Van der Merwe—The Delegates	345—353
---	--------	---------

CHAPTER XLI.

THE THIRSTLAND BOERS—FROM DAMARALAND TO THE N'HEMBA COUNTRY.

Jordan's Diary—Swarming with Vultures—Heavy Dragging—Majesty and Pudding—Sleeping in Trees—The King's Spies—The Noble Lion—Deep Jungle—Nambinga—Impenetrable Forests—The Lion	354—375
---	--------	---------

CHAPTER XLII.

CONCLUSION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE DESERT TREK BOERS.

A Fight	376—377
---------	--------	---------

CHAPTER XLIII.

EARLY NATIVE RACES OF NATAL AND ZULULAND.

Early Zulu History—European not Human—Dingiswayo—Reforms of Tshaka—Fynn's Papers—Sot-hangana—Awful Scenes—The Fengus—Natal—Tshaka's Kraal—His Dress—Numeration—Tshaka Stabbed—Tshaka Doctor'd—Dress of Regiments	378—406
--	--------	---------

CHAPTER XLIV.

TSHAKA—FYNN—1824.

Against Sikonyana—Fynn's Papers—Killed by Frost—Ornaments of heroes	407—412
---	--------	---------

CHAPTER XLV.

Death of Tshaka's Mother—Fynn—Fynn's Papers—Tears Shed	413—416
--	--------	---------

CHAPTERS XLVI.

DEATH OF MR. KING, &C.—FYNN.

PAGES.

Treachery—Tshaka Killed—Miserable Plight	...	417—422
--	-----	---------

CHAPTER XLVII.

DEATH OF TSHAKA AND OF MR. FAREWELL.

Fynn's Papers	...	423—424
---------------	-----	---------

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Death of John Cane—Fynn	...	425
-------------------------	-----	-----

CHAPTER XLIX.

FYNN'S EVIDENCE.

Natal Bluff Kafirs	...	425—429
--------------------	-----	---------

CHAPTER L.

NATHANIAL ISAACS UPON TSHAKA.

Isaacs on the War Path—Isaacs Wounded—Spitting Fire	...	430—436
--	-----	---------

CHAPTER LI.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

Swapping	...	437—439
----------	-----	---------

CHAPTER LII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

Umpande—Acquaintance with Cetywayo	...	440—444
------------------------------------	-----	---------

CHAPTER LIII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

Hunting Adventures—The Snider Rifle—Adventure with a Lion—Wonderful Escape	...	445—454
---	-----	---------

CHAPTER LIV.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

Starting a tribe—Ungoza's presumption	...	455—460
---------------------------------------	-----	---------

CHAPTER LV.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

A Grand Hunt—Perplexity	...	461—466
-------------------------	-----	---------

CHAPTER LVI.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

Proclaiming a King	...	467—471
--------------------	-----	---------

CHAPTER LVII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

PAGES.

Fire—Amatonga Labour	472—475
----------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	---------

CHAPTER LVIII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

Amatonga Agent—Masipula	476—480
-------------------------	-----	------	-----	-----	---------

CHAPTER LIX.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

Washing the Spears	481—484
--------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	---------

CHAPTER LX.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

Mournful Scenes—Saving a Colonel	485—489
----------------------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	---------

CHAPTER LXI.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

Matters getting Serious—War Measures	490—493
--------------------------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	---------

CHAPTER LXII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

John Dunn's Notes	494
-------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----

CHAPTER LXIII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

Moving a Tribe—False Alarm	495—500
----------------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	---------

CHAPTER LXIV.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

Lord Chelmsford—Victory !	501—506
---------------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	---------

CHAPTER LXV.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

John Dunn's Notes	507—508
-------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	---------

CHAPTER LXVI.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

General and the Cow	509—512
---------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	---------

CHAPTER LXVII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

Natal Tone—Opinion of Generals	513—517
--------------------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	---------

APPENDICES.

	PAGES.
A—General Chronology pertaining to South Africa	518—546
B—Olla Podrida—Forbes on Gordon... ..	547—549
C—Sir Gordon Sprigg—Donald Moodie's Cape "Record"	550—554
D—South African Rhymes—Kaatje Kekkelbek ...	554—557
E—The Sekukuni Stronghold—Attack on Umzoet— Grand Storming of Sekukuni's Mountain— Further Particulars	557—563
F—Griqualand West Fights	563—564
G—Jan Companie's Affairs at the Cape—List of Huguenot Immigrants—List of Notable Dutch Cape Burghers	565—568
H—Volksliederen—Sannie Beyers—Klaas Gezwint en zijn Paert—Daantje Gouws—Alie Brand— Jan Jurgens—Die Boer zijn Zaterdag Aand ...	569—583
I—"Pringle and Moodie"—"History of South Africa"—Barend M. Woest—Death of an Old Voortrekker—A Veteran—Mr. Brownlee— Hottentot Names of Rivers—Gallant Surmon— Amaxosa Names of Rivers	583—592
J—Boomplaats—A Reminiscence—Ancient Natal Tribe—Battle of Kongella—In Memory of Soldiers Killed there, May 1843—Free State Boers Killed	592—598
List of Authorities	599—600





LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS, VOL. II.

1. The late Right Hon. Sir Bartle Frere (<i>Frontispiece</i>)	
2. The Conference at Block Drift, Kafirland—to face page	7
3. Troops crossing the Great Fish River, 1835	23
4. Battle of Gwanga	25
5. Attack of the Kafirs on troops—Col. Fordyce, 1851 ...	49
6. South African Army, 1851	61
7. The Capture of Fort Armstrong, 1851... ..	67
8. The late Colonel W. E. Durnford, R.E.	147
9. President S. J. Paul Kruger	232
10. Boers method of Fighting	244
11. Cetywayo	291
12. Chief John Dunn... ..	437
13. Zulu method of advancing to the attack	501
14. Lieut.-General Lord Chelmsford	503
15. Trek Boer Route through desert (see Map at end).	

P.S.—I would here beg to draw attention to a few *errata* which, I trust, will be kindly pardoned. Since the list of pictures in the first Vol. has been run through the press, I have had the opportunity to insert some more illustrations in the said volume, the names of which cannot, of course, appear in that list.

2. In the picture of the battle of Ginginhlovu the affair appears as “Umgungunhlovu,” Dingana’s old chief kraal, whereas the former name is correct. Umbulazi’s title or “izibongo” was ‘Nhllovu e ne hdlonti” *videlicet* “the Elephant with the crest,” and near this battle field Cetywayo conquered or “swallowed up” this Elephant, and Ginginhlovu therefore means “Swallow the Elephant.”

3. The date “1861” appears on the plate that faces page 67. It should be “1851.”

4. The battle of Gwanga is wrongly dated “1864.” It occurred in the 1846-8 war.

1. 1. 1.

2.

3. 3. 3.

4.

5. 5. 5.

6. 6. 6.

7. 7. 7.

8. 8. 8.

9. 9. 9.

10. 10. 10.

11. 11. 11.

12. 12. 12.

13. 13. 13.



THE HISTORY

OF

THE BATTLES AND ADVENTURES

OF

THE BRITISH, THE BOERS,

AND

THE ZULUS, &c., IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

KAFIR WARS.

ALTHOUGH, for the sake of brevity, only the Zulus are alluded to in our title page, yet there are other Kafir tribes which played most important parts in several periods embraced in this little history. The Basuto tribe under their chief, Moshesh, immediately beyond the western boundary of Natal, and the Amaxosa Kafirs of British Kaffraria had many engagements with our troops; especially the latter, and they will be touched upon further on, but at present, following the diary of Sergeant Major Williams, we propose giving a sketch of an engagement of the British with the Basutos, which appears in fuller details elsewhere.

About the month of July, 1852, the Regimental Sergeant-Major having been appointed to a commission, owing to the death of Lieut. Pelachois, on our way to Fort Armstrong, the Sergeant-Major of the 2nd Division of the corps was called upon to take his place, and your humble servant was appointed Sergt.-Major of the 2nd Division, which removed me to Kaffraria, where I was but a short time when a fresh break-out took place with Moshesh's tribe. The war being nearly ended in Kaffraria, all that could be spared from the 1st and 2nd Divisions were ordered by General Cathcart, who had been sent out to

relieve Sir Harry Smith, to march forthwith up the country to meet the new enemy. After a tedious march of about two hundred miles we reached our destination, a spot then British territory, opposite Berea, in Basutoland, just below latitude 29° , and exactly longitude 28° , near where the Battle of Berea was so shortly to be fought. On our arrival the General formed a camp on what was then English soil, and in what is now the Orange River Free State, and sent to the Chief Moshesh in order to try and settle matters amicably. A meeting took place the following day, when it was thought that everything was settled, but it proved otherwise, and the chief not sending in either the prisoners or the cattle promised on the stipulated day, the General ordered a number of troops, mounted and dismounted, to be in readiness the following morning to march in the supposed direction of the enemy ; but, seeing nothing of him, they crossed the river which divided them from his territory. Col. Hare of the 73rd Regiment, in command, ordered a squadron of the 12th Lancers, and a troop of the Cape Mounted Riflemen, under the command of the Major of the 12th Lancers, to reconnoitre round the hills. They had not been long away when they observed the enemy in great force crossing the plains, evidently driving their cattle into the mountains, and the women and children carrying the food, baggage, &c., &c., towards the interior of their country. In the meantime the native commander sent another force of Kafirs to where it was expected we would cross over into their territory, and suddenly our mounted men found themselves surrounded by an overwhelming force of natives, with whom they fought desperately until their ammunition was expended. Finding it useless to compete with them any longer, as they were becoming too numerous, the Major gave the order to retire. The enemy, both mounted and dismounted, having the advantage of knowing the country, emerged from all sides, and pursued them so closely that they were compelled to make out of their way by jumping over rocks and places unfitted for horsemen ; more particularly the Lancers, who were too heavy for their horses, and owing to which they lost twenty-nine of their number. One Sergeant of the Cape Corps, having been thrown from his horse, fell into their hands. Many men and horses were also severely

wounded, and many men had their horses shot from under them, or disabled in jumping over the rocks. Thus hotly pursued—two men on a horse—they retreated until they got to the river, about a quarter of a mile from the camp, from which they were observed by the officer in command. He at once sent a strong body of infantry to the river under cover, who as soon as the enemy came near enough, and after our men had crossed the river, jumped up from their hiding places, and poured such a rattling volley into them as to cause them to break, scatter, and retire pell mell, being pursued by fresh troops who had come up to the support. The Major of the Lancers had a narrow escape of falling into their hands—surrounded by seven of the enemy, he shot some with his revolver, and then drew his sword, but two of the Cape corps seeing his desperate position galloped up to his rescue, and aided him in polishing off the remainder; and so all of the seven Kafirs bit the dust. A horse, belonging to an officer of the Cape Mounted Rifles, after nobly bearing his rider, severely wounded as he was, safely into camp, dropped down dead. Col. Hare having communicated with General Cathcart, at the head of the infantry, with two field pieces, marched to oppose the enemy, who showed themselves in great force upon the hills. On approaching them, and finding that they were endeavouring to surround him, he formed up his troops, and waited till they approached sufficiently near to open fire on them with the big guns; which by no means dismayed his opponents, who still advanced before him in overwhelming masses. General Cathcart, on receiving this intelligence, ordered the whole of the troops he could spare from the camp to march to Col. Hare's assistance, with instructions to join him the following day; while he, at the head of one hundred and fifty of the cavalry, proceeded to join the fighting division. On his way about four hundred of the enemy shewed themselves on the hills. He at once formed up his men, and prepared to attack them; but as he was about to charge he found that instead of hundreds he had to deal with thousands. He was then obliged to retire, and take a different route to join Col. Hare's division, which he reached in the fore part of the evening, just in time to witness a severe contest between him and the enemy, who had kept concealed in the bush,

awaiting the force that he had met on the road. On the arrival of the General and the Colonel, the enemy emerged from the bush, not like a disorganized mob of natives, but like French disciplined troops. Three successive times that evening they furiously charged the division, and were repulsed; the last time was between seven and eight o'clock at night, when the troops were ordered to lie down under cover of an eminence, and commanded not to pull a trigger till the enemy came within a hundred yards. The big guns were loaded with grape and canister, and on their close approach volley after volley was sent in among them, which threw them into such utter confusion and slaughtered such numbers of them, that they fled helter-skelter to the bush, and were never seen afterwards. The following morning the bodies were found in great numbers, although many had been carried into the bush, traces of which were to be seen by the blood on the way. Our casualties were few considering—the dead were buried, and the wounded carried on stretchers till we overtook the rest of the troops when they were placed in the wagons for the sick. A flag of truce having been sent to General Cathcart with a request for the cessation of hostilities, and with a promise to send in the aggressors and the cattle demanded, the troops returned to their former encampment. The following day agreeable to promise, the chief leaders of the war and the cattle were sent in, accompanied by Moshesh and his followers. Moshesh stated that he was sorry for what had happened to the troops, as the steps taken were against his wishes, but that he and his people had got a lesson they would never forget. The prisoners and the cattle* having been handed over, Moshesh departed on amicable terms with the General. That day the cattle were sent on in front to Bloemfontein, with a strong escort of mounted men to guard them on the road. On their arrival they were handed over to the Commdt. of the Garrison, who distributed them amongst the different settlers, who had had their cattle stolen by Moshesh's Kafirs. Some were

* The Sergeant-Major is in error as the facts shew that General Cathcart was glad enough to get away and abandon the rest of the cattle, after receiving the letter of Moshesh which has been described as a master stroke of diplomacy.

disposed of to realise prize-money for the troops, which, however, was never seen or heard of since by the soldiers ; similar to that realised in the two Kafir wars for the cattle taken from the enemy in Kaffraria. Twelve and sixpence per man was all that was credited in the accounts of the men of Her Majesty's Dragoon Guards."



CHAPTER II.

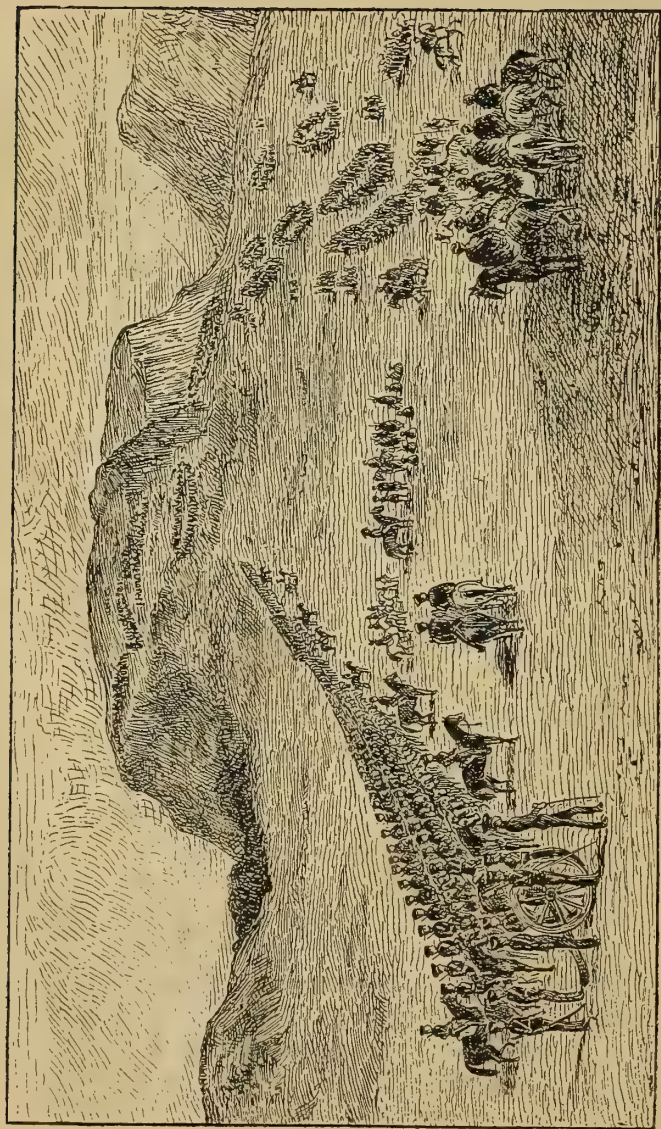
BRITISH KAFFRARIA—THE WAR OF THE AXE—BATTLES WITH THE AMAXOSA KAFFIRS.

WITH savages wars do not arise from political causes, but chiefly from the wish of the young men to distinguish themselves and become warriors. Up to the age of sixteen the boys remain boys. The rite of circumcision is performed on all the young men at the age of sixteen, who are made men, or “amadodas.” Although they then become nominally men, they only become warriors after a war or some other act by which they have distinguished themselves—hence after a few years there are so many young men that their counsels outweigh the counsels of the old men, and they declare for war. Once in this condition there is no difficulty in finding a pretext, and the war of which I am now writing (says General Bisset) was called the ‘War of the Axe’ from the trivial circumstance that gave rise to it.

Fort Beaufort and the town of that name were then situated on the very borders of Kaffirland. Two Kaffirs, men of some importance among the tribes, stole an axe from a shopkeeper in the town of Beaufort; they were caught in the very act and secured.

Criminals at the Cape are tried at the Circuit Courts about every six months; but the circuit judges do not go to all the small towns, and the prisoners from Fort Beaufort had therefore to be sent to trial at Graham’s Town, a distance of over fifty miles, and the main roads from the two places ran almost parallel with the Kafir border.

The prisoners were sent from Fort Beaufort in charge of constables, and when they had got about twelve miles on the road they were attacked by a body of Kafirs from across the border, and although the constables made a fight for it, they were overcome, and the prisoners were rescued by the Kafirs. It so happened that the two Kafirs, whom they were most desirous to release, were handcuffed to two



Murray & St. Ledger.

THE CONFERENCE AT BLOCK DRIFT, KAFFIR LAND, JANUARY 30th, 1846.

Cape Town.

other prisoners, who were British subjects ; and as time was precious, in order to escape with their countrymen, they murdered the two men to whom they were attached, and cut off their arms at the elbow joints in order to free the Kafir prisoners. Hence the War of the Axe.

The Government demanded that the prisoners should be restored and the murderers surrendered ; but the demand was treated with contempt. The young men wanted war and war they would have.

First a 'palaver' took place at Block Drift Mission Station, afterwards Fort Hare, where the then Lieutenant-Governor and senior military officer on the frontier met the Gaika chiefs, with a large retinue of their people. The Lieutenant-Governor luckily had a small body of troops with him, who were drawn up in line while the negotiations were going on, in the presence of the three Gaika Commissioners. The Kafirs were in number as ten to one ; and as they were drawn up facing the troops in a great mass, they repeatedly opened out, extending their front, so as to outflank the European troops ; and this was only prevented by judiciously extending the rear-rank men right and left. This manœuvre probably saved the small force from being surrounded and attacked, as it was afterwards ascertained that the Kafirs had fully intended to attempt this treachery.

The meeting, however, broke up without collision, and the troops returned to Victoria Post, a new military position which had recently been established east of the actual colonial border, on what was formerly called the neutral territory, between the Kat and Kieskama Rivers.

After some considerable delay, the troops were ordered to take the field and enter Kafirland, with a view to bring the refractory chiefs to order.

Two columns of troops left Victoria, one under Colonel, subsequently General Sir H. Somerset, and the other under Colonel Richardson, 7th Dragoon Guards. Very little except ordinary skirmishing took place for the first two or three days. On the third day a combined camp was formed on the Debe Flats, just under the Taba n 'Doda Mountain. 'Taba n 'Doda' means "Mountain of the Men." This was the same locality where Sir Benjamin D'Urban formed his camp in the war of 1835 ; and I remember going to look at the very spot where Sir Benjamin's tent

stood when he was very near being assassinated by a Kafir who, favoured by darkness, had crept through the sentries into camp, and had penetrated into the Commander-in-Chief's tent, and was in the very act of stabbing him, when he was shot by the sentry over the tent.

On the fourth day the camp broke up, and the two columns, forming one division, entered the Amatola Mountains, in the direction of Burn's Hill, a missionary station, also the residence of the august paramount chief, Sandilli. I was sent on with an advance guard, or reconnoitering party, to take possession of the chief's kraal. The mission station was in the most deplorable state. The missionaries had fled, the furniture was smashed to pieces, and the Bibles and books scattered to the winds. but up to this time the houses had not been burnt. Sandilli's kraal was also deserted, but at the door of his hut I found his emblem of royalty, viz., two lions' tails dried, on sticks stuck into the ground on each side of the door of the hut; inside the hut I found a musket and some gourds of sour milk.

The troops soon followed, and a combined camp was again formed at the mission station. During the day Major Sutton also joined the force with a "commando" of Hottentots from the Kat River settlement, and formed a separate camp on a peninsula across the Keiskama River.

At daylight the next morning the troops took the field in three columns. The right or infantry column under Major Campbell, 91st Regiment, entered the Amatola Mountains at the gorge of the Amatola Basin, with Mount MacDonald on the right and the Seven Kloof Mountain on the left. The centre column consisted entirely of horsemen; the Cape Mounted Rifles under Major Armstrong and the Kat River burghers under Major Sutton. This column, after crossing the Kieskama River, climbed up one of the ridges of the Seven Kloof Mountain to its summit. The third column under Generals Somerset and Richardson, consisting of the 7th Dragoon Guards and Cape Mounted Rifles, continued on under the Seven Kloof Mountain in the direction of the Chumie Hoek.

I was with the centre column, and as we reached the summit of the Seven Kloof Mountain we could hear the infantry in action in the Amatola Basin on our right; but immediately on our right front a large body of the enemy

were drawn up in the shape of a crescent, with a dense forest immediately in the rear ; and to make the position more difficult there was a tangled mass of bramble, bush, and swamp between us and them.

The Kaffirs having challenged us to battle a consultation took place between Majors Armstrong and Sutton, who decided that we could not in their then position attack them. I (proceeds the General) was only a subaltern in those days, but I remember we were very much disgusted at the disappointment ; and, to make things worse, as the column was marching right in front, the Major wished to counter-march it in the face of the enemy to make the men front towards the Kaffirs when halted. My friend Johnny Armstrong (Lieutenant then) commanded one squadron and I another, and we both remonstrated against this move, but halted and fronted to our right. This brought us at once face to face with the enemy, although inverted by threes. We were both reprimanded for this afterwards, but I am quite sure it was the only thing to do. Had the counter-march been continued it would have appeared to the enemy like a retreat, and an immediate attack from them would have followed while the men were in confusion, for the Kat River volunteers knew very little of any drill. As it was, our front and advance dispersed the enemy at once, in so far that they moved back into the bush. But we had scarcely moved on in the direction to join General Somerset when the Kaffirs attacked our rear, and we had to make a sort of skirmishing fight until we cleared the ridge of the mountain and got somewhat into the open. All this time there was very heavy firing going on with the infantry column on our right. As we moved down a hill on to a low ridge dividing the Amatola Basin from the Chumie Hoek, at the base of the Hog's Back Mountain, the infantry column made its appearance coming up the face of a steep hill out of the valley of the Amatola. They had been attacked immediately after entering the gorge of the Amatola Basin, and had some desperate fighting all the way to where we saw them still in action, and were very much pressed by the enemy. There were no means of carrying the wounded, and most of them fell into the enemies' hands." ("God forgive," says Sergt. Williams in his diary, "any poor soul that fell into the hands of the

Kaffirs—the many tortures they were put to is almost too dreadful to relate. Some would be tied to the wheel of a captured wagon, stripped of every thing, a slow fire placed under them, and whilst in that horrible agony they would be prodded in all parts of the body with assegais, the latter being generally left to the women to practice on while the men were plundering the wagons and unyoking the bullocks, which they would drive away. Other poor fellows were crucified on the ground and stripped, and the women surrounding them would run at them in turn and prod and gash them with assegais until they were perfectly riddled. Moreover, they would cut their finger ends off, their toes, scoop their eyes out, cut their ears off, their nose, their tongue, and other parts of the body, and cram them down their throats.”)

“Between us and the infantry was a steep rocky ledge, so that it was quite impossible for the cavalry to go to their support. The infantry, however, fought their way towards us where the ground became comparatively open. Several men fell between the ledge, and where we were drawn up ready to charge should the enemy come into the open ; and as the Kaffirs showed in some force there we charged down on them, dismounted on the brink of it, and drove them back on foot. Two men were shot in this charge—Booy Daries and Witbooy Klein, one at my side and the other next Lieut. Carey, and some few men and horses were wounded. We very soon drove the enemy back, and held the rocky ledge until we were recalled, after having been reinforced by Capt. O'Reily's troop. Our holding the ledge enabled the infantry to carry back the wounded who fell after they passed over it.

By this time General Somerset had come from the direction of the Chumie Hoek to our support, with the two field guns which accompanied this column from the camp at Burns' Hill. These were soon got into position, and the enemy was shelled out of the bush and rocks in a very short time.

Here again, as in all Kafir wars, the Kafirs had such powers of dispersion that they soon disappeared except on the distant hills. The troops were ordered to re-form, the wounded men were placed upon the gun limbers, and the whole of the troops then marched down the slope to the

Chumie Hek. At the foot of the hill we were joined by Capt. Donovan, Cape Mounted Rifles ; Capt. Pipon, who had been detached by General Somerset up the sources of the Chumie River, where they had captured about 2,000 head of cattle and a number of goats and other animals.

Major Gibson, 7th Dragoon Guards, and the remainder of the troops had been left in charge of the camp at Burns' Hill, and as it was now late in the afternoon, and it was quite impossible to guard these cattle back over the bushy country to Burns' Hill, General Somerset decided to form a camp for the night in the open plain just under the high point of the Seven Kloof Mountain between the sources of the Yellow Wood stream. Before so doing he dispatched a party under Lient. Stokes to communicate with the camp at Burns' Hill, directing Major Gibson to march, guarding the camp the next day, and join us at the Chumie. This party had to fight its way the whole distance to Burns' Hill, losing two men and several horses wounded.

The camp at Burns' Hill had also been attacked during the day, and a number of the draught and slaughter cattle captured by the enemy, and a squadron of cavalry was sent out under a fine old Waterloo officer, Capt. Bambric, 7th Dragoon Guards, to endeavour to retake the cattle. This party, which consisted of the 7th Dragoon Guards and Cape Mounted Rifles, the latter under Lient. Boyes, followed the Kafirs into the bush when they were attacked in such force that they had to retire, not, however, before the gallant old Captain had fallen a victim. The Kafirs stripped his body and held it up in triumph ; and although several attempts were made by the troops they could not recover the remains."

The Sergeant, before quoted, in alluding to this attack on the camp at Burns' Hill, says—"Capt. Bambric of the troop 7th Dragoon Guards left behind, who commanded my troop, had ordered a stripped saddle inspection, also one of the men's kits. Capt. O'Reily of the Cape Mounted Rifles with good judgment and prudence kept his horses saddled up, and the men in readiness for any emergency. The former officer was in command of the whole, and his men had their saddles and their necessities all laid out on their horse blankets, and were most of them down at the river washing and bathing. Myself and another man were

sent out upon an adjacent hill on piquet duty to ride in and give the alarm should we see any of the enemy approach. About 4 p.m. we observed a number of the enemy coming towards the camp, from the direction in which the engagement took place in the forenoon. Before we could gallop in they had taken possession of a number of the cattle belonging to the camp wagons. Then followed an uproar—Captain Bambric roaring out to his men to saddle up, the trumpets and bugles sounding in all directions, the men to stand to their arms! Those of the men who were down at the river washing whipped up their articles of clothing and rushed in, half naked, to the camp, uttering many blessings for their Captain, particularly when they saw Capt. O'Reily with his men, two field pieces, and a company of infantry moving off to intercept the enemy with the cattle, which were soon afterwards abandoned by the enemy, who made for the bush. One half of the force on the arrival of our men, who came up by twos and threes as they got saddled, were headed by Capt. Bambric, and marched up to the bush which they strove to make their way through to get at the enemy. The attempt was a most ridiculous one, Capt. Bambric having been induced by a son of Barrack-Master Boyes, who accompanied him as a supposed guide, to follow him through the bush, which enterprise was speedily checked, he, Capt. Bambric, receiving a shot through the heart, fell into the hands of the enemy. The remainder of the force made their exit as speedily as possible out of the bush, some without caps and swords, scabbards torn off in the rush through the bush, and at length with torn faces and clothes regained the other division under Capt. O'Reily. Capt. Bambric's horse joined us shortly after covered with blood. The whole division was then taken by Capt. O'Reily to try and recover the body, which proved a failure. The troops were beaten back from the dense bush as fast as they made their approach, although the two field pieces were kept playing hotly on the enemy with shell and rockets. They stood their ground, and showed us the Captain's body which they held up in their hands at arm's length, and displayed in triumph from the eminence on which they stood "

I must now (says the General) return to the camp at

the Chumie Hoek. I had the formation of this camp, which formed a square of 120 yards each way, the men lying on their arms and facing outwards, the horses being linked in rear, and the cattle and goats in the centre.

Sentries had to be posted between the horses and the cattle, and videttes at a short distance outside the square. The camp was twice attacked on one side during the night, and after the videttes ran in, that side only returned the fire of the enemy, although in the dark of night, the other faces of the square merely standing to their arms. This showed great steadiness on the part of the soldiers.

The next day was a most memorable one in the annals of Cape warfare. As the camp began to move from Burns' Hill, with its long train of bullock-wagons, over one hundred and twenty in number, besides Royal Artillery guns, limbers, and ammunition wagons, thousands upon thousands of the enemy were seen pouring down from the mountains in all directions. The road, a mere wagon track, ran for the first few miles along the bank of the Keiskama River; the river then, turning suddenly to the right, ran round a peninsula of high ground, upon which Fort Cox was afterwards rebuilt. At the base of this peninsula, which the road crossed before descending to cross the Keiskama River, the wagon road ascended a stony, precipitous, and bushy space of about half a mile. The Kaffirs were all massing towards this point for an attack. The front wagons, which consisted chiefly of those belonging to General Somerset's column, were so well protected by the advance guard that they passed safely over this difficult point, and descended towards the Keiskama ford. The Kaffirs, however, made such a vigorous attack on the centre of the long line of wagons that they drove the escort defending them back on the main body of the troops in the rear, thus capturing the wagons in the narrow part of the road. The Kaffirs immediately cut the oxen loose from the yokes, thereby entirely blocking up the road, so that no other wagons in the rear could pass. During all this time all the available troops from General Somerset's camp were sent to the assistance of Major Gibson—Major Sutton, with the Kat River people, and Captain Scott, with one hundred and twenty of the 91st Regt.; but the Kaffirs came down from

the mountains in such overwhelming numbers that Major Gibson was obliged to abandon the whole of the wagons (fifty-two in number) belonging to Colonel Richardson's column. The baggage wagons of the 7th Dragoon Guards contained all the valuable mess plate, &c., belonging to the officers, besides their kits of some £900 or £1,000 in value. Some officers had two or three guns in their wagons by the best makers—Purdy, Rigby, Wilkinson, Moore, Westley Richards, &c., &c. These superior arms unfortunately fell into the hands of the enemy. Major Gibson had to make a detour to the left along a bushy slope with guns, limbers, and ammunition wagons, and with these had to fight his way across the Keiskama River, and up the long bushy valley under the Seven Kloof Mountain.

I had been sent forward by General Somerset to hold the ford of the Keiskama River, and to defend the rear of the first division wagons directly I was replaced at the ford by the advance of Major Gibson's force. I came up to the rear of the wagons whilst being fiercely attacked; and as Lieut. Cochrane (91st Foot) was at that moment wounded, the command devolved upon me. There was very hard fighting for some distance, but at last we cleared the bush country and gained the open. We reached the camp without further fighting. During this day my charger was shot under me, my gun was shattered to pieces in my hands, and several men were killed and wounded. General Somerset's orderly was shot, and the general's charger, which he was leading, fell into the hands of the enemy.

During all this time Major Gibson was fighting his way over the same ground, with the Royal Artillery guns, limbers, and ammunition wagons which he had saved from falling into the hands of the Kaffirs. As night was closing in Major Gibson's column made its appearance in the open, about three miles from our camp. As they were leaving the bush country the enemy made a general rush on the rear, but the guns opening almost in the dark upon them, they were repulsed, not, however, without two or three wounded men falling into their hands, as also a Royal Artillery limber wagon, with gun ammunition. This was on account of the bullocks knocking up and being unable

to proceed. Major Gibson then marched on and joined our camp. Early in the morning of this day Lieut. Boyes, with ten men, had been sent from Burns' Hill Camp with a despatch reporting the occurrence of the day before and the loss of Captain Bambric, and his small escort had to cut their way through large bodies of the enemy. Five of his men were killed or wounded.

The camp was several times attacked during the night, but the enemy were beaten off without much loss on either side. Orders were also given for the camp and troops to move the next day to the mission station at Block Drift. As daylight broke the whole of the mountain range above the camp was seen to be densely crowded with the enemy, and masses of mounted men were formed on the lower grounds of the Chumie Range. Before the troops moved off I was sent back with my squadron of Cape Mounted Rifles to endeavour to recover the ammunition wagon abandoned the evening before. As I marched towards the bush country large bodies of Kafirs moved down the mountain, but did not come into the open. As I approached the ammunition wagon, a most horrible and appallingly ghastly sight met our view. One of the wounded men who had fallen into the enemy's hands the night before had been lashed to the limber of the wagon and roasted alive. A most ghastly grin was on the poor man's face; his wrists and legs were lacerated with the thongs, and his belly ripped open so that the bowels protruded.

A portion of the camp had already moved off before I returned, and I was told off with my squadron to form a rear guard. As the leading wagons moved from the camp, the two great masses of the enemy poured down from the mountains, and extended along the whole line of route; and as the wagons approached the bushy country towards Block Drift, the whole line was simultaneously attacked in front, centre, and rear; but the guns being brought into action the enemy were driven back with considerable loss. Colonel Richardson commanded the centre and rear of the wagons, and the 7th Dragoon Guards had several times to charge the enemy.

Just as I was moving from the camp ground with the rear guard, I saw a splendid fellow of my regiment,

Corporal Telemachus, and one man, come galloping in from the direction of the affair of the day before. They turned out to be all that were left of an escort which had started from Victoria Post to follow the troops with Despatches from His Excellency Sir P. Maitland, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, who had arrived on the frontier from Cape Town. The corporal had been despatched with six men, and followed the 'spoor' of the troops first to Debe Flats ; then pushing his way towards Burns' Hill, he was met at a 'neck' dividing the Amabeles from the Taba n'Doda by a body of Kafirs. These he charged, but lost two of his men. He then pushed his way on, and seeing the line of wagons taken by the enemy the day before, for a moment thought it was the camp on the move, but found the wagons in possession of the enemy, who were still burning them. He was then headed at the Kieskama River, where he lost two more of his men, and he reached the camp at the Chumie with only one man, both their horses being wounded, one through the saddle flap into the side, and the other in the thigh. I sent the despatches on to the head of the column by post orderlies, and mounted the corporal on a spare trooper.

A few minutes after this despatch party had left Victoria Post, Captain Sandes, of my regiment, with his mounted servant and a pack-horse, also started with the intention of overtaking the little party and accompanying it to join the troops in the field. He did not, however, overtake Corporal Telemachus, and nothing more was then heard of Captain Sandes and his orderly. They must have fallen an easy prey to the Kafirs. Some time afterwards it was known that they were killed before they got to the Debe Flats.

As the column approached Block Drift, General Somerset moved on with the advance and took possession of the fort on the Chumie River, moved two of the Royal Artillery guns over the water, and taking up a good position, brought them into action on the masses of Kafirs who were still endeavouring to break the line of moving wagons. About two miles from Block Drift there is a conical bush hill, which the Kafirs held in great force. As the wagon track passed at its base, and thence on to the Chumie Ford through a thicket of mimosa and other

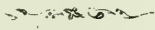
bush, there was a good deal of close fighting all along this space ; and the rear was so hardly pressed that the guns had repeatedly to be brought into action, and the Kafirs driven back by canister and shell. Two men of the 91st were shot close to the road while defending the wagons, and the Kafirs were so daring that they rushed in and were stripping the bodies, when they were shot down and fell over the dead.

There was great delay owing to the banks of the river being very steep and slippery, and each wagon stuck fast in turn, and had to be assisted out by soldiers. During all this time the fighting in the rear continued. Lieut. Butler (7th Dragoon Guards), with his men, dismounted, holding the banks of the river below the Drift ; while Lieut. Ougan, with the 91st Foot, held it above.

The ammunition of the rear guard becoming expended, volunteers were called for from the cavalry, when both the 7th Dragoon Guards and Cape Mounted Riflemen stepped to the front, and proceeded on foot to replace the rear guard.

One wagon had to be abandoned between the conical hill and the ford, owing to the oxen being shot. This happened to be the hospital store wagon, and the Kafirs at once fell to plundering it, and not a few of them died on the spot from drinking bottles of poison. One Kafir was shot with a quantity of blister ointment in and about his mouth, their notion being that English medicine makes you strong.

To make a long story short, I may conclude by saying that the wagons were at last got over, the Kafirs beaten back, and a camp formed at Block Drift, taking advantage of the missionary buildings.



CHAPTER III.

THE AFFAIR IN THE KOWIE BUSH.

THE troops, after the first three days' fighting near Burns' Hill and the Amatolas, marched to Block Drift (afterwards Fort Hare) ; and the Kafirs, having passed into the colony, were committing great ravages and depredations in Lower Albany—so much so that the greater part of the troops had to march back *viâ* Graham's Town and follow up the enemy into Lower Albany. A large body of Kafirs were seen just as the day was breaking, making from the direction of Oliphant's Hoek towards the Kowie Bush, not knowing that a column of troops had followed them into Albany. The Kafirs were pursued, and had taken cover in a wooded ravine joining the Kowie Bush, and were holding their own against a few men when we arrived. These men had cut off the enemy's escape into the forest by occupying a narrow part of the ravine below where the Kafirs were. The patrol consisted of a couple of squadrons of Cape Mounted Riflemen and a troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards under Capt. Hogge, and a couple of guns had also been brought from the camp. Half the patrol were dismounted and sent into the bush, while the party from the camp held the ground below, thus preventing the escape of the Kafirs. Savages, when penned in, will fight with great determination, and we found it so on this occasion. They "pre-occupied" the ground, and had selected their positions to great advantage. For instance, they held the bed of the river, with protecting banks in bends of it, that formed natural "parapets." We had to advance through thick bush, exposing the whole of our bodies, while only their heads would be above the banks ; and, moreover, there was a tangled mass of "waghten betjee," or "wait a bit" thorn, through which it was almost impossible to make our way, and while so doing we were under heavy fire. Several men had been knocked over, and I was hesitating whether we ought not to retire, as it was quite impossible to get at the Kafirs. Other

men had been wounded on the right, and two were shot right and left of me, one a half slave sort of fellow, who roared like a bull when hit. We were so close to the Kaffirs who held the river banks, that the coarse-grained powder from the muzzles of their guns burnt my hands in several places. It was at this time that I suggested to old Joe Salis whether we had not better retire ; but the fine old fellow, a true soldier to the back-bone, said, in his own drawling way, "No, Bisset, we can't retire ; we must stay here and die." Now this was rather severe on me, for I was Joe's senior officer and commanding the troop. At this particular time the wounded men were sent to the rear, and the General who was with the supports, sounded the recall. "Noo, Bisset," said old Joe, "we can retire with honor ;" and I can assure you we were not sorry to do it. But the party extending across the narrow part of the Kloof was first reinforced and left in their position to prevent the Kaffirs from getting into the large forest.

When we got back to the dear old General, who was always most considerate about his men, he exclaimed—"Oh, this will never do, to have my men killed in the bush in this way—we must leave them alone." But Armstrong and I both implored him not to do so, as in that case the Kaffirs would book it as a victory to them, and would give them more courage in their attacks on the colony. After a deal of persuasion the General said—"If you must go at them again you must take volunteers ;" but when both our squadrons immediately stepped to the front he said, "Oh, this will never do—tell off from the right and left of squadrons, and the centres of threes stand fast." Thus we got two-thirds of the men, and the remainiug third, or centres of threes, were left to hold the horses.

We proceeded to where the Kloof was held by the party posted to prevent the enemy's retreat, and extending so as to take up the whole breadth of the bush on the banks of the ravine, we advanced up it. A great many of the Kaffirs must have been panic struck, and were hiding in great antbear holes and caves. Those near the surface, or at the entrance of the caves or holes, could make no resistance ; and I am sorry to say the men were so embittered against the enemy from the sight of their

wounded companions that they showed no mercy, and a promiscuous fire was poured into these places, which killed the Kafirs who were fighting as well as those who were unable from their position to fire outwards. No less than eight dead Kaffirs were taken out of one of these holes.

I was leading my men up the bed of the river, most of it dry, but here and there we came upon pools of water. As we came to one of those the thin or wooden ends of a bundle of assegais floated up to the surface of the water, thus we knew that a Kaffir or Kaffirs must be there, and, as we supposed, under the water ; so we remained some short time for him to come up to breathe ; but no, there was no appearance. A yellow Hottentot next to me, named Groenwald, went to the edge of the pool to where there was the smallest possible tuft of grass, and stooping down, he divided it with his hand, and there appeared the nostrils of a great Kaffir, not another part visible. He gave the spot a poke with the ramrod of his gun, and up jumped a great big greased Kaffir, the water running off him as it would off a duck's back. Kaffirs never give or take quarter, and this one immediately seized his assegais, and was in the act of throwing one, when he was shot down, although I tried to prevent it. We then advanced, and about fifty yards ahead we came to a perfect stack of skin robes, blankets, and black sticks, which they always carry to beat and drive cattle with. There was a pile some four or five feet high of these things, and we all knew that when they throw these articles aside they mean to fight. It was just at the spot Joe Salis and I had been trying to get at, near the bank of the river, and where the channel gave a bend in the shape of a reaping hook or sickle. I was leading, and about to step across the bed of the river at the very bend, when a little Hottentot of my troop named Hendrik Dragonder caught hold of me by the pouch belt and pulled me back, saying, “Waght Baas,” or “Wait, Master.” At the same time he picked up one of the black sticks, and putting his forage cap on the end of it he held it across the bend of the river at the exact spot where I was going to step. Instantly twenty bullets riddled the cap and splintered the stick to pieces. The “tottie” then said, “Nouw Zuur,

gaat aan ;” “Now, Master, go on.” We rushed across and found about fifty Kafirs standing in water up to their knees, just round the bend formed by the wash of the rivulet, nearly the whole of whom were shot before they could reload, the remainder escaping into the bush. This was the same position they had held before the recall, but from the direction in which we were then approaching, they were entirely protected by the high bank of the river. for nearly all the rivers or water washes have a high bank on one side and a flat or slope on the other.

As we continued to advance a curious thing happened. Some of the Kafirs had got into the tops of trees to hide themselves. One great fellow had got so far into the branches of a Kafir plum tree, which is very brittle wood, that as we were passing under the tree, the branch broke, and the black warrior fell some forty or fifty feet, and did not require any further killing. By this time we were near the head of the ravine. Two guns had been brought up from the camp, and a troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards under my old friend Capt. Hogge, and several charges of grape and canister had been fired into the bush and caused a great panic. Capt. Hogge's troop and these guns were on the opposite side of the Kloof to that of the General and the Cape Mounted Riflemen. The residue of the Kafirs, or those who had not found secret cover, made a rush out of the bush just at the spot where the troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards was ; and although the troop charged only three Kafirs were killed before they got into the next ravine adjoining the Cowie Bush. This was the end of the day's work, and the troops returned to camp at McClucky's Farm.

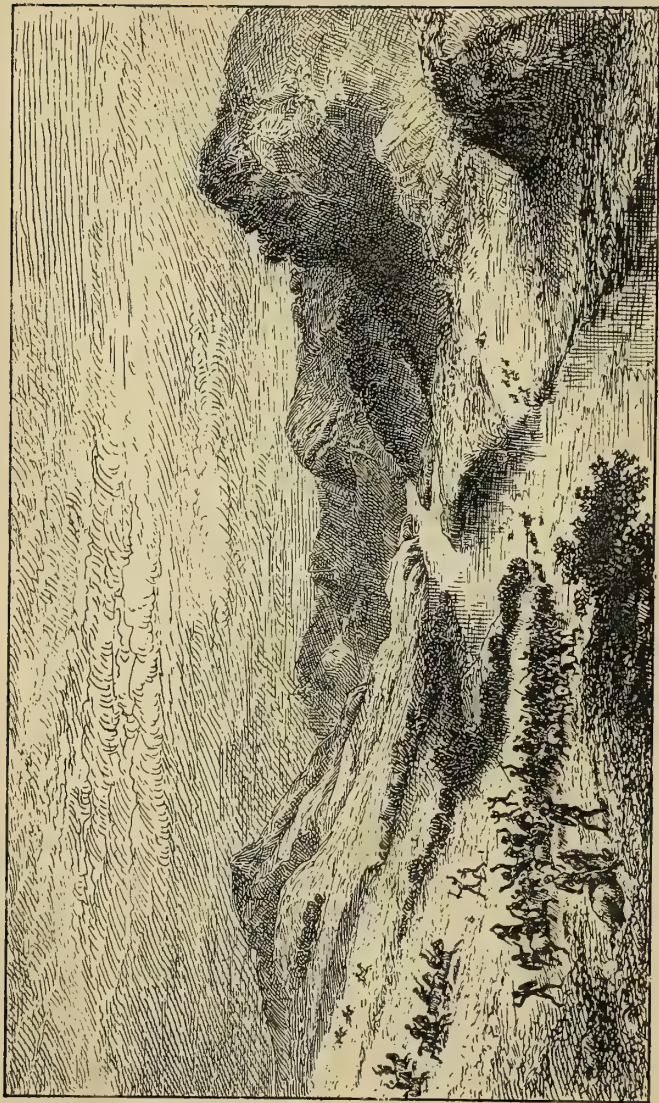


CHAPTER IV.

THE PASSAGE OF THE FISH RIVER.

DURING the early part of the Kafir war of 1846-7, Fort Peddie was besieged by the enemy, and it became necessary to send a column of troops with a convoy of supplies to its relief. This force consisted of Cape Mounted Riflemen, under General Somerset ; 7th Dragoon Guards, under Colonel Richardson ; and detachments of infantry, native levies, Fingoes, &c. They marched from Graham's Town, and halted the first night at Commety's Drift, on the Fish River.

From Commety's Drift to Breakfast Vley the road wound up the bush-covered heights of the Fish River. The troops marched early, and were allowed to proceed for some distance unmolested. There was a large convoy of wagons, which extended for some miles along this narrow road in the bush, and as the head of the column commenced to ascend the steep hill towards the first "open" in the direction of Breakfast Vley, the advance guard was attacked by a strong party of Kafirs, who held a ledge of rock in the bush on the right of the advance. It was in such a position that they could not be outflanked or dislodged from it. Lieut. Armstrong (says the General) dashed forward to support the advance guard, with a troop of the Cape Mounted Rifles, followed by Major Gibson, with a squadron of the 7th Dragoon Guards. Each party in succession had to fight its way through the rocky position held by the Kafirs. I was as near losing my life on this occasion as I ever was. After joining the advance guard, we were advancing, when a volley was fired by some Kafirs holding a second rocky ledge to the right. which knocked over several men and horses. I was carrying my double-barrelled gun at the advance, or rather with the butt of it on my left thigh, when a ball grazed my forehead and struck the right-hand barrel of my gun entirely denting in the metal. I felt the shock in my hand, and looking down I saw my left thumb bleeding profusely.



Murray & St. Leger.

TROOPS CROSSING GREAT FISH RIVER IN PURSUIT OF CATTLE 1835.

Cape Town.

Many of the Kafir bullets were made of zinc, or pewter, stripped from the farmers' houses, and were of so hard a nature that when they struck anything they would break and fly in all directions. It thus happened that my hand became lacerated from the ball.

These Kafirs became so daring that they were rushing in upon us, and one was in the act of seizing my horse's bridle when I shot him. Luckily I pulled the trigger of the left barrel, for at that time I did not know that the right barrel had been flattened by the ball which had splintered and wounded my hand. As it was, I shot the Kafir ; but had I fired the right barrel the gun must have burst, as the ball could not have passed the flattened part. We, however, had to push on, as it was important to gain the top of the hill, where there was a small open space, and to hold it until relieved by the next advance.

Major Gibson was also warmly engaged at the same spot, and his first charger was shot dead under him. After we once gained the top of the hill the enemy deserted their stronghold, in order to take possession of other ground in the bush as we advanced.

From the top of the hill there was about three miles of thick bush to pass through, with only a narrow wagon track cut through it. The Kafirs held this bush in considerable strength, but the column of cavalry forced their way through it on to the open ground beyond, the wagons being guarded by the infantry. As they entered this bush there was a general attack upon them along the whole line.

The fight became hottest in the middle of the bush. The cavalry having formed up upon the "open" beyond, detachments were sent back on foot to support the infantry. Both Armstrong and I had volunteered, and went back in this manner, accompanied by Captain Walpole, R.E., who obtained on this day the name of the "British Lion."

We reached the leading wagons at a moment when there was a complete block. Several of the oxen in the leading teams had been shot, and, until they could be cut loose from their yoke gear and pulled by main force out of the road, no other wagons could pass. It was during this affair that Walpole's peculiar bravery became conspicuous. During all this time we were under fire from the Kafirs in the

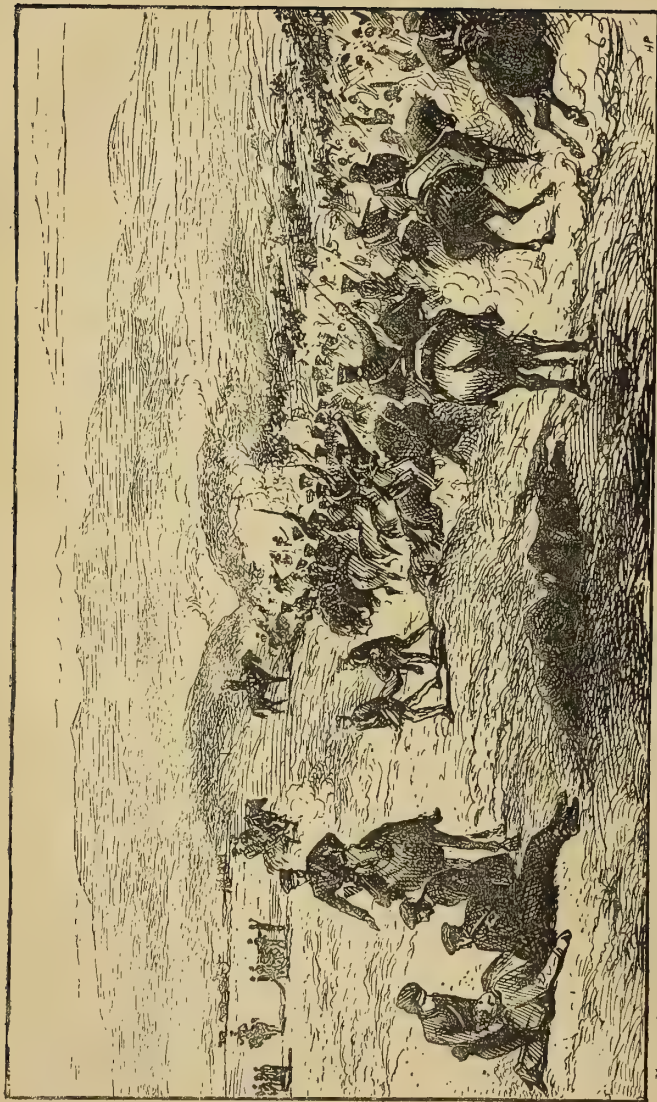
thick bush, without being able to see any of the black devils themselves. You had to take the oxen by the horns and tail, and so pull them by main strength out of the road.

Walpole was short-sighted, and carried a double-barrelled pistol. The Kafirs would creep up and fire from the edge of the bush; Walpole would make a dash at the spot where the smoke was visible, stoop down, open the bush, and look for the Kafir. Probably at that moment another shot would be fired at him from the other side of the road, when he would bound over there, just as a lion bounds to where the ball strikes, and the same search would take place until another shot would be fired at him and the same thing repeated. Nothing reminded me more of a lion or a bulldog than this brave folly; for directly the Kafir fired he would rush back into the thicket—and you might as well look for a needle in a bundle of hay as for a Kafir in a forest.

It took several hours before we could successfully fight the whole of the wagons through this three miles of bush, and there was not a span of oxen that had not two or three of the team killed, but very few of the troops were shot. It was quite dark before we got all the wagons up and the camp formed for the night. The latter duty devolved on me as staff officer.

In Kafir wars a good deal depends upon the judgment of taking up ground for a night camp, because you are sure to be attacked and fired into before daylight. So it happened on this occasion. We formed on the slope of a hill leaving the horizon of the slope a little beyond the line of sentries, so that they could see the enemy approach over it without being seen. On the other side of the lower end of the camp piquets were posted in such positions as entirely to command the camp. Only two or three men were wounded during this night attack. The next day's march was through comparatively open country, and the troops reached Fort Peddie without any more fighting, and so relieved that outpost, which had been surrounded by the enemy, and had had its supplies cut off for some time.

(It must be borne in mind that the foregoing description of fighting alludes solely to the Amaxosa Kafirs of British Kaffraria, for, as is elsewhere pointed out, the Zulu mode of fighting is entirely different, as the latter generally fight in the open, and carry any desired position with a rush.)



Murray & St. Leger.

THE BATTLE OF THE GWANGA, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, JUNE 8th, 1846.

Cape Town.

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE OF THE GUANGA.

AT the beginning of all wars at the Cape of Good Hope the Kafirs generally have it all their own way, from the fact that neither the Government nor the colonists are prepared for the outbreak; hence the enemy overrun, devastate, burn the homesteads, and carry off the flocks and herds throughout the frontier districts before sufficient force can be organised to stem the savage torrent. Such was the case (says General Bisset) just previous to the battle I am about to describe.

Several of the outposts had also been besieged by the enemy, and convoys of provisions sent to replenish them had been attacked, the escorts driven back, and in one case a large convoy of wagons had been captured by the Kafirs. In consequence of this state of things a strong column of troops, under the command of the gallant General Somerset, forced the passage of the Fish River Bush and relieved the outpost (Fort Peddie), which had up to that time been surrounded by the enemy, and cut off from all communication with the rest of the colony.

At the same time two of the most powerful and warlike chieftains, Umhala and Seyolo, had massed their warriors on the Keiskama River, and a discussion arose between these two chiefs, to the following effect:—Seyolo, the most daring chief, at a council of war proposed that as they, the Kafirs, had so far beaten the white man in all encounters, their combined force should march the next day and attack an outpost situated on the Fish River—Trumpeter's Post—take the place by storm, possess themselves of the magazine, and thus obtain a supply of ammunition. Umhala, the more wary old chief, replied, "Yes, Seyolo, your advice is good, but we cannot cross the open country between the Keiskamma and the Fish River Bush in the day time—we should go by night." Whereupon Seyolo exclaimed, "We have beaten the Englishman at all points and taken his cattle, we only

require this ammunition to drive him into the sea.” Again the old chief replied, “Seyolo, do you know my war name?” “Yes,” said the more impetuous Seyolo, “you are called Umbozhlo.” “And do you know what that implies,” asked Umhala. “Yes,” replied Seyolo, “it means ‘wild cat.’” “It is well you know it,” answered Umhala; “we have just received intelligence that white troops are near us, and the ‘wild cat’ does not roam by day—he prowls by night.” On this further words passed between the Kafir Chiefs, and the word “coward” was used, but the elder chief terminated the dialogue by saying that he would not take umbrage at the epithet used by the more impetuous warrior. He, “the wild cat,” would cross the open country that night in the dark, and wait for the brave man who might cross the open in the day time under the sun.

It thus happened that Umhala and his warriors crossed the open country between the Kieskama and the Fish River Bush during the night, about the same time that a column of troops under General Somerset was moving from Fort Peddie up the belt of open country dividing the two rivers in search of the enemy.

As daylight broke we, for I was with the column, came upon the track or spoor of this body of Kafirs at right angles with our own march, who must have passed over the open just before us. The traco showed a broad space of about twenty yards wide, with grass trodden down and the dew dispersed from it. The General at once followed up this “spoor,” and as the sun rose we came suddenly upon a large mass of the enemy, who had fires lit, and were at their morning repast of dried flesh and parched Indian corn.

We were on a slope looking down on them at about 600 yards distance, the Kafirs being in an open, surrounded by bush, with the Fish River jungle immediately in their rear.

Our forces consisted of two six pounders, two twelve pounder howitzers, and a rocket tube; two squadrons of the 7th Dragoon Guards, two squadrons of the Cape Mounted Rifles, and detachments of infantry of the line, levies, Fingoes, &c., The cavalry and guns were in advance, and while the infantry were coming up the cavalry

wheeled outwards, to allow the guns to come to the front and come into action. Unfortunately it was the beginning of artillery practice. The shot and shell had been in store since the previous Kafir war of 1835 (some twelve years back), and the fuses were all wrong. The first discharge of shell burst at the cannon's mouth, and the rocket exploded in the tube, while the round shot did little or no damage. The second discharge was equally ineffective, as the shells burst far beyond the then fast dispersing mass of Kafirs.

By this time the infantry, having come up, were sent to the attack, and the cavalry was detached to the flanks to intercept or attack. The Kafirs fought desperately at first but as in all Kafir wars or bush fighting, when the savages find the tide of fortune going against them, they disperse in a manner which no other troops in the world possess. They disappear like needles in the straw. Detached knots, however, held their rocky fastnesses or in gullies protected by bush and natural banks, until they were eventually routed.

I myself was a staff officer, and had been carrying orders to the detachments engaged. On one occasion, after the enemy had been driven into the bush beyond our reach and were firing long shots at us (in two senses of the word), I was watching the result, when all at once I heard a wabbling, whizzing sound approaching me; and looking to my front I saw a blue line in the air falling at an angle of about sixty degrees direct for my head. I had only just time to bob on one side. A long piece of lead grazed my cheek and struck Major Walpole, R.E., who was standing immediately behind my horse. It sounded like a thud as it struck him on the thigh, tore out a piece of cloth about two inches long by one broad, and fell to the ground, but did not enter the leg. The pain for the moment must have been excruciating, for it made the Major jump about on one leg and grind his teeth.

The Kaffirs firing these long shots were in almost inaccessible places, but a fine old soldier of my regiment (Colonel Donovan) rushed at one spot with only three or four men, and got amongst a lot of them before they could reload, for they used powder horns in those days, and long junks of lead or the legs of iron pots, and thus took a long

time to load. On this occasion this brave athletic officer killed three warriors with his own sword, one of them being the chief Zeto. Some others were killed, and the remainder put to flight.

By this time it was nearly 12 o'clock, and the desultory fighting nearly over ; for natives have, in this way, the power of terminating a fight whenever it is going against them, merely by dispersing in the bush. The enemy had, however, been beaten at all points, and the General sounded the recall, directing me at the same time to go back into the open in the direction of the Guanga River and take up ground for the troops to encamp upon, or rather to “form” upon and get a meal, as they had been under arms since three o'clock in the morning, offering me his spare horse, my own being a little done up from galloping from one detachment to another. This horse was a vicious chestnut brute, which the General rarely mounted himself, and I mention this because I shall have to allude to the horse again.

My old friend and companion through life, who was also on the staff (General J. Armstrong) said he would accompany me, and when we started the fresh horse commenced “bucking” as only a Cape horse *can* buck ; but by good luck I sat him, and to take it out of the beast we raced up a long slope ; but when we got to the top the brute had got the bit between his teeth, and no power on earth could hold him. He passed over the brow of the hill like a rocket, and was gone headlong down the opposite slope leading to the bank of the Guanga River., which I knew to be about twelve feet deep. To avoid this by dint of pulling I circled to the right round a rising contour of ground, and my astonishment may be imagined with I found myself running parallel with another large column of Kafirs entirely in the open, about a mile in length and twenty or thirty yards deep.

These Kaffirs were equally astonished, for I heard the exclamations of “Ogh !” “Marwow !”—meaning “a wonder !” “an apparition !” I no longer held my coursing steed, but by dint of the off rein and near spur I managed to run a circle and pulled up at the very head of the column of troops, led by the gallant old General, to whom I reported what I had seen. He exclaimed “Hurrah !” and

drawing his sword directed the cavalry, led by the 7th Dragoon Guards, the Royal Artillery next, and the Cape Mounted Rifles, which were in column of route, to form troops and squadrons ; the infantry were following in loose order, or rather as they became formed after coming out of the bush.

The cavalry and guns advanced, as indicated, at the trot until we passed over the brow before mentioned, when we came in full view of the column of Kafirs under Seyolo, the " brave man," who *would* march over the open country in the day time.

It was a grand sight, and the General gave the word to the 7th Dragoon Guards, who were in advance of the guns, to open out and allow the guns to trot through the space, come into action, and fire two rounds ; the 7th Dragoon Guards forming line on each flank of the guns and charging ; the Cape Mounted Rifles forming line in extended order and charging in succession to the 7th Dragoon Guards.

The shot and shell did good execution, and the charge was the prettiest thing I have ever seen in real fighting. You might have placed a long table cloth over each troop, they kept in such compact order ; and the Cape Mounted Rifles went through the broken mass of Kaffirs in one long line. But by this time the enemy had turned, broken, and fled back over the open country in the direction of the Keiskama River. I could not resist the charge, and passed through to the front, but could not hold my runaway horse, and therefore could not use my sword. The cavalry wheeled and came back, recharging the enemy, and when I did pull up I halted, and dismounted a bugler of my regiment, taking his horse and giving him mine ; and after this we plunged pell-mell into the routed column of Kaffirs.

It was strange how few Kaffirs were killed in this charge. Though there was a clean sweep through them the width of each troop, and you saw them tumbling head over heels like ninepins, they nearly all got up again, and but few men were found the next day that were killed by sabre cuts.

The gallant major of the Royal Engineers, who was hit in the early part of the day by a spent ball, also went

through with the charge, and a Kaffir seized his bridle and stabbed him with an assegai, the blade entering at the upper lip, passing down the chin and throat, and entering at the collar-bone. The savage was trying to jag it into his heart when he was killed; and strange to say, this wound healed in a few weeks, while the one in the thigh took months. The blow of the first wound was so severe that it turned black, blue, and then green; and a mass of flesh the size of a small basin fell out, which had to be replaced by new material.

After the charge I returned my sword and unstrapped my double-barrelled gun, and for some six or seven miles the troops were mixed up with the running Kafirs, and a deadly slaughter ensued. I do not wish to boast—it is with much modesty and humiliation that I mention it now—but I fired away thirty rounds of ammunition that day, and did not fire at a Kafir that was above twenty yards' distance from me. I have the satisfaction, however, to say that I was the only person who took a prisoner; I took three of them, one being a great chief, who turned out to be of much importance in a political point of view.

In this *mélée* or stream you had to look as much behind you as before, from being so mixed up with the enemy for miles. Seven extra notches were cut on the stock of my gun after that day, and I fired at no Kaffir that was not in the act of firing at me or throwing an assegai.

One fellow who had fired at and missed me, and at whom I had also fired two barrels, stood not ten yards from me to reload; and I was doing the same on horseback, loading both barrels against his one, but watching for the time when he would prime, for I saw that he had a flint-lock musket. The Kaffir, however, was ready first, before I had capped, but he omitted to prime. My friend Armstrong, who was on my right, also with his discharged gun, exclaimed, "For God's sake make haste, or he will be ready first," when the fellow put up his gun and snapped it in my face. I did not give him a second chance, for if it had been fine powder the pan would have filled, and I should not have been here to tell the tale.

The next man I rode up to had a musket, and as I

pulled up to shoot him he sat down, put his gun across his knees, and his fingers in his ears, exclaiming, “Fingoe, Fingoe !” I therefore jumped from my horse, took the gun from him, broke it in two, and handed the man over a prisoner to a soldier of the 7th Dragoon Guards.

The Fingoes were serfs or servants of the Kaffirs, and were coerced to join the enemy, although the main body of their tribes were our allies.

Passing on I came up to Lieut. Boyce just in time ; he was carrying a single barrellled gun of mine, and had fired at a Kaffir but missed him. The Kaffir ran up and seized the bridle rein of his horse, and was in the act of stabbing him with an assegai when I prevented it.

Further on there was a Herculean Kaffir with a bundle of assegais, who, as I turned on him, threw himself on his knees, held up his hands and said “Targho” (mercy.) I could not shoot him, but he is the first and only Kaffir I ever knew that asked for mercy. I handed him over a prisoner to Sergt. Crawford of my own regiment, and passed on with the stream.

After a while I came up with a chief, recognisable by his tiger skin kaross (robe) ; he had only assegais, of which they carry seven. He drew one and hurled it at me, and in return I missed him with both barrels ; running a little way he turned and threw another assegai, which I parried with my bridlearm, but it nevertheless passed through my jacket and underclothes, and gave me a severe cut in the arm. I again missed him, and he turned and ran.

At this time the “recall” was sounding, but I was loth to let a chief escape ; and without reloading I charged him. Now my horse was a high actioned old brute (a band horse), and his knees struck the chief between the shoulders, bringing him down on to his hands and knees with great force. Before he could rise I was off my horse, and had seized him by the bundle of assegais. Unfortunately I got hold of them in the middle, and he held them by one of his hands on the outside of each of mine, thereby having the leverage. My horse was standing panting by my side, my gun was unloaded and upon the ground, and other Kaffirs were passing me in all directions. The chief was bleeding from the hands and knees, but kept up the

struggle for life. At this moment Armstrong came to my assistance, and threatened to blow the chief's brain's out, whereupon he relinquished his hold and fell back in a faint.

I was very anxious to take this great chief back a prisoner myself, so I called a Cape Mounted Rifle soldier near me and directed him to go to the Guanga River, close by, and bring me his forage cap full of water, intending to bring the old warrior to therewith. Now, there was a reach of water at this spot, known as the Sea Cow Hole, or pool where hippopotami used to hide; yet the man came back and said to me, "Master, I cannot bring back the water; it is all blood." This was from the number of wounded Kafirs who had jumped into this water to hide themselves, there being little or no cover in the open. However, by this time the chief had recovered from the faint, and I had got my horse's "reim" round his neck to lead him back a prisoner.

On my way back, however, I was very near losing my prize. The Commander of the Forces had allowed a "free troop" to join the army. It was composed of farmers and other who had been burned out by the Kafirs. They equipped themselves and received no pay, but were allowed to retain all the cattle, &c., which they captured. They were under little or no discipline, and were very bitter against the Kafirs.

The captain of this troop, seeing a prisoner in my hands, galloped up, and was in the act of shooting him, when I saved his life only by taking my oath that I would blow his (the captain's) brains out if he fired.

In extenuation, however, I must say that this man had much provocation; his stock had all been carried off, his homestead burned down, and his wife and children all murdered in cold blood by the Kafirs.

On my return to where the troops were mustering on Somerset Mount, the General was pleased to see one of the chiefs a prisoner, and when I reported having made two other prisoners, they were called for, but "like spirits from the vasty deep," they did not come. I did not know the 7th Dragoon soldier, and no man would confess to having received over a prisoner. Sergeant Crawford (Cape Mounted Rifles), whom I knew, however, came to the front and stated that as he was returning with the second

prisoner two other Kafirs jumped out of a bush where they were hiding and tried to secure the prisoner, on which he shot him and one other Kafir.

The General sent me at once upon express duty, to carry a despatch with the account of the battle to the Governor, Sir P. Maitland, then at Graham's Town, sixty miles off, which place I reached at midnight, and was back in camp at nine o'clock the next morning.

During that night it transpired how the other prisoner had been disposed of. Round the camp fires the battle was being fought over again, when the man confessed he was not going to take a black blackguard to the rear while there was so much going on at the front. Alas ! what is man not capable of when his blood is up.

The chief turned out to be of much political importance in this way : It was the frontier Kafirs, under the great chief Sandilli—that is, Kafirland proper—who had made war on the colony. Krilli, the paramount chief of all Kafirland, lived with the tribes beyond the Kei River, and he was known to be so far implicated that he had received the cattle of the chiefs who were at open war, and also the plunder from the colony ; but it was not known that he had actually taken a part in the war or entered British territory.

The prisoner chief, however, convicted him, for he was at once recognised by Mr. Hoole, the Kafir interpreter, as one of Krilli's chief counsellors, and was that day in command of a large contingent of the paramount chief's warriors.

Lieut. Boyce was sent out the next day, and counted two hundred and seventy dead warriors on the field of battle ; but very many must have hid themselves and died who were not counted ; and the number of wounded men must have been great, for I myself saw many running covered in blood, and some with bullet holes plugged up with grass. It was reported that more than 600 were killed.

Seyolo himself was badly wounded, and did not recover for many months, the Wild Cat only exclaiming “Marwow !”

This was the only time the British troops ever caught the Kafirs really in the open ; and it will doubtless be long before the Kafirs give us another such opportunity of attacking them as was afforded at the Battle of Guanga.

CHAPTER VI.

MURDER OF FIVE OFFICERS AT THE SOHOTA MOUNTAIN.

WHILE halted for a few days and in camp on the Koomgha near the Kei River in the war of 1846, six British officers left the camp without making it known to those who would have prevented their going, and proceeded to the Sohota Mountain, which overlooked the Kei River. This mountain is about four miles from the camp, is table-topped, and detached from the main ridge of land by a very narrow neck.

These officers started about nine o'clock in the morning, with their guns, no doubt considering that of themselves they were a sufficient escort. One of them, Lieut. Littlehales, 73rd Regt., fell ill soon after leaving camp and returned, and it was from him we learned later where these officers had gone, with the intention of viewing the beautiful scenery of the Kei River.

They were not missed from camp until evening, and when darkness closed in and the circumstances were reported, all hope of their ever returning was abandoned.

I was at the time (continues General Bisset) a staff officer, and the only one acquainted with that part of the country. Happily I never forget a road I have been once over, and if I ride over a country once and do not re-visit it for ten years I remember every hole and inequality of the ground as if it were but the day before, and the scene comes vividly to my mind as I approach the spot, even in the dark.

It happened on this occasion that my local knowledge was called into requisition ; but, alas ! it was not in the power of anyone to save the lives of the five wanderers. Their absence was reported to the General commanding, Sir George Berkeley, and at nine o'clock of night he ordered a column of troops to march out in search of them, but that night owing to the intense darkness the search was unsuccessful.

The next morning the General again accompanied the

troops, and as staff officer I led them to the exact spot where we had been the night before. We reached the end of the first plateau or ridge as daylight broke, and on the tops of the trees in our immediate neighbourhood were seen the great carrion vultures of South Africa waiting only until the sun rose to pounce down upon their prey. I knew at once what we had to expect, and led the column down the steep narrow defile to the narrow ridge where, not a hundred yards from where I had stopped the night before, we found the trunks of the five dead officers. I say the trunks, for their heads had been cut off and carried away to have diabolical processes of witchcraft and other "devilry" perpetrated upon them.

It is quite evident that these officers had been watched by the enemy the day before, and allowed to pass through this defile and ascend the table-topped mountain beyond it. The Kafirs must then have closed in on the neck, and attacked the officers upon the plateau above, for the footprints of their horses showed that they had made a rush to get down from the mountain, and had been compelled to descend at a very steep part. Unfortunately they were waylaid on the neck, and a struggle must have ensued there. The five bodies were quite near each other and all had received more or less wounds except the doctor's, which did not appear to have received a single wound. His body was on a flat stone surface, quite naked, minus the head; and the quantity of blood which had flowed from him was equal to that of a bullock. It was a horrible sight.

The bodies were sent back to camp in charge of an escort, and the troops proceeded on to attack the Kafirs, who had assembled in large numbers on the peninsula towards the Kei River, with a ford across the river in their rear, through which they could retire when beaten and escape to the hills on the other side. The General and a small body-guard climbed to the top of the Sohota Mountain, from which he had a good view of the operations. The ground was most intricate and bushy, and the Kafirs at first made a very determined stand. Troops were sent along on each side of the hill, and there was a good deal of bush fighting; but the enemy made the most determined resistance on a long bushy spit of ground in the far

bend of the river, and some reinforcements had to be sent on in support of the native troops who were in advance. It was not until the ford itself was "covered" from the top of a precipice immediately below it that the Kafirs gave way. You could see them carrying their wounded through the river, but they left a good many dead warriors on the field, while we had only three killed and about ten wounded. As usual the enemy were enabled to escape when they found the fight going against them, and there was nothing more then to be done, so the troops returned to camp.

The next day the five officers were buried at the Koomgha Camp, the officer commanding reading the impressive burial service over them. The funeral was attended by all the officers in camp, the 73rd Regiment being the chief mourners.

As a tribute to the memory of Major Baker I must mention that there was not a dry eye amongst the men of his company, he was so beloved by them. I have seen him on the line of march dismount and give his horse to tired men to ride upon ; nor would he ever allow his own tent to be pitched until he had seen his men under shelter ; and he would then go and secure a hole of water and make a small reservoir of it for the men—generally a scarce article in camp from the number of draft oxen that would go in and muddy the pool.

The bodies of these officers were afterwards disinterred and removed to King William's Town, under the authority of the Bishop. They are now buried in the Church of that Station, to which Lady Elizabeth Baker contributed a large sum of money.

After the war a gold watch which belonged to the doctor was recovered from the Kafirs by Mr. John Crouch, and sent home to his family. An assegai, evidently thrown at the doctor, had struck his double-case hunting watch in the centre, for it had penetrated through both cases and into the works—which had stopped at that moment—showing that they were attacked at two o'clock in the day.

The five officers whose terrible fate I have been relating were Major Baker, Lieut. Faunt, Ensign Burnup, Surgeon Campbell, 73rd Regt., Asst.-Surgeon Lock, 7th Dragoon

Guards, and the officer who turned back after starting was Lieut. Littlehales, a cousin of Major Baker.

These five officers fell not far from the spot where three other gallant officers were killed in the same war, about a year previously, viz., Lieut. Chetwynd, Captain Gibson, Rifle Brigade, and Assst.-Surgeon Howell. These officers were cut off from their men on a similar table-topped mountain. They were buried on the heights on the east bank of the Kei River inside a Kafir hut. The hut was then set on fire and burnt, to hide the grave from the Kafirs, who were thus prevented from either disinterring or mutilating the bodies.

It is remarkable that an officer also escaped on this occasion by chance. Capt. Cartwright, Rifle Brigade, had been detailed for this duty. On the patrol parading to start he felt ill, and Lieut. Chetwynd, who was also a cousin of Cartwright's, took his place and fell.

Poor Cartwright was afterwards killed at the battle of Inkermann.



CHAPTER VII.

THE AFFAIR OF THE GOOLAH HEIGHTS.

IN May, 1847 (says the gallant veteran Bisset), while Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General at the headquarters camp at the Goolah Heights in British Kaffraria, I had occasion to go up the "Buffalo line" to examine the Quartermaster-General's stores at the other camps. Sir George Berkeley, in chief command on the frontier, was at this time at Fort Peddie. Sir H. Somerset was in command of the camp on the Goolah Heights, and Sir George Bullen in command of another camp at King William's Town; with two intermediate posts of communication between, viz., one at Need's camp and the other at Mount Coke.

General Somerset had gone to head quarters to consult with the commander of the forces, and Colonel Armstrong was in temporary command of General Somerset's force.

The evening before I was starting for King William's Town we received intelligence that Need's camp required provisions; and as I was taking up a small escort with me up the "line," two mule wagons were detailed to accompany me, with a supply of biscuit for that post. The escort consisted of one sergeant (Crawford) and ten of the Cape Mounted Rifles, the two wagons being in charge of John Crouch. He was sometimes a conductor of wagons, and sometimes guide. Another celebrated character volunteered to accompany us—no less a person than Walter Currie, afterwards the well-known Sir Walter.

We started early one morning, and had proceeded about eight miles along the Goolah ridge, the road winding between clumps of forest trees or round the head of ravines leading down from the ridge to the low lands on each side of us. We were riding leisurely along, with an advance and rear guard, knowing that near this spot a strong party of Dutch—part of the field force called a "Commando"—had been attacked by an ambush of Kaffirs only a few days before, when three of the party were killed, viz., two Pexters and a Ferriera. It was a most discreditable

affair. Commandant Muller had eighty men under his command, and was proceeding to form a camp of communication between Need's Camp and Mount Coke. They must have been marching without advance guard or flankers (side videttes), when they were suddenly fired upon from bush and rocks. The three men whom I have alluded to immediately jumped from their horses to make a standing fight of it, but strange to say, the remainder rode away, and these three men were surrounded by the Kaffirs before they could remount. They, however, made the best fight they could, and retired on foot towards the camp they had left, until they were overpowered and killed. It is not known what number of Kaffirs fell, as savages carry off their unstiffened dead and wounded. I say unstiffened dead, because the Kaffirs will not touch a really dead body—that is to say, one that has become rigid. So long as the body is warm and the limbs supple they have no dread, but when the body is once cold they will not touch it. For this reason the sick are often carried out of their huts long before they are dead, and left to die in their last resting place.

I have somewhat diverged from my story. But to proceed. As we approached this spot, ever afterwards known as Muller's Bush, Currie advised us all to look to our guns, and see that the caps and priming were dry; for we all, officers and men, carried double-barrelled guns in those days. My caps were the only suspicious ones. The gun had been loaded for some days, and the caps very soon corrode from the dew at night. My friend Currie actually scraped the caps off my gun with his knife, pressed a little fine powder into the nipples, and recapped the gun. We had proceeded about a mile after this, and had entered into a long narrow glade, with high forests on each side of us, varying from fifty to eighty yards from the wagon track, this open being interspersed with thorn trees (mimosa) and rocks. This narrow ridge extended for about another mile, and it was quite impossible to see a single yard into the thick bush on each side. The Kaffirs very wisely allowed us to pass some distance into this narrow glade, when suddenly a strong party of them extended across the open behind us, and at the same time commenced to fire along the edge of the forest on both

sides. There was no alternative but to draw the two wagons up, dismount our party, get under cover of rocks and bush, and so endeavour to beat off the enemy. During all this time naked black fellows were seen running along the edge of the bush and our front, towards the identical spot where Muller had been attacked ; and it was amusing to hear their jeering cries, such as, " You must look at the sun, for it is the last time you will see it." " You are like a mouse in a calabash ; you have got into it, but you cannot get out." By this time we had pretty well beaten off the Kafirs in our rear, except those holding the ground, like us, from behind rocks ; and I had ordered the men to mount, that we might push on. One horse was hit while the trooper was mounting, and, swerving, threw the rider, upon which there was a great shout of exultation. John Crouch's horse also became restive, and Currie had to hold him while " old John," who was lame, mounted. During this time we were all more or less exposed ; but knowing the narrow defile we should have to pass through, I ordered the wagons to advance. Just before we came to the spot where I knew the hot part of the attack would be made the road slightly diverged to the right, and the view from the rocks already occupied by the Kafirs was hidden by some large mimosa trees. At this spot, and before turning the corner, I halted the wagons, leaving Sergeant Crawford and five men with them. The Kafirs were holding the ground on the right of the road in considerable force. Immediately opposite to where they were the ground rose to a sort of hillock, dotted over with rocks, and the road ran between this hillock and the rocks held by them, which also adjoined the high forest wood, falling in one continued extent towards the Buffalo River. Currie, John Crouch, and myself, with the other five men, diverged from the road to the left, and so got out of view from the cover of the hillock. We at once dismounted, handed our horses to one man, and ran up the mound, each taking advantage of a rock for cover. An extraordinary scene at once met our eyes. There were about eighty black fellows, with guns, all " lying on " or taking aim over the rocks, their guns pointing to the road just where it came into view from behind the thorn trees. They never dreamed that we were exactly opposite, under cover of rocks, and within forty

yards of them ; and it was not until we had discharged our one barrel at them, knocking over several, that they were aware of our manœuvre. Their astonishment was so great that they turned their guns to the right, and almost without taking aim, fired a volley at us. At this moment I shouted to Sergeant Crawford to push the wagons through, which had to pass slightly in a hollow between the Kafirs and ourselves ; but as very few of the enemy's guns were held in reserve or reloaded in time to fire them, the men escaped unhurt, and only three or four of the mules were wounded. After passing through the narrow pass the wagons turned off the road to our side, and also got protected by higher ground. It is well that this precaution had been taken, for had we kept the road and come in view round the thorn trees, very few of us would have been left alive to tell the tale. About eighty guns were bearing upon the spot at eighty yards' distance ; but as it turned out it was the most absurd thing I ever saw. The leaders and drivers of these mule wagons were Malays, from Cape Town, with large umbrella-shaped straw hats on. They usually sit on the box in front of the wagon, one man holding the reins and guiding the six or eight mules, and the other, with a long whip fastened to the taper end of a long bamboo, whipping them on. But on this occasion both of them were on the ground and running alongside the wagon, one opposite its front and the other opposite its hind wheel ; nothing but the monster hats to be seen above the ground, looking more like monkeys or moving mushrooms than anything else. It is astonishing how they contrived to drive and guide the mules in this position.

Unfortunately this did not end our dilemma. The Kafirs were strong and confident ; we were weak and with but little ammunition—thirty rounds per man—and each force held their position, firing shot for shot from behind these rocks. Need's Camp was within sight, but about three miles distant. The post consisted of a company of the Rifle Brigade and a despatch party of twenty Cape Mounted Rifles. They could see us in action with the enemy, but their horses were generally turned out to graze, and it took some time before they could be called in and saddled. We heard the "assembly" sound, and then "horses in" and "boot and saddle," but in our situation it

seemed an age before they were ready to come to our assistance ; and it reminded one of Sister Ann in the nursery tale of Bluebeard. All this time we were firing shot for shot, and our ammunition was all but expended. Some Kafirs had got into the forest trees, and were potting at us from above. Their position gave us this advantage—that they could also see the preparation making at Need's Camp for reinforcing us. All at once we heard a great commotion and calling out to one another amongst the Kafirs, and I heard repeated the name of "Tandanna," which I took down in my pocket-book. Thinking it was preparatory to a rush upon us, we all held both our barrels loaded and in reserve ; but it was with quite a different motive. The Kafirs in the trees could see much better than we could, and they *did* see the Cape Mounted Rifles racing along the road from Need's camp at the top of their speed. Soon we saw them approach, although in no order save the fastest horses to the front ; and then Currie, Crouch, and I rose, with our party, charging on foot across the space dividing our rocks from those held by the Kafirs. The whole space was only about fifty yards, with the road in a slight hollow between us, and the rest of it was covered with long grass, stones, holes, and other impediments. We rushed across this space like mad, and down went Currie. Only a few shots were then being fired at us, but the idea passed through my mind that he was killed ; but almost before the thought he was alongside me again, and we just got up to the tail of the Kafirs as they were rushing in the opposite direction from us. We found ourselves amongst the dead and dying, or rather amongst the dead, for nearly every Kafir we had hit was struck in the eye or through the head, the head and shoulders alone being exposed from behind the rocks whilst taking aim at us. Seven great Kafirs lay dead at our feet ; two others were just alive. We followed the mass of the retreating enemy some distance into the bush. There was a good deal of blood from wounded men being carried to the rear, and we could hear the retreating enemy breaking through the bushes like a herd of buffaloes.

We then returned to examine our respective positions. I had taken cover behind a not very large rock, with a second rock on top of it, with a wedge-shaped chink

horizontally between the two. It was through this chink that I was enabled to take deliberate aim ; but mine being a smooth-bore gun, I gave the palm of those killed to my friend Currie, who was one of the best rifle shots of the day. Strange to say, I had placed my forage cap, with a silver-bound peak, on another stone, about a yard to my right, and this took off the fire from me. Full five and twenty shots hit this stone, and the fine splinters from the rock often struck me on the hands and face, but not one of the bullets hit the cap. This rock is still seen by passers by, almost covered with lead in star-shaped forms from the flattened balls. General Sir H. Somerset happened to arrive on the ground soon after the action, and he sent on my report of the affair to the General commanding, and I received in reply the thanks of the Commander of the Forces. A strong patrol was despatched in pursuit of the enemy, and although they did not overtake the Kafirs, they found quantities of blood where the wounded had stopped to rest.



CHAPTER VIII

THE BEEKA MOUTH.

DURING the war of 1846-7 such a drought prevailed throughout the frontier districts of the Cape of Good Hope and in Kaffirland, where operations were being carried on against the Kaffirs, that the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Sir P. Maitland, was compelled to fall back with the troops and form a camp on the coast at Waterloo Bay, near the mouth of the Fish River. This was done in order to establish a landing place on the coast for supplies instead of having them carried overland from Port Elizabeth, a distance of about 150 miles, to form a base for renewed operations, and also to save the few remaining draft oxen with the army, as it was almost the only portion of the colony where there was still any herbage or grass left.

"Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together," and so it is with the Kaffirs. For the sake of plunder they follow all large camps and live by stealing and capturing stray and ill guarded cattle. The draught and slaughter cattle had to pasture some distance from the camp to obtain food, but cattle guards and pickets were invariably posted.

One day an alarm arose in camp that the cattle guard had been attacked by the enemy, several of the herdsmen killed and a large number of draught oxen carried off by the enemy.

In consequence of the scarcity of forage the horses of both the Cape Mounted Rifles and 7th Dragoon Guards were in the day time knee-haltered and turned out to graze; but His Excellency invariably kept a small body-escort of cavalry ready saddled in camp. On the alarm or the report of the attack reaching camp, and while a patrol was being formed to follow up the enemy, Sir P. Maitland and his personal staff, consisting of Col. Cloete, Deputy Quarter Master General, myself (says Bisset) and one or two others, at once mounted, and with the body-guard of

about twelve men (Cape Mounted Rifles and 7th Dragoon Guards) followed up the Kaffirs. I knew the country well, and was aware that the Kaffirs must either pass inland with the cattle for some distance before they could cross the several rivers that enter the sea between the Fish and Keiskama Rivers, or else they must at once turn down to the coast and cross the rivers on the beach at their mouths, where there is a bar and generally shallow water. I therefore led the Governor and escort at a gallop to the mouth of the first river, the Dart, and there, sure enough, the Kaffirs had crossed; and the spoor or trace showed plainly along the beach to the next river, the Wolf River, a distance of about six miles, the cattle had evidently been driven along here at a great pace. The tide being in, the sands were heavy, and the horses became somewhat "blown" before we reached the Wolf River. The Kaffirs must have been in the same plight, for after crossing its mouth they turned inland with the cattle, passing through a bush of about half a mile in extent. This bush extended all along the coast, between the open downs or grass country, and the sand hills and open beach. After passing through this bush the Kaffirs continued eastward along the downs, but skirting the bush, and although the country was undulating, it was more easy to drive the cattle over from being open.

The escort horses with the Governor being rather blown I started ahead with a single orderly through the bush path, and came upon the trace of the cattle in the direction of the Beeka River. After galloping about three miles, and rising a brow in some undulating ground, I came suddenly in sight of the Kaffirs with the cattle, about 200 yards ahead of me. They appeared to have no knowledge of the pursuit, and were driving the cattle at a sort of hand trot. I immediately drew back over the brow without the enemy having seen me, and from my recollections of a vidette's duty commenced circling to the right, directing my orderly to follow me in the circle. By this time the Governor and the escort made their appearance through the bush path; and Cloete, seeing me, exclaimed, "Look, look! there is a Kaffir chasing Bisset." But the old General said, "No, Cloete, he is circling to the right; the enemy is in front," and at

once came tearing down to me. I reported what had happened, and added that if we galloped hard we should overtake the enemy before they rounded the mouth of the next or Beeka River. This river is the largest of all the rivers between the Fish and Keiskama; and moreover from where the Kaffirs would strike the bank of it, at the commencement of the bush, there is a long stretch of narrow beach between the water, which is deep, and the sand hills, which are covered with thick bush. This narrow beach varies from fifty to twenty yards in width, and is about a mile in length before reaching the mouth of the river, where alone the water is fordable.

I was very well mounted on an old favorite horse called Rattler, and rode forward with about half of the fastest of the escort horses. We were about 100 yards ahead of the Governor and the rest of the party; and as we dropped down the bank of the river on to the narrow beach, where the direction turned suddenly to the right, we saw the Kaffirs, about fifty in number, two or three hundred yards ahead driving the cattle as fast as they could along the deep sands. I called the six or eight men together, and standing in my stirrups I said in a low voice to the men "Charge!" and we raced until we came within fifty yards of the Kaffirs and the cattle. Up to this time they had never once looked back, being apparently quite unaware of our near approach; and the sand was so deep and soft that there was not the least noise from the horses' hoofs. I saw that most of the Kaffirs were armed with guns, the remainder with assegais, and I felt that we should be amongst them at a disadvantage, because half the effect of a charge is caused by a panic to the other side. I therefore again rose in my stirrups and shouted a great shout, and with that we were upon them. Our horses were perfectly pumped; and as I pulled up suddenly to shoot a Kaffir who was taking aim at me, two of the seven troopers pulled up so suddenly in the deep sand that they flew over their horses' heads like shuttlecocks. Each of these men shot a Kaffir before they rose from their sitting position. My opponent could not stand the two barrels which were staring him in the face; missed me, and as he turned got the contents of one barrel, which tumbled him over. Three other fellows were shot before they got up the sand hills and into the bush.

The firing made the cattle "spurt" to the front along the narrow beach, and I and two men had to gallop through the water (up to the horses' girths) to get in front of them ; and here we found a nearly equal number of Kaffirs, who were running, as is their custom, in front of the cattle. These warriors were chiefly armed with assegais, which they began to hurl at us. One great fellow drew a second spear, and as he raised his arm to throw it at me I let fly my second barrel, putting the contents into his left breast, and he immediately subsided. This firing checked the cattle, and we turned and drove them back. As the rest of the Kaffirs escaped into the bush I noticed that the Kaffir whom I last shot was carrying one of their knapsacks over his shoulder, which bulged out and appeared to contain something unusual. I therefore jumped down from my horse and slipped this sack or bag from off his neck and placed it over my own shoulder. The poor fellow was still breathing, for both these men were shot with partridge shot. I had lent my gun the day before to Major Burnaby, R.A., to shoot partridges near the camp, and had quite forgotten to reload with ball in the hurry of leaving the camp.

The Governor dropped down the bank of the river on to the level beach just in time to see the charge, and was highly pleased at the success of the pursuit ; and with the additional aid we soon got the cattle back into the open country.

I urged on His Excellency that we should not delay in getting them past the bush path at the Wolf River, that our party was very small, and that I had seen over fifty Kaffirs with guns, besides those with assegais ; and that seeing our small numbers they would be sure to head us at the bush path.

Dear old Sir Peregrine said—"Oh no, Bisset, you have taught them such a lesson that they will not venture to come near our camp again."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when we heard "Ping, ping, ping, ping !" and saw the dust flying up all about us, and the white smoke at the edge of the bush not one hundred yards from where we were standing. The General said, "You are right, Bisset ; and I should not like to be shot by a Kaffir from behind a bush after going through Waterloo." Putting spurs to our horses we

hurried the cattle along as fast as we could. Before we reached the narrow bush path at the next river we were met by a strong force of cavalry, which had "called the horses in," saddled, and followed as fast as they could; and before long we also met a strong party of infantry from the camp.

As we had now more leisure, I began to examine my knapsack—this means the skin of a buck, skinned whole, and open only at the hind legs. The skins are dressed and made as soft as a glove, and are very convenient for carrying anything. Mine on this occasion contained, to my surprise, several pieces of real English plate, in the shape of an old fashioned silver tea pot, a snuffer tray, two silver forks, a table spoon and two tea spoons, besides the usual tinder box, tobacco and pipe, and some other trifling articles. There was no mark or crest on the silver, and although I advertised for the owner no person has ever claimed the articles.

The Kaffirs were no doubt on a return foray from the colony, where they had probably murdered a whole family at some homestead, and plundered the house before burning it. In many instances not a soul was left out of whole families that were fallen upon in isolated positions. However, this party paid dearly for *their* foray.





Murray & St. Leger.

Attack of the Kaffirs on the Troops under the command of Lt.-Col. Fordyce of the 74th Highlanders.

Cape Town.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BOOMAH PASS.

IN December, 1850, the Kaffir war broke out that lasted until 1853. British Kaffraria had been held in military occupation from the termination of the previous war (1848). The military head-quarters were established at King William's Town, and several minor posts were occupied in different parts of the country to keep the Kaffirs in subjection.

The Kaffir chiefs, however, formed a combination to throw off the white man's supervision of their country, and committed several overt acts with the intention of bringing on a war. Cattle were stolen from the colony, and although traced into Kaffirland, and to the marauders' kraals, the chiefs refused either to give up the beasts or to surrender the thieves. Wagons were also stopped upon the high roads and plundered, and in some instances the leaders and drivers killed.

General (then Colonel) Mackinnon commanded in Kaffraria, and was also Chief Civil Governor of the Province. This officer's rule in Kaffraria had been most temperate and just towards the Kaffirs, and his word was like the laws of the Medes and Persians. Sir Harry Smith was at the time Governor and Commander-in-Chief in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

The rebellious and warlike indications of the Kaffirs were reported to him at Cape Town. He was, however, at first incredulous of their intentions, and in reply to a petition from the frontier farmers quoted the non-existence of certain indications which always precede Kaffir wars. He was, therefore, much surprised afterwards to find that the very circumstances on the absence of which he relied were actually at that moment taking place on the frontier. Sandilli the paramount chief of all Kaffirland proper, was at the head of the war party; and seeing that war was inevitable, Colonel Mackinnon, ordered a column of troops to march from King William's Town to Fort Cox, where a

camp was formed. Each of the two great chiefs of Kaffraria had a resident Commissioner residing at their great kraal ; thus Mr. Charles Brownlee (latterly, 1879, Secretary for Native Affairs for the Cape Colony) resided with Sandilli at Burn's Hill, near Fort Cox ; whilst Colonel Maclean (afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Natal) was Umhala's, residing at Fort Murray. Sandilli's tribes were called the Gaikas by the Colonists, but Amangqika by the Kafirs.

When the troops were collected at Fort Cox a demand was made on Sandilli, through Mr. Brownlee, for restitution of the property stolen from the colony, and compensation for the murder of British subjects. These demands, however, were treated with contempt by all the native chiefs. At about this stage of affairs the Governor, Sir Harry Smith, arrived on the frontier from Cape Town, and at once proceeded to the head-quarters of the troops at Fort Cox. Several days' negotiations followed with the Gaika chiefs and head men of the tribes ; but Sandilli remained contumacious, and the Governor came to the decision to depose him from his royal chieftainship, and to appoint Mr. Brownlee Regent to the Gaika tribes.

It may not, perhaps, be right for me to criticise these measures (says the General), but Sir Harry made a great mistake in this decision, and Mr. Brownlee, who was his adviser, ought to have known better. He was the son of a missionary, and had grown up amongst the Kaffirs. He should therefore have been aware that the feeling of loyalty to their hereditary chiefs and the clanship of the Kaffirs are quite as strong as those of the Scottish Highlanders to their chieftains. However, the error once committed, troops were ordered to march into the Amatolo Mountains, with a view to capture or take Sandilli prisoner. It was the old story of putting salt on a bird's tail, and the same results were about to take place. One column of troops was despatched from King William's Town to the sources of the Kaboosie River, east of the Amatolo Mountains, with the object of intercepting the chief should he endeavour to escape over the Kei. This column consisted of cavalry (Cape Mounted Rifles) and infantry, under the command of Colonel Eyre, 73rd Regiment.

Another column, consisting of Cape Mounted Rifles, armed Kaffir police, and infantry detachments from several

regiments—in all about seven hundred men—under the command of Colonel Mackinnon, marched from the camp at Fort Cox direct into the Amatolo Mountains, in the direction of the Keiskama Hoek, with the view of taking Sandilli prisoner.

My nominal appointment in British Kaffraria (says the narrator) up to the time of the breaking out of the war was that of Major of Brigade, but from the moment the troops took the field I became Chief Staff Officer, and the whole of the duties of the Adjutant-General's and Quartermaster-General's departments devolved upon me.

The column under Colonel Mackinnon marched from the camp at Fort Cox at daylight on the morning of December 24, 1850, and after passing Burn's Hill Mission Station wound up the valley of the Keiskama, and crossing that river three times, halted for breakfast on its right bank near the junction of the Wolf River. The whole distance was mostly through dense bush, with no roads except cattle tracts or footpaths made by the natives, and with rugged mountains and dense forests all around us.

While we were halted in a comparatively open space for breakfast I saw large masses of Kafirs collecting on all the hills, while only one solitary Kafir came into camp, nominally to offer a basket of milk for sale, but in reality to "spy out the land" and take note of our strength, &c. As chief staff officer with this column, and from having been in, or rather through, the two previous Kafir wars of 1835—1846-7, and from knowing the "nature of the beast," I pointed these hostile indications to my chief, I also told him that a little further on we would have to defile through the Boomah Pass, a most formidable position, where the troops could only pass in single or Indian file, and that the path was intersected by great rocks and boulders that had fallen from the precipice overhanging the footpath. Colonel Mackinnon, I fear was imbued with the idea that the Kafirs did not intend to fight. After a short halt, the troops fell in, and continued the march in the direction of the Keiskama Hoek in the following order—the Kaffir police in front, then the Cape Mounted Rifles, followed by the infantry of the line, consisting of detachments of the 6th, 45th, and 73rd Regiments. There were also pack-horses with spare

ammunition, medical panniers, etc., etc., and a rear guard. Soon after leaving the halting ground, the column had to cross the Wolf River, with a very bad ford of slippery rocks, which caused several breaks in the column, and about two miles from the river the troops entered the narrow defile. It may, perhaps, be well that I should endeavor to describe the ground. A little on the left was a high precipice, something in the shape of a crescent, its two horns falling away to a ledge. The far end one abutted on the Keiskama River, which ran on the right-hand side of the track, and conformed to the shape of the precipice, leaving a narrow belt of forest wood between the rocky mountain and the river. The road or track wound through this forest of large trees, rocks fallen from the perpendicular cliffs, and tangled underwood. There were boulders as big as castles, and you had to serpentine and make your way through these as best you could. On the opposite side of the river there was a peninsula-shaped spit or tongue of land sloping down its banks, with conical shaped hills at the far end of the tongue. This slope was covered with bush and large olive trees, as was also the rocky mountain on the left, and in fact the whole of the country around the pass itself.

The troops entered the pass in the order before indicated, and the Kafir Police and the Cape Mounted Rifles passed through unmolested. Colonel Mackinnon and myself were at the head of the cavalry, and I pointed out the difficulty of the pass if it had been held by the Kafirs, as we should have had to dislodge them from each successive rock. Up to this time no Kafirs had been seen in the immediate neighbourhood, although all the tops of the hills and mountains were crowded when we commenced to enter the defile. Each trooper had to dismount and lead his horse in the narrow parts of the pass, thus dangerously lengthening out the columns for some miles.

After passing over the far horn or ledge of the precipice the footpath crossed a ravine, and then passed up a bushy slope to the left, and on to a small open plateau. The Kafir police had halted in this open plateau, and a portion of the Cape Mounted Rifles had also reached it, but the rear of the mounted men had scarcely left the pass itself when all at once first one shot, and then a

continuous discharge of musketry, rang from the centre of the pass.

Colonel Mackinnon was at first loth to believe that the Kafirs had attacked the infantry, but was soon convinced of the fact, and I at once volunteered to go back and take command of the infantry column. I was impelled to do this from knowing by experience more of Kafir warfare than any person present, and Colonel Mackinnon instantly sanctioned and directed me to do so.

I called to my mounted orderly and made my way back through the bush by the narrow path, with difficulty getting past the mounted men I met on the road. As soon, however, as I got through the ravine, there were no more cavalry, and I passed on with my single orderly to the ledge down which I had to scramble before entering the pass. As I reached the ledge, my orderly exclaimed to me from behind, "Myn Got, myn heer, moet niet en gaan!" (Do not go in). And I must admit that at this moment I felt my life was in the greatest jeopardy, for I saw thousands of Kafirs running down the tongue of land on the opposite side of the river to head the troops. But I felt that my honour was at stake; that having been sent, it was my duty to enter, even though feeling that I must be shot.

I remember pressing my forage cap down on to my head, setting my teeth together, bringing my double-barrelled gun to the advance, and pushing my horse down the defile. At this moment three or four of the ammunition horses dashed past me at full speed, bleeding from wounds, and with the pack-saddles turned and under their bellies. They nearly knocked us over, but we pushed on; and as I approached the head of the infantry column we had to run a regular gauntlet of shot from the Kafirs in ambush and behind rocks, waiting for the "red soldiers." Before I quite got to the infantry I saw the heads of five Kafirs behind a rock with their guns pointing at me. I gave the horse the spur and dashed on, and at that moment received a gun-shot wound low down on the outside of the left thigh, the ball passing upwards and out below the right hip. I felt the shock as if struck by a sledge hammer, and my horse even staggered with the blow, but it gave me time to fire at the Kafirs, who were now

exposing themselves. Unfortunately my first shot struck the top of the rock, whence I saw the splinters fly in all directions, but the second one told in the breast of a petty chief. Strange impulsive utterances cannot be restrained under great excitement. As I was shot the Kafir exclaimed, in his own native language, "I have hit him," and I could not resist replying, "I have got it." But to proceed. After I had fired my horse plunged forward, and I very soon met the infantry, who were pushing their way through the rugged path as best they could. The first thing that pulled me up was seeing a friend of mine, Dr. Stewart, Cape Mounted Rifles, leaning against a rock, the blood pouring from his chest, from the loss of which he was very faint. The Kafirs were keeping up a perpetual fire on the troops, which was returned in the most gallant style, but not a sable enemy could be seen in the dense wood from which they fired. At this moment a second ball struck Dr. Stewart in the head, and his brains were spattered all over my face and jacket.

To make a standing fight in the position in which the troops then were was impossible; the footpath wound round the great rocks and forest trees in such a manner that you could not tell whether it was friend or foe that was firing, and there was, therefore, no alternatives, but to press forward and get the men out of the bush. It must also be remembered that the column, being in Indian file, extended for a great length along the pass.

The head of the column soon fought its way over the advanced horn of the cliff, and made a stand, driving back a large mass of the enemy, who had come round the base of a wooded hill where the ravine entered the Keiskama River. This portion of the column then forced their way up the wooded slope and gained the open, where the Kafir Police and Cape Mounted Rifles were formed up; but the centre of the broken line of infantry was attacked with such impetuosity that they had to diverge from the regular track after passing over what I call the horn, and were forced through the bush on to the open some distance to our left rear.

I managed to sit my horse until I reached the cavalry, but as I approached a knot of dismounted brother officers, I felt so faint that I should have fallen from my horse if I

had not been caught by one or two of them. The blood had been continually pouring from my wounds, and I should have bled to death before a doctor arrived if it had not been for Carey, who had a tourniquet round his body, which he at once took off and applied to my thigh, and so partially stopped the bleeding. Dr. Fraser, one of the finest officers in the service, who was the second medical officer, soon arrived on the spot ; but the excitement and anguish of mind had been too much for him, and as he kneeled down to examine my wounds he fainted. Grand, fine fellow ! It was not from the sight of my wounds that he did this, but from the knowledge that he had to leave the dead and dying in the pass to the merciless tortures and mutilations of the savage enemy. I always carried a flask of cold tea with me in the field, which I managed to take off, and offered it to Fraser. The cool beverage soon recovered him, and his first exclamation was, “Oh, my God, I was obliged to leave Stewart.” Now I must here record to the honour of Dr. Fraser that he is one of the most conscientious and bravest men in the service, and in the hurry-scurry of the attack in the bush he would not leave his horse with the medical panniers ; and he was lugging this brute along in the rear when a ball killed the horse and he fell. Fraser had then to hurry on, and it was while passing the dead and dying that were being mutilated by the enemy that the doctor heard a voice exclaim, “For God’s sake, Fraser, don’t leave me.” Had he hesitated for one moment his throat also would have been cut, and he was obliged to pass on in order to overtake the rear of the column. In his imagination he thought that it was Dr. Stewart who had appealed to him, and this made the agony of the moment still more painful. On this point, however, I was enabled to relieve his mind, for in pointing to my jacket, I asked him what the spots were ; and on his seeing that it was human brains, I told him that they came from Stewart’s head. Nevertheless, he could not overcome the agonising thought of having been obliged to leave the wounded men.

This has taken me some time to tell, but all this time Dr. Fraser was dressing my wounds, that is to say, he was plugging up the holes and adjusting the tourniquet. Before he had finished, however, a man ran up to say that Captain

Catty was badly wounded and dying, so I told the doctor to go at once ; but he soon returned, saying he could not help Catty, and, from indications, he thought nothing could save him. Three balls appeared to have entered his right side and passed into the intestines.

While the troops were halted on the open, a very large body of Kafirs were massed on the top and sides of a conical hill immediately on our right ; and I pointed out to Colonel Mackinnon, who was standing close to me, that unless he sent out some men they would outflank us. The Colonel replied that he had already done so, and had extended the Kafir Police on our right flank.

This circumstance saved us from a heavy fire from the enemy, as from their commanding height they could easily have fired upon us ; but the Kafir Police being on the right, had they done so, the balls must have whizzed over their heads to reach us. This would have been a breach of faith to them, for it was afterwards known that arrangements had been made that the Kafir Police should go over in a body to the enemy on the first engagement. Overtures had also been made to the Cape Mounted Rifles to join the Kafirs. Hence it was that the Kafir Police and Cape Mounted Rifles were permitted to pass through the Boomah defile without being attacked ; and that it is also the reason why the enemy did not dare to fire over the heads of the police, as it would look as if they were firing at them. The Kafir Police did not go over at this moment, because Sir Harry Smith prevented their wives from leaving the police barracks at Fort Cox, as they had endeavoured to do, and this was duly reported to the men.

Twenty-three soldiers were killed in the pass, or fell into the enemy's hands and were tortured to death. Several soldiers were seen to be seized by the Kafirs as they discharged their muskets, and were pulled into the thick bush and killed. None of these poor fellows' bodies were ever recovered. Twenty-three others were wounded, but, luckily for them, were able to keep up with the fighting men.

We had now to push on for two or three miles through a comparatively open country to the Keiskama Hock, where we formed a camp for the night. I say camp ; but as there was nothing but soldiers without tents, it was a

queer sort of camp. What we did was to form a square, with the soldiers lying down with their muskets facing outwards. The doctor then attended to the wounded. My mode of conveyance from where I was lifted from my horse to the camp was far from a pleasant one. It was in this wise : a man got me by each arm, with his elbow well into my armpits ; my face was towards the ground, every now and then scratching over mimosa bush, brambles, and long grass ; whilst a third man was between my legs, well up into the fork, with one of my thighs tucked under each of his arms. I don't wish my worst enemy to be in the same position.

Dr. Fraser was most kind and attentive to the wounded ; and I was plugged and bandaged up in a most comfortable manner. Captain Catty's were the most extraordinary wounds. All the fire from the enemy came from the right side of the defile ; hence I was shot in the left thigh advancing to the infantry, while Catty had received to all appearance three balls on the right side. Strange to say, not one ball had actually passed into his body ; one ball struck the small rib and came out again within an inch or two of where it entered ; the second ball also struck a rib, and from there ran up under the skin and lodged where it was cut out, high up on the chest ; and Catty, who the doctor at first thought could not live, was well in a few weeks, while I was for two years on crutches.

There was a missionary station at the Keiskama Hoek, under the Rev. Mr. Nevin ; and it was at first proposed to leave the wounded men at the station, as it was known the troops would have to fight their way back to Fort Cox next day. Fortunately for us, that arrangement was not carried out, for the station itself was attacked a few days afterwards, and the church and the mission buildings burnt to the ground. The missionaries and their wives were, indeed, allowed to march out ; but whilst making across the Amatolos for the Chumie Mission Station, carrying Mrs. Nevin, who was an invalid, a separate party of Kafirs fell upon them *en route*, ill-treated them, and stripped them all naked before letting them pass on. In fact, Mr. Nevin's life was only saved by the heroism of a high-caste native woman—afterwards our servant—who threw herself between the assegai and her teacher, and from being the

sister of Sandilli's chief councillor her entreaties were listened to. This woman was also the sister of Togo Sogo, the Kafir who was educated at Glasgow, became a missionary, and married a white lady, the daughter of an elder of the Scotch Church.

The day I was wounded was my birthday ; the one following was Christmas day, 1850, and was rather a memorable one. After a consultation, it was decided that the troops could not march back to Fort Cox by the route they had come ; and Colonel Mackinnon was still most anxious to avoid a general war. The only other route was a considerable circuit, but it was a comparatively open one. Christmas day at the Cape is usually the hottest of the whole year. The troops fell in at daylight, and the route was declared to be over the low range of the Quilli Quilli Mountain, through the valley of the same name, over the "neck" at Bailie's Grave, and through the Debe Neck to Fort White.

As the troops broke into column we saw large masses of Kafirs collecting on all the mountains ; not yet knowing which way our route would lie. Orders were given on no account to fire on the Kafirs unless attacked. After crossing the Keiskama River and passing up a rather bushy valley, the troops had to climb the face of a very steep mountain, with bush approaching on each side as you reached the top. The heat this day was something wonderful ; and as the men reached the top of the glade and mountain they threw themselves down perfectly exhausted. The men had taken the field with their knapsacks ; these the young soldiers tore from their shoulders and threw away. While they were still somewhat in confusion a volley was opened by the Kafirs all along the bush, where they must have been lying in ambush. The cavalry were still climbing up the steep hill, but the infantry fell in and opened fire on the enemy. Our position, however, was so unfavourable that an advance was ordered. At the top of the mountain the glade continued four or five hundred yards, with bush on each side very close up, and large shelving rocks on the left, known afterwards as the Marine Rocks. The troops had to push their way through this glade under a heavy fire from the bush and rocks the whole time. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that

there was a little haste and confusion. The four men who were carrying me in a blanket dropped me in the grass and ran on with the stream. I knew perfectly well that the moment the rear passed a Kafir would run out of the bush and cut my throat. I therefore tried to pull myself along on my back in the grass with my hands, but I made very little progress. The cavalry were now passing at the trot. Several horses were shot in the *mêlée*, and a sergeant named Extein was running on foot, when all at once he fell over me in the grass. Looking round, he rose and said, "Ach, myn Got, is dat zuer?" I replied, "Yes, Extein; don't leave me." Catching hold of the reins of four successive troopers as they were passing, he ordered the men to dismount, let the horses run loose, and said, "Carry on the master." In this way I had my life saved on the second day.

The troops soon got through this narrow defile, and then attacked the Kafirs in turn; but the natives very soon knew they had lost the advantage, and consequently disappeared. The column, however, became encumbered with more wounded; and the men were so utterly exhausted with the great heat and thirst, and from biting off the ends of the cartridges (for we still in those days carried the old "Brown Bess"), that Colonel Mackinnon marched on to the Quilli Quilli River in the open valley. Here he intended to halt and give the troops their breakfast; but the Kafirs collected in such masses of cavalry and infantry that the troops could not light fires, and could only halt under arms. After this halt the troops had to march up a long winding valley and over a neck of land between wooded ravines towards Bailie's Grave. The rear was very much pressed by large bodies of the enemy, and the Cape Mounted Rifles had to charge several times to keep them in check. Napier, Carey, Boyes, Whitmore (who commanded the rear guard) Stuart, Worthy, and others distinguished themselves greatly on this occasion.

As we approached the bushy neck alluded to, the Kafirs, gaining confidence, were pressing the rear very hard, and the wounded, who were being carried, all fell more to the rear than they should have done. I noticed that some of the young soldiers were getting unsteady, and I remember raising myself in the blanket, putting up my

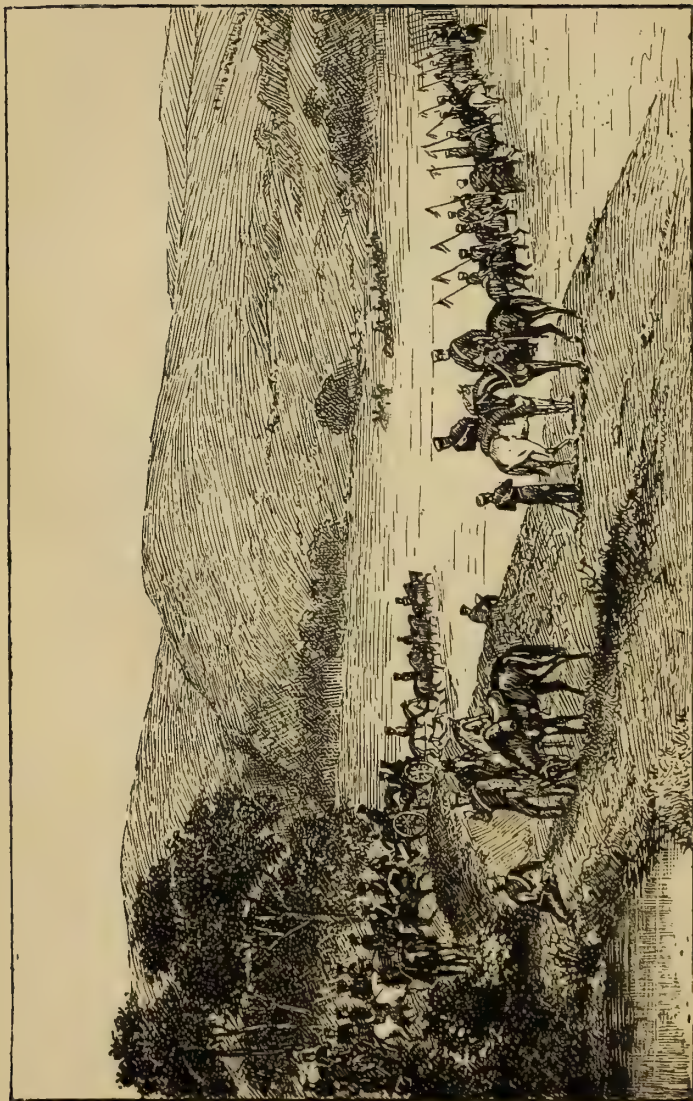
arm, covered with blood, and saying to the men, "By God, soldiers ! if you don't fall in and be steady, the Kafirs will rush in and stab you like sheep." It must be borne in mind that these men were chiefly young soldiers ; they had but recently arrived in the colony, and most of them had never been under fire before. They only required guidance, for they immediately fell into order, showed a steady front, and the Kafirs were checked at once. Mackinnon, who was coming to the rear, must have seen what happened, for he rode up to me and said, "Well done, Bisset."

General Mackinnon is one of the coolest men under fire that I have ever known. I have seen him advance on horseback with an attacking party against the enemy, posted in strong positions, smoking his cigar in the coolest manner while the bullets were falling about like hail.

We then moved down a long slope, and crossed the stream at the real Bailie's Grave. I say the *real* because I buried the remains of this brave man at this spot in the Kafir War of 1836. He fell there with twenty-eight men, fighting bravely, and not one escaped to tell the tale. It was not until some time afterwards that we found the remains and buried them in two graves.

This Charles Bailie was a fine fellow. On the occasion of his death he had been pursuing a large body of Kafirs who had passed out of the Umdezene Bush. He followed them into the Amatolo Mountains as far as the Keiskama Hoek. The enemy, seeing the smallness of the party, decoyed him thus far, and then fell upon him, and he had to retire fighting by the very route we had come. He had lost two of his men, but when he arrived at the stream where he was killed he was met and surrounded by a fresh party of Kafirs, and overpowered in the long grass, not a single man escaping. His men fought most bravely as long as their ammunition lasted, and a large number of Kafirs were killed.

For months no tidings could be obtained as to what had befallen the party, but at last, it becoming known that the chief Makomo had got possession of Bailie's Bible (which he always carried about with him), he was bribed for a consideration to part with it ; and on the fly-leaf was found written a statement that he was then surrounded and his ammunition failing.



Murray & St. Leger.

Cape Town.

—SOUTH AFRICAN ARMY, 1851.

We searched and found the remains in a decomposed state, Bailie's being recognisable only from the long hair and black whiskers that had fallen on each side of the skeleton.

From the stream at Bailie's grave the road or path led by the base of a mountain called Taba'n Doda, or Men's Mountain. It was literally so on this day, for the mountain was covered with a black mass of warriors, who pressed the troops so much that the column had to diverge to the left, more into the open, and proceed over the Kometyes Flat before reaching Debe Neck. The four men who were carrying me over this rough ground halted to rest, and for the sake of shelter from the bullets, I was deposited in one of these kometyes, or basins in the ground ; and one of the men took off his wooden canteen to drink from. No doubt I was in a high state of fever and verging on delirium, for I can only just remember that as he was leaning over me and drinking he let the canteen fall, and it struck me on the nose, breaking the bridge. I felt the stunning blow, but that is all, and I heard his comrades abuse him for his carelessness, and the poor fellow reply that he could not help it.

After continuing about three miles over this rough country, we came to the Debe Neck, where there was a good deal of fighting to beat off the Kaffirs. At the Neck itself a most horrible spectacle met our eyes. The day before—that is, the day we were attacked in the pass—two soldiers who were escorting a provision wagon from King William's Town to Fort White were attacked and killed ; and a report having reached Fort White to this effect, the officer commanding sent out a party to bring in the bodies. This party was also attacked at the Neck and every man killed, and we had to pass over the bodies of nineteen men, which were most brutally mutilated ; their heads severed from their bodies and carried away to exhibit to the different tribes as an indication that the white man was destroyed, and for the witch doctors to work their spells upon. This is done by the doctors, or devils, passing a stick, with a cross stick at the end, in the shape of a wisp, into the brain-hole at the back of the skull, and then turning it sharply between the palms of the hands until the brain is mashed up and frothed over. The she "devil" would withdraw

her diabolical charm stick, and sprinkle the brains in all directions, making her incantations all the time, to turn the soldiers' bullets into water, and to make her own people invisible to the foe.

After beating the Kafirs off at the Debe Neck there was no more fighting that day, and we reached Fort White, where the troops halted for the remainder of the day. Knowing, however, that Sir Harry Smith, the Commander-in-Chief, was in the meantime shut up in Fort Cox, Colonel Mackinnon was most anxious to rejoin him. After therefore making arrangements to strengthen Fort White, he made a night march, and so took the Kafirs unawares, and reached Fort Cox without much more fighting. The badly wounded and Dr. Fraser were left at Fort White, and Capt. Mansergh, of the 6th Regiment, left in command, with 120 men; Capt. Vialls and the 45th detachment, previously holding the post, proceeding on with the column to rejoin their head-quarters at Fort Cox. On the same day that we arrived at Fort White the post had been attacked by a large body of Kafirs; and although they were beaten off, they managed to capture the whole of the slaughter cattle, so that the post was left with a very small supply of provisions.

It was well that so energetic an officer as Captain Mansergh was left at Fort White. He was one of the best *war* officers I have ever known, and his soldierlike qualities soon afterwards saved the fort from being taken by the enemy.

The wounded were accommodated in wattle and daub huts, but every available man was set to work to build or erect an earthen parapet, breast high, between each hut, and to construct a couple of flanking bastions at corresponding angles of the square. This precaution was not taken too soon. On the second day the post was attacked by an innumerable horde of savages, led forward in three great columns, Sandilli and his chief councillors directing the whole movement, but themselves remaining out of gunshot. He was riding Colonel Mackinnon's cream-colored charger, captured a few days before.

It was nothing but Mansergh's cool bravery that saved the post from being taken. There was not one man to each opening between the huts; but a small "handful" of

men was placed in each of the two bastions, with orders not to fire on the advancing columns until they got the word from Mansergh himself, who was stationed in the lower bastion.

The detachment of Cape Mounted Rifles, under the command of Lieut. Smyth, was drawn up to defend the lower intermediate angle of the post, at the corner just outside their own huts. It was a critical moment, for the columns of Kafirs were approaching, led on by their chiefs; when all at once the sergeant and two men ran out from the ranks, holding up their arms, and made directly for the head of the nearest column of Kafirs and joined the enemy. I am sorry to say the officer lost his opportunity of shooting them on the spot, but at this critical moment it became necessary to disarm the remainder of the detachment, about twelve in number, who were made prisoners and huddled into my hut. Those that I knew personally and could rely on had their arms restored, and joined the line soldiers in the bastions; but the other cowardly rascals fell to praying aloud, saying that "the last day had come."

As an addition to our difficulties, on the same night that Colonel Mackinnon's column reached Fort Cox, the whole of the Kafir Police, several hundreds in number, went over to their countrymen, with their arms and ammunition; and one of the columns attacking Fort White was partly formed of these men. The three deserters from the Cape Mounted Rifles were at once taken up to Sandilli and placed upon his staff.

During the two days' respite the settlers of the post had all taken refuge within the fort, and their houses had been pulled down, with the exception of the brick gables, so that there was very little cover. The Kafirs could not resist firing as they advanced, but Mansergh allowed the columns to approach to within thirty yards, when we heard his stentorian voice give the order, "Men, steady; except the reserves, fire!" And then such a volley was poured into the heads of the savage columns that they fell into utter confusion. Three chiefs and twenty-two men were shot down. During the confusion caused by trying to carry off their chiefs, the reserves put in their volley, and there was then such a continuous fire kept up from the

handful of men that the Kafirs turned and fled. It was then that the British cheer rang from each throat. The Kafirs took cover in all the gullies, cranks and crannies behind the gables of the houses and the banks of the river, and kept up a desultory fire upon the post for about three hours, but they came no more to the attack, and finally drew off to the high grounds in the neighbourhood. By this time the whole of Kafirland was in arms against us, and Sir Harry Smith was shut up at Fort Cox for more than ten days, without any communication whatever with the colony, or any of the military posts. We were threatened every night and attacked nearly every day, but not again in a formidable manner. We were first upon half, and then upon quarter rations, but even upon this scale the provisions at the post could not last long. There were no medical comforts, and I was kept alive in the most extraordinary manner.

Amongst those who fled into the post there was a dear, kind lady named Mrs. James. Like all ladies when in a fright, they snatch up the first thing that comes in their way ; it may be a bonnet, a ball dress, or a turkey. Luckily for me, it was in this case the last, and that turkey, under God's good providence, kept me alive. It was not like the goose with the golden egg, for it was a turkey producing the daily nourishment of life. Nothing but this sustaining egg could have pulled me through. The supuration from my wound was so great that without sustaining food I must have died. My pulse was 130 ; I was in a high state of fever, and delirious for days ; and next to the turkey I am indebted to my kind friend, Dr. Fraser, for my life. His attentions were unremitting ; by night or day he never left my side. On the fourteenth day secondary hæmorrhage took place at night. I was lying, under the influence of morphia, in a sort of trance ; Fraser was lying in the hut near me. My eyes were fixed, yet I had my senses.

Fraser heard what he thought a sort of rattle in my throat and started up. I appeared more to feel than see all this. He rushed to my bed, felt my pulse, and looked scared ; ran to his little kit, and brought back a small round looking-glass, and held it to my mouth, dropped it, and rushed for a little vial, from which he poured drops down my throat, and I soon became more conscious.

He then threw open my blanket, and found me saturated in blood. He told me afterwards that I was in too weak a state for him to cut down and re-tie the artery, and that he was obliged to keep me suspended between life and death until coagulation had stopped the bleeding. The course of the bullet had cut the sciatic nerve in two. During this period my leg became doubled up, and as I could not be moved, it became fixed in that contracted position. Ultimately I had to be sent home by a medical board to have an operation performed.

We were shut up at Fort White for about six weeks. Occasionally we received the smallest of small despatches from Sir Harry Smith, urging us to hold out until he could raise the siege and release us. These despatches were brought by naked renegade Kaffir messengers. They were rolled up about the size of a quill, for these messengers were repeatedly waylaid, caught, and searched ; but they were always clever enough to evade questions as to their destination and to preserve their despatches. The Equibeka Mission Station was not very far from Fort White. The missionary at that time was under a sort of cloud, and he had gone to the head missionary station at the Chumie Hoek, where there was a conclave of missionaries sitting in judgment upon their brother. Men from England had been sent out as members of this missionary court-martial, and while this was going on the Equibeka Station itself was burnt and plundered by the very people they were trying to civilize.

The ladies of the establishment were so far protected that they were allowed to leave the station with the clothes they had upon their backs. They were making their way on foot to join their friends at the Chumie, when unfortunately they were met *en route* by other Kaffirs, who maltreated them and took every stitch of clothing from their persons. This happened near Fort White ; and we were shocked one morning, just after daylight, to see two white ladies approaching the post without a rag to cover them. There was no help but to confine the soldiers to their huts until my good friend, Mrs. James, had gone out to meet the poor creatures with some clothes.

We felt deeply for these ladies. One of them was a most charming person, the beautiful and highly educated

daughter of one of the oldest and most respected missionaries of Kafirland, and had not long been married.

From day to day the post was surrounded by the enemy, and we were told each night that the attack would be renewed next day ; but they must have had enough of coming to close quarters, for they never repeated the experiment.

We could, however, hear desperate fighting going on at and in the neighbourhood of Fort Hare. Sir Henry Somerset, whose head-quarters was there, endeavoured to communicate with Sir Harry Smith, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, at Fort Cox, where His Excellency was still shut up. A strong column marched under Major Yarborough, of the 91st Regt., who had also a field gun with him ; but the party was attacked in such force by the Kafirs, after getting nearly half way, that they had to retire fighting the whole distance back to Fort Hare. The gun got entangled in one of the fords, and had to be abandoned, and two officers and twenty-two men were killed fighting hand to hand with the enemy.

A large number were also wounded, and the retreat was performed with much difficulty. Charles Somerset, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, distinguished himself in this affair, as he also did afterwards at the storming of Fort Armstrong, an abandoned military post taken possession of by the rebel Hottentots of the Kat River settlement, and by the Kafirs.

During this time the military villages in the Chumie Hoek were also attacked, and nearly all the men killed, and many of the women and children.

About ten days after the affair of the Boomah Pass, Sir Harry Smith, with a strong party of Cape Mounted Rifles, cut his way through from Fort Cox to Fort White, where, after a short halt, he proceeded on to King William's Town, the established head-quarters of British Kaffraria. On arrival at Fort White my friend and old companion-in-arms, Johnny Armstrong, was desirous of carrying me on a litter to King William's Town, and proposed to construct such a thing as could be carried by four horsemen ; but on mentioning it to Sir Harry Smith he very wisely forbade it, and it is fortunate for me that he did so. The whole force was hotly attacked at the Debe



Murray & St. Leger.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT ARMSTRONG, KAFFIR LAND, FEBRUARY 22, 1861.

Cape Town.

Neck, and had no diverge from the road and pass over this wonderful Kometje Flat at a great pace, so that any litter might have been dropped, or I must have been jolted out of it, for no two horsemen could by any chance have been on the same level at the same time.

The troops had to contrive all sorts of means to exist. The regular ration consisted of a quarter of a pound of salt meat, with four ounces of biscuit. Luckily there was a fair supply of barley and oats, and what with barley water and some vegetables, they managed to hold out until we were relieved by a column of troops arriving with supply wagons from King William's Town six or seven weeks after the commencement of the war. This could only be done after the arrival of troops and levies from Cape Town, which landed at East London, in Kaffraria. However, we were all greatly rejoiced. The post was supplied with food and also strengthened, and I was carried back in one of the empty wagons to King William's Town.



CHAPTER X.

THE WRECK OF THE BIRKENHEAD, ON THE 26TH OF FEBRUARY, 1852.

THIS event was of National, as well of Colonial interest. The above vessel was conveying detachments from several of our regiments to the seat of war, under Lieut-Col. Alexander Seton, of the 74th Highlanders, who had succeeded the late Colonel Fordyce, when she suddenly struck upon a rock near Point Danger, a little way to the east of the Cape Hangklip. The shock was so tremendous that the iron plates of the ship's bottom gave way; the cabin was quickly filled with water, and it was evident that in a few minutes more the vessel would be engulfed among the breakers. It was as yet only two o'clock in the morning, with no light but that of the stars; but in an instant the deck was crowded with the alarmed passengers, and while death was imminent only two of the ship's boats were available for service. To rush into them at the risk of swamping them would have been the impulse of the selfish; to fling themselves into the sea, in the hope of reaching the shore, but only to sink each other by their overcrowding, or perish in the breakers and by the sharks that were on the alert, would have been the headlong attempt even of the bravest. But nothing of the kind in either way was done, and never was the power of military discipline, or the worth of fearless, unflinching courage, or the moral grandeur of self-sacrificing devotedness more conspicuously displayed than in this moment of terrible trial. At the word of Colonel Seton the soldiers drew up upon the reeling and loosening deck as if they had been on parade; they obeyed his orders as calmly as if they had been executing the usual movements of the drill. The brave, humane heart of the Colonel was directed to the safety of those who could least help themselves, and whose fate would otherwise have been certain—to the

women, the children, and sick on board ; and they were carefully conveyed into the boats, which in the first instance were given up for their especial service ; and by this arrangement all the helpless were saved, without a single exception.

And now only the strong and vigorous began to look to their own safety, after they had so nobly discharged their duty to others ; and while several of them betook themselves to swimming, or committed themselves to pieces of floating timber, the vessel parted amidships and went down with the greater part of the officers and soldiers, with whom self-preservation had been only the latest subject of anxiety. In this fatal catastrophe 357 officers and soldiers and sixty seamen perished, while nearly 200 lives were saved, and this too in a crisis where, but for these arrangements, and the fidelity with which they were executed, nearly all might have been lost. These soldiers also, be it observed, were not veterans, but for the most part young recruits who had never been under fire ; and yet they calmly stood in a breach more dismaying than that of Badajoz or St. Sebastian, and saw the boats, their last hope of safety, depart from them without a murmur. But what shall we say of the controlling might of that noble leader who directed their movements, and whom even to the death they were proud to obey ? It was his last as well as his first field of action, if such it might be termed ; but the event which bereaved the service of such an officer showed how much it had lost, and what a name he might have achieved for himself in the annals of modern warfare. The catastrophe of the *Birkenhead* was a unique specimen of heroism, in which the coolest courage and intrepid daring were combined with the purest humanity and disinterestedness, and as such it roused the emulation of our soldiers, and was the parent of similar achievements in the subsequent campaigns of the Crimea and India. A mural tablet, erected by Government at Chelsea Hospital, records the event and the names of the sufferers.

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down,

The deep sea rolled in dark repose,

When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,

A cry of women rose,

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock ;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed.
The spirit of that shock.

And ever, like base cowards who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks,
From underneath her keel

Confusion spread ; for, though the coast seemed near,
Sharks hovered thick along that white sea-brink,
The boats could not hold ?—not all—and it was clear
She was about to sink.

" Out with those boats, and let us haste away,"
Cried one, " ere yet yon sea the bark devours "
The man thus clamouring was, I scarce need say,
No officer of ours.

We knew our duty better than to care
For such loose babblers, and made no reply ;
Till our good colonel gave the word, and there
Formed us in line—to die.

There rose no murmur from the ranks, no thought
By shameful strength unhonoured life to seek ;
Our post to quit we were not trained, nor taught
To trample down the weak.

So we made women with their children go.
The oars ply back again, and yet again ;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low
Still under steadfast men.

What followed why recall ? The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf.
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf.



CHAPTER XI.

BASUTO BATTLES (FROM THE BASUTOLAND RECORDS.)

IN 1833 the French Missionaries Thomas Arbousset, S. Casalis and C. Gosselin first penetrated into the country of the Basutos. The Amahlubi (the tribe of Langalibalele, son of Umtu'mkulu) then claimed Moshesh as chief.

At the close of 1833 the Chief Moroko, C. Baatje, Jan Kaptein (to whom succeeded Gert Taaibosch) and Barend Barends (successor Peter Davies) emigrated from Boodchap and Platberg on the Vaal River and directed their steps towards the country of the Basutos. They were accompanied by their teachers, the Revds. J. Archbell, Thos. Jenkins, J. Edwards, J. Allison and Thos. Sephton.

In 1836 Sikonyela, a Mantate or Makatese Chief, attacked a kraal of Moshesh, but the latter returned good for evil.

In 1834 Moshesh made over to Archbell and Edwards a strip of land near the Caledon River. The deed I see was witnessed by three Boers—Jacob Van Wyk, Han de Vriez and Gert de Vriez—showing that the emigrant Boers were then beginning to encroach upon Moshesh, which movement resulted in the subsequent Basuto Wars. In 1834 Matebeles were killing Bastards, and Missionaries complaining to Colesberg Civil Commissioner about Boers forcibly carrying off Bushmen (children) from kraals on their stations.

September, 1837, Morosi visits Governor at Graham's Town, introduced by Moshesh.

November, 1839. Moshesh complains to Government that Boers shot Bastards delivered to them by his sons, thus involving him with Bastards.

April, 1841. Deserter from the 72nd Highlanders built house &c., for Moshesh—allowed by authorities at request of Moshesh to stay, and he subsequently received his discharge.

September, 1844. Mr. Shepstone, Wesleyan Minister, issues notice from Kamastone that no purchase of Kama's land (given him by Moshesh) can be valid.

In 1820 the Zulu chief Matiwana (this is related by

Moshesh, May 1845) dreading the ambition of Chaka, threw off his allegiance to him and directed his steps to our country with large forces. He met on the way the tribe of Fingoes and drove them before him. This latter in its flight fell upon the Makatese (Batlokaas) and dislodged them. The Makatese, in their turn, attacked us most fiercely. Those three strange nations arrived almost simultaneously in our country, and then followed a series of bloody wars, and horrible massacres, which it would be too long to narrate to you. Suffice it to say that the misery produced by the invaders was such as to create cannibalism in our country. I left my birth-place and settled on the top of Thaba Bosigo, where I now am. The Griqua Bergenaars now attacked me, and for the first time we saw horses and firearms.

Sir Harry Smith writing from the Great Tugela river to Earl Grey in February, 1848, says, regarding the Emigrant Boers, "Modern History, as far as I am aware, presents no parallel of thousands of a nation exiling themselves from the precincts even of the capital with their families, their herds and their flocks, and their property of every description, abandoning at once the interests of the land of their nationality and that of their forefathers, and planting themselves on a doubtful tenure in a country possessed by barbarians. The latter at first readily received them, taking cattle in exchange for land, and letting it to them on nominal rather than actual leases. The occupants became subsequently overbearing, and spread themselves out without permission, and hence arose the contentions which ended in a species of warfare in which the British Government in 1845 deemed it essential and just by force of arms to interfere."

Regarding the battle of Boomplaats, Sir Harry writes, Sept. 2, 1848, to Moshesh from Bloemfontein, "I arrived here this day with H.M.'s Troops for the purpose of suppressing the rebels (Boers) under that vile man Pretorius. They opposed my force at Boomplaats in a very strong position from which I drove them. They have left 49 dead on the field of battle, and their wounded is very great. Twelve of their men were killed by one cannon shot. They have lost many small arms and horses and they are dispersed."

Molitsane in Basutoland having killed Fingoes and taken their cattle, Major Warden determined to attack him, and therefore on the 20th Sept., 1850, sent Capt. Bates (in command of troops at Bloemfontein). "Capt. Bates, with the Cape Corps, headed by Capt. Bramley, here made a pretty charge, which being immediately followed up by six rounds from the guns, created sad dismay among the enemy, and in a few minutes it was seen scampering in all directions. By midday 3,468 head of cattle were captured and fifteen Korannas and Bataung were killed and a good many wounded.

In January, 1851, the Civil Commissioner of Smithfield District directed Charles Smith Halse, JP, to go with some burghers and remove some Tambookies further from the border, as it was suspected that they were giving aid to the Cape Colony Gaikas, &c., at war with H M's troops. During an attempted parley Tambookies opened fire, which was returned by burghers and 12 of the enemy killed—800 head of cattle were taken from them. Frederick Wolmarans was shot dead by enemy and Weeber wounded.

In a subsequent engagement with Tambookies near Morosi's Kraal, nine Englishmen were killed, the Boers, aiding them, falling back in the face of a superior enemy. A few Boers, however, stood, and the party in advance under Mr. Cole, the Magistrate of Burghersdorp, managed to keep the Kafirs at bay until the main body came up.

In April, Major Donovan was attacked by Morosi's people, assisted by Loperi's, Mohali's, and Moshesh's son's people, but were routed and followed some 15 miles, losing 200 men, after however killing six Fingoes and wounding five more before the troops turned out to their assistance.

From Platberg on the 25th June, 1851, Major Warden sent Moshesh a formal and *final* demand for 6,000 head of good cattle and 300 horses for his having aided the old Colony Kafirs against the troops, attacked Moroko, the Baralong Chief, our ally, and robbed Mr. Shepstone, the Boers, and the Fingoes.

On the 4th July, 1851, Major Donovan of the Cape Corps reports to Lieut-Col Cloete that the Basutos attacked Sikonyela, who was crossing the country under an escort; the Major then chased the enemy into a mountain which his force, covered by a gun, ascended and drove the enemy

before them, capturing an immense number of cattle. Unfortunately a body of Baralong's who remained on the mountain were surrounded by a large body of Basutos and 138 of them killed. Many more would have fallen if the Boer aid had not made a gallant stand. A 6-pounder gun well horsed and supported by a detachment of the Cape Corps under Ensign Somerset, and a party of Boers under Mr. A. Erwe, were hard pressed by the enemy for many hours and escaped with difficulty. The Basutos having joined the Bataung and Korannas, under Gert Lynx. Major Warden put down his enemies at 10,000 men.

The memorial of the French Missionaries of Paris Society to the British authorities gives a very good account of what may be called the battle of Mekuatlíng as it was fought near that place. It says :

On the 30th June, 1851, at daybreak, a considerable force composed of Barolong's under the chief Moroko ; of Korannas acknowledging Gert Taaibosch as headman ; of various other native allies ; a body of Boers, also of Cape Mounted Rifles ; and a company of English soldiers with two pieces of artillery, made a simultaneous attack on the Bataung under the chief Molitsane and of the Baramokheli subjects of Moshesh near the station of Mekuatlíng. The Baramokheli were at first worsted, and all their cattle fell into the hands of the Barolong's and the Korannas. But very soon after a large body of warriors, headed by the eldest son of Moshesh (Letsie) made their appearance, retook the cattle, and cut in pieces a body of Barolong's and Korannas who offered resistance. This part of the battle was fought on an extensive flat-topped mountain which is edged with perpendicular rocks. The Basutos, after having thus killed a great number of their opponents on the flat above, drove the rest to near the brink of the precipice. There a desperate struggle took place, and the assegai, the battle axe, and the gun, making incessant execution among the Barolong's and Korannas, who fought bravely. Those of them who did not fall by those weapons were hurled down on the awful crags below ! At the same moment the British Artillery, supported by Cape Mounted Rifles and a large body of natives, was repulsed by Molitsane and driven back towards the camp of Major Warden in great confusion. The following

morning the British Resident began his retreat towards Thaba Nchu. A respectable Englishman residing on the station undertook the painful task of visiting the battle-field to see if there were any wounded to whom he could render assistance. He counted on the spot where the Basutos had fought 147 corpses belonging to their opponents. Some parts of the precipices, beneath which dead bodies lay scattered, he could not inspect. Besides these, several Barolong's were killed on the part of the field where Molitsane and his Bataung fought. The loss of the resisting party was comparatively trifling, amounting at most to sixteen killed.

In glancing over the records of Basutoland I find that on the 3rd of August, 1851, the then Secretary to Government, Donald Moodie (father of the present writer) wrote to the British Resident in Basutoland in answer to an appeal for help in the war against the Basuto and Bataung tribes, that the Natal Government had decided to send two companies of the 45th Regt., one officer and twelve Cape Mounted Rifles, and from 400 to 500 natives (under Mr. Ringler Thompson) to join H. M. Forces engaged in the then "Sovereignty."

Many interesting scraps are to be come across in the records mentioned. They contain *inter alia* a lengthy statement of the Chief Molitsane. He says that in about the year 1822-23 political commotion took place among the Zulus then also in Natal, and that, owing to the cruelty of Tshaka, Umzilikazi was obliged to fly. In doing so he passed the Draagsberg Mountain, devastating all before him. Other Zulu chiefs, such as Matiwana (or Pakalita as the Basuto called him) followed his example, and for sustenance, power, &c., fell upon the neighbouring people. The first to suffer from the invasion was Sikonyela's tribe, which was then living on the Eland's River, near Harrismith. This people drove before them the Bamonageng, Basuto and other tribes, so that the whole land was in a state of confusion and desolation. It was at this time (1823) that the friend and ally of Molitsane, Sebetuana, who afterwards took up his residence at Lake Ngami, was also subverting the interior of the continent. It was the dreadful Umziligazi who forced Sebetuane to go towards the Lake, and at the same time Molitsane to retreat to the

Vaal River, from whence he made several successful incursions against Umziligazi, who sent his frightful legions against the Bataung and made fearful and awful havoc among them.

Here appear also some interesting notes compiled by request of Sir George Cathcart, and Assistant Commandant-General Green, on the Orange River Sovereignty. He says that about twenty-five years ago (1827), Matiwana, a powerful chief who claimed all the Winburg District, attacked the Chief Sikonyela, who had a kraal near the site of Harrismith, and drove him southwards. In flying from Matiwana, Sikonyela fell upon the Basuto Chief Moshesh, whom he forced across the Caledon River where the latter remained, fixing his kraal upon a very strong hill, now called Thaba Bosigo. This hill then belonged to a Fingo Chief called Nonè, whom Moshesh butchered at a beer drinking party to which he had invited him.

In November, 1852, Sir George Cathcart—the Lieut.-General the Hon. G. Cathcart—finding that Moshesh was not amenable to reason as to the settlement of several tribal questions, determined to move against him. Col. A. J. Cloete, then Quarter-Master-General, furnishes a “*mémorandum of movement*” from head-quarters at Graham’s Town.

1. Force of two guns, 500 Cavalry, and 2,000 Infantry will assemble at Burghersdorp, on the 20th inst. (November), for the purpose of marching into the Orange River Territory.

2. This force will be composed of a column under Lieut.-Col. Eyre, 73rd Regiment, to consist of a Rocket Detachment, two squadrons 12th Lancers, 2nd Regiment, 43rd Regiment, 73rd Regiment, Detachment Cape Mounted Rifles, a caoutchouc pontoon with detachment of Sappers and Miners. This column to march to Fort Hare on the 11th inst. A column under Lieut.-Col. McDuff, 74th Regiment, to consist of two guns Royal Artillery, 74th Highlanders. Detachment Cape Mounted Rifles, to march from Fort Beaufort on the 11th inst. A Cavalry detachment Cape Mounted Rifles, 100 to march from Graham’s Town on the 16th inst., *via* Cradock.

Head-quarters from Graham’s Town on 16th inst., *via* Fort Beaufort, with 100 Cavalry and 500 Infantry.

The Commandant-General to have his magazines formed and to provide the necessary transport according to scale established by His Excellency for troops moving in light marching order.

Other officers mentioned in connection with this force are Major Pinckney (73rd), Lieut. Siborne, R.E., Lieut. Stanton, R.E., and Lieut.-Col. Napier in charge of Cavalry.

From Platberg, on the 14th December, 1852, Cathcart writes finally to Moshesh saying that the Basutos are a nation of thieves, and for all their lawlessness they must pay 10,000 head of cattle in ten days' time. He must pay to Sikonyela what he had stolen from him, and Carolus Baatje and his people must return to Platberg, and the boundaries fixed by Sir Harry Smith must be respected.

According to the official report of the proceedings—signed by Col. Cloete—on the 19th of December, 1852, not near the full amount of cattle demanded appearing, His Excellency directed Col. Eyre to move with the cavalry brigade, two horsed guns, and one brigade of Infantry, and encamped at the Upper Caledon wagon drift leading to Molitsane's country.

The following morning (20th) this force, accompanied by His Excellency in person, marched at daylight in three columns. Col. Cloete in his report to Cathcart says:—“Of the three columns that marched on the 20th inst. from the flying camp at the Caledon River to chastise the Basuto Chief Moshesh I have the honour to report the operations of that which was placed under Your Excellency's more immediate personal observation.

“This force consisted of a detachment of the 12th Lancers under Lieut Gough, a demi-battery 12-pounder howitzers under Capt. Robinson, R.A., two companies 43rd Regiment under Major Phillips, and a detachment of Cape Mounted Rifles under Ensign Rorke. Its object by moving under the western and southern base of the Berea Mountain, the summit of which Col. Eyre's column were to sweep, whilst Col. Napier with the Cavalry would act round its northern and eastern faces, to prevent the escape of cattle from the mountain, and to form a junction with the two columns on the Thaba Bosigo plains.

“The determination of the Basutos to defend their vast

droves of cattle on the Berea Mountain was early indicated by their firing upon Capt. Tylden and myself when approaching the craggy cliffs in which they had posted themselves.

“On rounding the southern angle of the Berea armed bodies of mounted Basutos were observed formed in patches closely observing our movements, and approaching one of them, advancing in person to give them an opportunity of a parley, was answered by a shot, upon which the Cavalry was ordered to extend and advance, and the enemy retired amongst the rocky ground under the mountain. A couple of rounds of shrapnel having with admirable effect been fired into them they fled and dispersed towards Thaba Bosigo.

The infantry, which had been strengthened by a company of the 43rd Regt. from Col. Eyre's force, under Capt. the Hon. Percy Herbert, were now brought up and the column advanced, crossed the deep mountain stream, Riet Spruit, and were posted on a commanding knoll at the junction of this stream and the Little Caledon River, on the Thaba Bosigo plains, covering the approaches by which Col. Eyre's and Napier's columns were to join.

Whilst in this position the enemy were collecting in fresh patches of horsemen in all directions ; those approaching within distance were driven back. On the clearing away of a thunderstorm and rain the enemy suddenly displayed his whole force. Masses of horsemen were observed to move from the Thaba Bosigo post to turn our right, whilst large bodies of them extended beyond our front. These movements were conducted with the utmost order and regularity.

Lieut.-Col. Eyre's division at this time—five p.m.—in possession of about 1,500 head of cattle which it was necessary to secure, for which purpose some kraals in a commanding position were ordered to be occupied. The enemy, who had mustered not less than 6,000 horsemen, made every effort to assail the troops moving into their bivouac, repeating their attacks both upon our front and rear, but were repulsed in every attempt by the gallantry and steadiness of the troops. Nothing could exceed the soldier-like bearing of the three companies of the 43rd Regt., the cavalry detachment, and the valuable service rendered by the demi-battery under Capt. Robinson, who

by a round of canister silenced the enemy's fire which had been kept up until 8 p.m., when the enemy retired and disappeared from the field, having suffered severely.

The casualties of the portion of the force whose operations I have reported upon this occasion are : Wounded Capt. Wellesley, D.A.A.G., Lieut. the Hon. H. Annesley, 43rd Regt., five privates, four severely and one private of the 43rd slightly.

Report of Lieut. Col. Geo. Napier, Commanding Cavalry Brigade, to Col. Cloete, C.B.K.H., Quarter-Master General, written from the Caledon River camp on the 21st Dec. 1852 :—

I have the honour to report to you that in obedience to instructions received from His Excellency the Commander of the Forces, I crossed the Caledon River yesterday at daylight with the force as per margin (233 rank and file). I proceeded along the Valley on the North-East side of the Bera Mountain for the purpose of intercepting any cattle driving in that direction. About 8 o'clock, perceiving a large drove going up a steep cattle path to the top of the mountain, I sent Capt. Munro with a troop of the 12th Lancers in pursuit, whilst I followed in support with the remainder of the forces, giving Capt Munro strict orders not to fire unless his party was first fired upon.

On reaching the top of the mountain I found it covered with large droves of cattle, and at once commenced securing them, sending Major Tottenham of the 12th Lancers to the left, and Major Somerset, with part of the C.M.R., to the right. Having collected a great number of cattle I commenced driving down the same cattle path I had come up, Major Tottenham, with a troop of Lancers and some C.M.R., as a rear guard.

The enemy up to this time had made little or no resistance, but when the cattle were about half way down the mountain a body of at least 700 mounted men suddenly attacked the rear guard who were forced to retire in order to save themselves from being cut off. I at once sounded the assembly, and collecting as many Lancers and C.M.R. as I could, formed up in support of the rear guard, and kept the enemy to check until they had time to form again, which they did as soon as they got clear of the rocky ground. The enemy then tried to outflank me on both

sides, but the steady front presented by the troops prevented them doing so, and as soon as the Lancers charged on the open ground, they at once fled up the mountain and left us in possession of the cattle.

As I came near the drift of the Caledon I sent word to Capt. Bruce, 74th Highlanders (who had charge of the camp) to send over a company of the 74th to protect the cattle whilst they were crossing. A large body of mounted Kafirs came from behind some rocks on his right, intending to cut off the rear of the cattle, but at once retired on perceiving the 74th, who advanced under Capt. Bruce in skirmishing order and opened fire upon them with their Minie muskets with very good effect.

The conduct of the troops throughout was admirable, and had it not been for the cool and steady behaviour of the officers and men the enemy must have succeeded in recapturing the greater part of the cattle.

Owing to the overpowering force of the enemy and the rugged nature of the ground my casualties have been very severe.

A great number of the enemy were killed and 4,000 head of cattle and fifty-five horses, besides a great many sheep and goats, were captured.

Report of Lieut.-Col. Wm. Eyre, 73rd Regt., Commanding Division, to Col. Cloete, C.B., and K.H. Q.M. General, written from camp, Platberg, 23rd December, 1852 :—

I have the honour to report for the information of His Excellency the Commander of the Forces that I marched at daylight on the 20th inst. from the standing camp on the Caledon with the force as per margin (499 rank and file), and proceeded to carry out my instructions, which had for their general object the capture of cattle and to join the column under the personal direction of His Excellency on the plains of Thaba Bosigo.

Having reached the foot of the Bera Mountain I observed the Basutos drawn up in considerable force, some mounted, others on foot, behind the rocks and stones that crowned the summit, evidently prepared to dispute my passage. A herd of cattle was apparently presented to view as if to entice us on, while by their war shout and gestures they evidently defied us. The ground they occupied was mountainous and rocky and most difficult of

access. On the right I detached the light company of the 73rd under Lieut., Gawler with directions to climb if possible the krantz which commanded the position of the enemy on that side and bringing his right shoulders forward to turn the left flank of the enemy.

To support this movement I directed Lieut. the Hon. L. Curzon to advance with his company of the Rifle Brigade and to ascend the mountain a little on the left of the light company of the 73rd. These two young and promising officers led their companies in the most spirited manner up ground all but inaccessible, though opposed and immediately fired upon by the enemy above. Covering themselves as they advanced they reached the summit with little loss, and drove the enemy before them in good style.

Simultaneously with these movements I moved up with the remainder of my force along the regular but rugged path which seemed to lead into the centre of the enemy's position. The enemy fired and attempted to oppose our progress, until we reached the crest of the heights, when they instantly dispersed and fled in all directions. I immediately pursued them with the few mounted men under Lieut. Goodrich of the J.M.R., and we succeeded in capturing at least 30,000 head of cattle, with many horses having saddles on.

The enemy sustained some loss on this occasion, 38 were killed by the Light Company of the 73rd and the Company of the Rifle Brigade alone, and several were found dead in other parts of the field, and so completely defeated did the enemy appear that some were taken prisoners and made to drive back their own cattle. We found it, however, quite impossible, with so few mounted men to drive on such large numbers, and in the effort to do so many thousands were driven by the few Fingoes attached to my division down the opposite side of the mountain to that which my instructions required me to take. I was, therefore, obliged to abandon them, and content myself with some 1,500, which were all we could manage to drive.

While thus engaged about one o'clock p.m., a number of mounted men from 200 to 300, some with white caps on their heads and bearing lances, which caused us to mistake them for His Excellency's escort, suddenly appeared on our front. Before the mistake could be discovered two or

three of our party fell into the hands of the enemy, and I deeply regret to state that Capt. Faunce, 73rd Regt., D.A.Q.M.G. an officer who has frequently distinguished himself during this war, was of that number.

The enemy's force now rapidly increased until we were opposed to at least 700 or 800 mounted men, who drew up in line in admirable order and attempted several times to attack our front and left flank. As it was necessary to present a front in order to protect our cattle and baggage, I formed three companies in skirmishing order—two in front and one thrown back on our left, keeping one in close order in support. The enemy charged up to us several times within 200 or 300 yards, but daunted by the coolness and steadiness of the men lying down to receive them dared not approach nearer.

As my instructions required me to proceed to Thaba Bosigo I directed the cattle, under charge of a company, to be driven down a path on my right, intending to follow with the remainder of my force, but no sooner was this movement discerned by the enemy than he cheered and again charged us, on which we halted and reformed in skirmishing order and again repelled him. Capt. the Hon. G. Devereux at the same time made some good shots with the rockets, and the result was the total disappearance of the enemy, and we proceeded to descend from the heights without further opposition.

On reaching the plain below I joined the column which accompanied His Excellency, and I therefore need not report further the proceedings of the day, except the movements on the right flank which occurred beyond the reach of His Excellency's observation, and previously to our taking up ground for the night. The enemy appeared at this time, as His Excellency is aware, in great force, showing remarkable boldness and attempting to surround us on all sides. Their numbers I should estimate from 6,000 to 7,000 mounted men. While attacking our front a number of them stole up the krantz on our right, and took possession of the kraal which we finally occupied for the night, from whence they kept up a brisk fire, while another party galloped round and succeeded in getting behind some rocks at the base of the mountain from 200 to 300 yards in our rear.

As it was necessary to drive them from these positions I directed Major Pinckney to move up one Company of the 73rd in extended order with another in support, and attack the enemy on our right flank. Capt. Bewes at the head of the Grenadiers effectually performed this service, and our right flank was thus secured. Lieut. Gawler with the light company charged the enemy in the rear, and drove them from the position they had temporarily occupied. Meanwhile the Rifle Brigade held in skirmishing order the crest of the krantz in our front. Having driven off the enemy on our right and secured a good position on that side, I despatched two companies to our left to reinforce the companies of the 43rd Light Infantry, which under Major Phillips were warmly engaged while escorting the guns up to the position occupied by our right, the enemy at the same time continuing to fire upon us until long after dark.

“Our position was, as His Excellency is aware, most critical, but the coolness and steadiness of the men, though opposed to such an overwhelming superiority of numbers—at the close too of a long and most arduous day, during which we had not been able to halt once for refreshment, was all that a soldier need desire. The loss of the enemy—though impossible to estimate—I am convinced was considerable. Several were taken prisoners and released.”

Letter from the Chief Moshesh to His Excellency the High Commissioner written from Thaba Bosigo, midnight, 20th December, 1852.

“This day you have fought against my people and taken much cattle. As the object for which you have come is to have a compensation for Boers, I beg you will be satisfied with what you have taken. I entreat peace from you. You have shown your power, you have chastised—let it be enough I pray you, and let me be no longer considered an enemy to the Queen. I will try all I can to keep my people in order in the future.”

Having given the military accounts of the Battle of the Berea, I conclude the account of the engagement by giving a condensed account by a high authority. “Hardly had

the cattle turned to be driven down the hill towards the drift, when a force of about 700 Basutos and Bataung horsemen under Molapo and the sons of Molitsane, which had hitherto been unobserved, made a sudden charge upon the scattered troops. All would have been lost but for the coolness and bravery of Col. Napier, who collected a little band about him and tried to keep the enemy at bay until the stragglers could rally or escape. The cattle were rushing down the mountain, and Lancers and Riflemen were following them. One small party mistook a ravine behind the Mission Station for the path by which they had ascended and found themselves surrounded by enemies when they reached the bottom.

The little band under the gallant Colonel kept the main Basuto force at a respectful distance, but detached parties of light horsemen pursued the retreating troops. Twenty-seven Lancers and Riflemen were cut off. Several were killed close to the Mission Station. Fortunately intelligence of the disaster was conveyed in time to the camp, and a company of the 74th Highlanders were sent to Col. Napier's assistance, which enabled him to fall back without further loss. He reached the camp with a herd of four thousand head of horned cattle, besides a few horses and some sheep and goats. Only four Basutos fell in this engagement, though when he prepared his report the Colonel was under the impression that a large number had been killed. Eleven Basutos were killed afterwards in charge upon the brigade which Col. Eyre had got together." Mr. Theal, the official and efficient compiler of the records, states that shortly afterwards General Catheart's little band was in a terrible dilemma, surrounded as they were by dense hordes, well armed with guns and mounted, and having little ponies. They charged over and over again, Nehemiah at the head of them—his horse was shot under him. So vastly outnumbered was the devoted band that only bravery and discipline prevented Isandhlwane being anticipated by a generation.

After a fearful thunderstorm the Basutos came down in denser masses than ever, and though Col. Eyre's column affected a junction with those under the General, there were some more casualties ; two officers were shot, one of whom was a nephew of the Duke of Wellington, and six

privates wounded, making the whole day's losses thirty-seven killed and fifteen wounded. The total Basuto loss in warriors was twenty killed and the same number wounded. But this was not all, for several of their women were killed and wounded by the troops in the early part of the day. Whether they were mistaken for men, or whether they were shot down indiscriminately by the soldiers when not under their officers' eyes will never be known. General Cathcart believed the last supposition to be the correct one, and expressed his deep regret on account of it. Capt. Faunce, who I have said was made prisoner earlier, was murdered in revenge by relatives of some of the women killed, and his body afterwards mutilated.



CHAPTER XII.

BOER AND BASUTO BATTLES.

I NOW go on to the 1858 war between the Boers and the Basutos. The cause of the outbreak was again a land squabble and theft of stock by the Basutos, especially by Lebenya and Poshuli, and Jan Letele, but Moshesh (as regards the latter) pointed out that, as Letele had joined the Free State, he had no power to take cattle from him, and restore them.

Active hostilities commenced at Beersheba Mission Station on the 23rd of March, 1858. This station had been founded in 1836 by the Rev. Mr. Rolland, who had gathered together a mixed body of natives, with whom he still resided as pastor. Many of these acknowledged the authority of Moshesh. It was considered necessary, before the Free State force entered the Lesuto proper, to guard against the danger of leaving a body of the enemy in their rear, and therefore Mr. Sauer, Landdrost of Smithfield, was directed, with the burghers of his district, to disarm the natives there, and drive out such as would not submit.

Early the next morning the Free State forces, hearing that a body of the enemy were coming from Elandsberg, waylaid them at the Caledon Drift, and the first skirmish of this war took place, in which about twenty natives were killed.

Mr. Sauer having called upon the men of the station to surrender their arms, one of the chiefs, a Morolong named Mooi, complied. Sufficient time having been allowed, and the other residents of the place having declined to give up their weapons, fire was opened upon them, and about thirty were killed, and two wounded on the burgher side.

The plan of campaign adopted by the Free State Government was to send two commandos into the Lesuto, one from the north and the other from the south, to meet before Thaba Bosigo, and endeavour to carry that stronghold by storm. By this means it was hoped that the attention.

of the Basutos would be taken up with the defence of their villages and cattle, and that the field of operations might be limited to their country.

But in Moshesh the Free State had to deal with one whose early manhood had been passed in war, and who had risen to power by means of military ability, displayed chiefly as a strategist. He had forgotten nothing since the days of Matiwane and Mpangazita, but had learnt much. He sent his cattle into distant and almost inaccessible mountain ravines, and then gave orders to his captains to fight at every point of advantage, but, when close pressed, to fall back and draw the Boer Commandos after them.

Commandant General Hendrik Weber, with the burghers of the southern portion of the State, and Jan Letele's people, marched first to Vechtkop, the head-quarters of Poshuli. On the 28th of March, Nehemiah and Poshuli were met with there, and, after an engagement, retreated, leaving the villages of the latter to their fate. On the following day they were fired, and the commando then proceeded northwards. On the 3rd of April, it was at "The Hell" where in an ambush it lost sixteen men killed and wounded, but had the satisfaction of killing nearly four times as many Basutos, as well as one renegade European, and of capturing a few hundred cattle. From "The Hell" the commando marched against Letsie, but, on consideration, fell back to Jammerberg Drift.

The column formed of the northern burghers of the Free State was in two divisions, under Commandants F. Senekal and W. J. Pretorius. On the 25th of March, Moperi and Molitsane were defeated at Koranneberg by Pretorius. On the 12th, 13th, and 14th of April, at Cathcart's Drift, this column had a series of engagements with the warriors of Molapo, Moperi and Molitsane, who surrounded and threatened to annihilate it with their overwhelming numbers. But by this time it was known that the gunpowder manufactured by the Basuto was incapable of carrying a ball further than a couple of hundred yards or so, so that the difference in number was more than compensated. The column forced its way out of the dense ring of warriors, but not before it had lost seventeen men killed and wounded.

On the 25th of April, 1858, the two columns formed a junction. Three days later Mr. F. Senekal was elected Commandant-General in place of Mr. H. Weber, and an attack was made upon Letsie, who was posted with about 4,000 warriors on the heights close to his village, the Mission Station of Moriija. After some skirmishing Letsie gave way and retired to Thaba Bosigo. The commando then took possession of his village, when the burghers were horrified by finding portions of the corpses of some of their friends who had fallen at "The Hell." The Basuto sorcerers had brought these ghastly relics there for the purpose of using them as charms, and had concealed them from other eyes—particularly from those of women—in a laboratory of their own, which was discovered when the Commando entered. Exasperated by this sight, the burghers condemned the village to the same fate as that to which they had devoted the kraals of the robber Poshuli, and spared only the Church and the property of the Missionary Maeder.

There was a deal of discussion about the Boers destroying the property of the Rev. Mr. Arbousset at Moriija. But the Volksraad subsequently voted £100 to the Paris Mission Society to make good the damages. From the fact of the rev. gentleman having fled, many Boers believed that he was fighting upon the Basuto side. The property of those who remained was not touched.

From Moriija the Free State forces marched to Thaba Bosigo where they arrived on the 6th May. A body of Basuto encountered at the foot of the mountain made a show of resistance, but after skirmishing for four hours, took to flight. At last the burghers had before their eyes the object of their expedition, and they recognised at once the hopelessness of securing it. The frowning precipices of the great citadel, hundreds of feet in height, were beyond the power of man to scale, and the few steep pathways to its summit were fortified in the strongest manner, and defended by a garrison amply provided with munitions of war.

This mountain has been often stormed, but never taken. The terrible, and hitherto unconquered, legions of Umziligazi, also stormed it, but warriors shields, plumes, and assegais, were bundled hopelessly down under avalanches of

rocks. After their defeat, Moshesh, in derision, sent them food to eat.

During the fortnight preceding the arrival of the burgher forces before the mountain, various rumours had reached the camp that the Basuto had invaded the Free State and were spreading devastation far and wide. What was at first doubtful was by-and-by confirmed. It was known that on the 14th April, while the northern column was fighting at Cathcart's Drift with one great swarm of natives, a body of Basuto light horsemen had spread over the District of Winburg, and swept off all the stock in its track, and had left nothing behind but smouldering ruins. It was known too that this was only the first of a series of raids in that direction. And now came intelligence that on the 26th of April the district of Caledon River had been pillaged and laid waste in a similar manner. With such tidings in their ears and with an impregnable stronghold before their eyes, there came but one thought to the burghers, that of returning to their families. A council of war was speedily held, and a resolution to break up the commando was adopted. Without an hour's delay it was acted upon, and every man set off for his home as quickly as he could.

President J. N. Boshof appealed for help to the sister republic beyond the Vaal, and had ascertained that the union of the two states *must* precede the granting of assistance, and the Governor of the Cape had proclaimed a strict neutrality. Under these circumstances Mr. Boshof also sought the aid of Sir George Grey, but before that gentleman's offer of mediation reached him, he was obliged to make overtures with Moshesh for a suspension of hostilities. The latter replied haughtily and unsatisfactorily. Eventually on the 15th of October, 1858, Moshesh affixed his seal and mark to the treaty drawn up by Sir George Grey, though with evident reluctance, and, as it turned out, with no intention of adhering to it.

We now go on to December, 1861, and give a short account of "Moshesh at Home" on his mountain, from the pen of a correspondent of the *Friend of the Free State*.

"At eleven o'clock, accompanied by the missionaries, we climbed the famous mountain residence of the paramount Chief of the Basutos. We accomplished this feat in forty-

two minutes, admiring the while the military tactics of Moshesh in choosing such a place for defence. On arriving on the mountain we were met by Tsekelo Moshesh, who ushered us into the house of Moshesh—a large thatched building about 70 feet long, containing a sitting and several bed-rooms, furnished with four-posters, tables, chairs, &c. We remained seated for about an hour, during which there was a running to and fro of his servants with several suits of uniforms and mufti, taking one out and bringing the same back again. At last we received a message from the king that he was coming, but a quarter of an hour elapsed after this intimation before he came, when his arrival was announced by some salutation in Sesuto which I did not catch.

“Then Moshesh, a hale hearty man, some 63 years old, clad in a General’s rich uniform, over which he had a blue cloth military cloak, with a military helmet on his head, and accompanied by his councillors, George and Tsekelo Moshesh, and two ambassadors from Pande, and two from Sekwati, entered the apartment, and a general introduction by George between us, the strangers of the party, and the chief took place, and then we again seated ourselves. The next operation was laying the cloth and bringing in a handsome China tea service and several condiments. After partaking this meal, Mr. Howell presented his gift, a handsome railway wrapper made of light blue pilot cloth very heavy and hairy, lined with bright scarlet cloth, and braided. Moshesh was highly delighted with this present and put it on his shoulder *à la* Poncho. Mr. Van Brockhuizen then, in the name of Professor Hofmeyr of Cape Town, presented the King with a handsome pocket-knife, which he admired very much. Mr. Van Brockhuizen then gave *his* present—a richly ornamented pipe. At this Moshesh looked in a very peculiar manner, and one of his sons began to laugh so heartily that we all caught the infection and laughed too, without knowing why; but at last the murder came out. Moshesh hated smoking and had a great aversion to a pipe, especially since his magazine had nearly blown up in consequence of the carelessness of a smoker, and had issued a counterblast against smoking on Thaba Bosigo. The chief, however, took the will for the deed, and put away the pipe among the numerous

presents presented to him from time to time. Mr. Martin, the partner of Mr. Ferreira at Natal, then presented the chief with a handsome silver mounted Malacca whip, which the old Chief immediately began to crack to the evident discomfort of his sable attendants."

On the 20th of June, 1860, some Basutos under Poshuli and some Bushmen proteges of his, attacked a Boer homestead and killed a boy, besides severely wounding a couple of women.

After the last mentioned date—June 1860—there were no "Battles and Adventures" (as regards the people mentioned) to speak of until May 1865, when on the 9th of that month we find President Brand of the Free State writing to the High Commissioner at Cape Town regarding a land squabble with Lesaoana (alias Ramelana) who would insist in occupying Witsi's Hoek, and saying that as the Basutos had again trespassed over the line and were becoming most insolent, he meant to start that day in order to chastise them, and he thought Moshesh would help his vassal.

In June, 1865, we find President J. H. Brand sending an ultimatum to Moshesh after some Free State Burghers had been imprisoned and illtreated by the latter, and shortly afterwards he proclaims war against the Basutos.

On the 19th June, 1865, Mr. Burnet, Civil Commissioner of Aliwal North, writes to the High Commissioner to say that, as usual, a wholesale system of thieving was determined on by Poshuli and Morosi, and that the Boers and Basutos had come into collision, as a patrol party of fifty Boers had suddenly met a strong body of Basutos, whom they engaged, when luckily another party of their forces numbering fifty came to their aid, when the Basutos retired leaving several men killed.

On the 27th of June the Governor of the Cape proclaims strict neutrality, and on the 29th of June Mr. Theophilus Shepstone (now Sir) directs (from Maritzburg Natal) the Magistrate of Weenen—in Natal—to proceed to Molapo regarding a Basuto inroad into that Colony.

Mr. John Austen, Superintendent of the Wittebergen Native Reserve, in writing to Mr. Burnet speaks of the great fight between Boers and Basutos, near Thothlowane. His native informant says that the whole flower of the

Basuto army were engaged, and headed by Molitsane, Paulus Moperi, Malapo, Masupha, Lerothodi, son of Letsie, and Ntsane, who had charge of the household army. In all, he says, seven chieftains, with an army beyond count. The native is said to have given a most graphic account of the several onslaughts, and the cool courage displayed by the Boers, and the final defeat and flight of the host of Basutos, frightened into a state of panic—he said they couldn't face the Boers. Poshuli is said to have lost twenty men—Melane thirty killed and many wounded, and all chiefs suffered in proportion. Mr. Austen concludes by saying that up to that time the Boers had been successful at every point, and that if they continued to display the same courage there would be no fear of success.

On the 1st July, 1865, General Sir Percy Douglas writes from Maritzburg—Natal—to the High Commissioner informing him of an inroad of Basutos, down the Draagsberg into Natal, and that Capt. Lucas, the magistrate of the Klip River country, in following the spoor of cattle carried off, was fired upon. He says about 2,000 Basutos, well mounted and armed with guns, descended into the Klip River district, and carried off stock to the value of many thousands of pounds, killed one farmer, and mortally wounded two or three others, and that one white woman was missing, and that in six days' time 120 volunteers, and 280 troops and two guns would assemble in Ladysmith.

The present writer was among these volunteers. The latter body and the troops, however, only went as far as Estcourt (then Bushman's River) as Molapo, the head chief of the erring Lesaohana (the leader of the raiders) had promised every reparation.

The *Friend of the Free State* newspaper tells us, on the 9th of March, 1866, that the Boers and Basutos were hard at it again, (as elsewhere detailed) with varying success, but the Boers appeared again to have had the best of it. The issue of the paper mentioned tells us that Commandant Fick penetrated the Draagsberg with 600 men, captured 2,700 head of cattle, 3,600 sheep, and 250 horses—100 of the enemy slain in the different engagements, Molapo sued for peace, and paid 150 head of cattle for an armistice. The death of Senekal, who was

a brave man, and Commandant General in the last war, is here greatly regretted. He was shot down in front of a cave by an unseen enemy. Twenty-seven dead Kafirs were counted after Fick's last engagement.

On the 18th March, 1866, a correspondent of the *Friend of the Free State* mentions the Kafirs as having had enough of it, as the powerful chief Molapo sent 47 fat oxen in consideration of an armistice.

The same paper on the 20th of April, 1866, announces (as it thinks) the termination of the war, and the fact of the Basutos having sent in a fine of 3,000 head of cattle, astonishing the Boers by their punctuality. The massacre of seven express bearers is also mentioned, viz : 3 Boers, 2 Bastards and 2 Baralongs. Their bodies were found—shockingly mutilated, near the Caledon by a party of men from Wessel's camp who buried the unfortunates.

But yet the war, or desultory fighting, lingered on for many months, the Boers being determined to root out the "faithless" Basutos, and with this end in view they shot them down whenever practicable, and pursued a system of destroying their crops, so that the Basutos would be deprived of the means of fighting. In October, 1867, a Rev. Mr. Jousse, writing from Thaba Bosigo to Mr. Burnet, the Civil Commissioner at Aliwal North, says "Last week the Boers made a raid a few hours (ride) distant from here, and succeeded in taking some cattle. They arrived in a village before sunrise, and when the people, thus surrounded, came out of their huts, they were killed as dogs indistinctly (indiscriminately?) men, women, and children. The number of women and children killed is greater than that of men." The reverend gentleman afterwards enumerates the victims, giving place and date.

A report from Commandant J. G. E. Kolbe to Commandant Botha, dated Platberg, 2nd Nov., 1867, gives an account of the capture of some caverns and strongholds at Mariendall. One Boer was killed and two were severely wounded. As far as was known 11 of the enemy were killed. 120 women and children were taken out of the caverns and were put across the Caledon. 20 wagon loads of corn were taken.

A report from Commandant J. C. Botha to the President of the Free State, dated Platberg, 7th of Nov., 1867,

gives an account of the driving of the enemy from one of his towns in that neighbourhood, in which 300 muids of corn were found, and taken possession of. One Mosuto was killed. In a subsequent skirmish with the enemy, who occupied a strongly fortified position in a mountain the commandant himself and one burgher were slightly wounded.

A report from Commandant Pansegrouw to the President, dated Komet Spruit, Dec. 8th, 1867 gives an account of a patrol into the Double Mountains (the Malutis) from the evening of the 3rd to the evening of the 7th. The enemy was driven back wherever met with, 26 were killed, and 13 horses, 81 head of horned cattle, and 180 sheep and goats were taken. On the side of the commando only one coloured servant and one Fingo were wounded.

Then follows a long correspondence between Sir Philip Wodehouse, the High Commissioner and Mr. Brand, the President of the Free State, in which the former urges upon the latter a suspension of hostilities, as owing to the system of the Boers, which destroyed the crops of the Basutos, these wretched beings were driven, in some cases, to cannibalism, and many poured across into the Cape Colony and Natal in a state of utter destitution. At length Sir P. Wodehouse seems to have lost patience, and accordingly on the 10th of March, 1868, he addressed a kind of ultimatum to Mr. Brand which he concludes in these words "I cannot regard such a policy, if persevered in, as anything less than an indication of an unfriendly feeling towards the British Government, quite sufficient to absolve me from all observance of the terms of the Convention of 23rd of February, 1854.

"When I first became aware of the apparent disregard of my overtures, I directed that no ammunition should be permitted to be removed from our ports to the Free State without my authority. I have not since heard of any application, and conclude that none has been made. And I have now to intimate that I will peremptorily prohibit all issues, and will take such further steps as I may consider conducive to the good government of the country. At the same time I make this announcement with the utmost regret."

Finally, on the 12th day of March, 1868, the High

Commissioner, Sir Philip Edmund Wodehouse, issued from Cape Town a proclamation stating that from the above date it was Her Majesty's pleasure that the Basutos should be British subjects, and Basutoland British territory. And so ends this interesting matter pertaining to my subject and condensed from Mr. Theal's excellent compilation as it appears in Vol. III. of the official "Records of Basutoland."

I add a few more additional particulars of engagements in Secheli's Country and in Basutoland.

One affair that occurred in August, 1852, excited very much attention. It was the case of Secheli, a native chief residing in the direction of the Great Lake, who had been attacked by the Boers, beaten, and it was affirmed, his children taken for slaves. I shall, however, in fairness to the Boers, place their official report before the reader, which shall speak for itself.

THE TRANSVAAL BOERS AND SECHELI.

(From the Zuid-Oost Afrikaan.)

"OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE ACTING COMMANDANT-GENERAL, P. E. SCHOLTZ, ESQ.

Marico, August 20th, 1852.

"THIS day the Commando sent by A. W. Pistorius, Esq., assembled.

"I departed without delay, according to my instructions, to the rebellious Kafir tribes, who had constantly disturbed the country by thefts and threatenings. On the 23rd I sent from Maboiza an adjutant to the sub-captain of Cokkie, and the people left behind of Moselele, to offer and, if possible, to encourage them to peace; but received no answer from them. I proceeded on; and the following day they again had peace offered to them, but they were intrenched in caverns and jungle. I, however, ventured to send a couple of field-cornets with some men to within about one hundred yards of them, for the purpose of speaking to them; but they persisted in refusing. The patrol then endeavoured to take some of them prisoners, but they resisted; upon which I ordered a few shots to be fired at them. Towards evening the above-named sub-

captain came out, and I made peace with him, and also restored to him all prisoners of war, on condition that he should forthwith return to his abode. On the 25th I went forward, and captured three of Secheli's scouts. During the march up to the 27th, I was informed that Secheli was making every preparation to fight, having assembled five captains of surrounding tribes about him. Upon these reports I determined to approach his residence as close as I could venture.

"I issued an order to the Commando, that no goods belonging to the missionaries should be touched, in accordance with the Laager Instructions ; of which two men had made themselves guilty, who were tried by court-martial on the 27th and convicted, and sentenced to receive thirty lashes, or to be deprived of all burgher privileges of the Commando. They preferred the latter.

"The 28th, I pushed out to Secheli's town-water, about a quarter of an hour's walk from the town. To reach it, I had to march past the town, and to proceed through a narrow passage. I prepared every thing for self-defence, as every position was occupied by the enemy, who levelled their guns at and threatened us, but did not fire a shot, so that I gained my object without opposition ; and as the day was far advanced, and it was also the last day of the week, I resolved, with the concurrence of the council of war, to abstain from every thing that could give rise to displeasure, not even to allow any one, except the commandants, to speak to Secheli's Kafirs, lest any misunderstanding should take place, and that we might observe the Lord's day.

"I at once sent to Secheli the following message :—

"FRIEND SECHELI,—As an upright friend, I would advise you not to allow yourself to be misled by Moselele, who has fled to you because he has done wrong. Rather give him back to me, that he may answer for his offence. I am also prepared to enter into the best arrangements with you. Come over to me, and we shall arrange every thing for the best, even were it this evening.

Your friend,

"P. E. SCHOLTZ, *Act. Com.Gen.*

“Secheli replied :—

“WAIT till Monday. I shall not deliver up Moselele : he is my child. If I am to deliver him up, I shall have to rip up my belly ; but I challenge you on Monday to show which is the strongest man. I am, like yourself, provided with arms and ammunition, and have more fighting people than you. I should not have allowed you thus to come in, and would assuredly have fired upon you ; but I have looked into the book, upon which I reserved my fire. I am myself provided with cannon. Keep yourself quiet to-morrow, and do not quarrel for water till Monday ; then we shall see who is the strongest man. You are already in my pot ; I shall only have to put the lid on it on Monday.

“(Signed) SECHELI.”

“SUNDAY, 29th.—We humble ourselves before the Most High, who delivers both the weak and strong, and jointly beseeched Him to be merciful to us. After Divine Service, Secheli sent two men to me to ask for some sugar, which I looked upon as a bravado. He also sent word to me to send two men to him on Monday, and that I should take care that the oxen did not depasture on the poisonous grass, for that he now looked upon them as his own. I briefly replied, that such a hero should rather use chillies instead of sugar.

“MONDAY, 30th.—I sent two men to Secheli to ascertain his meaning, and once more to offer peace to him. He replied, that he required no peace ; that he now challenged me to fight ; and, if I had not sufficient ammunition, he would lend me some. I again sent to tell him, that he should call to mind how he had ever to submit to the tyranny of Umziligazi whom we had dispersed ; that he, Secheli, was then poor and small, and, having now grown rich by the burghers, he should not become too arrogant by harbouring robbers and disturbers of the peace ; that he should not harden his heart, as it might be productive of mournful results to him ; that he would perhaps again become as little as he had been. His reply was, ‘I want to fight.’ I advanced with three hundred men close to his battery, and again sent messengers to prevail upon him to accept peace ; and to inform him that, should he not wish

to conclude peace, he was to set aside his women and children, or rather to come out with his warriors, that we then might fight man to man, as I would otherwise be compelled to fight with cannon, and this might endanger the women and children. All this I did to dispose him to peace. But he replied,—‘You have nothing to do with my women and children; they are mine; and I want to fight to-day, and experience which of us is the strongest.’ Upon which, under a shower of balls, I advanced upon the battery, confiding my fate into the hands of the Lord. I stormed the intrenchments and caverns, under a severe fire which I encountered from three sides; took possession, set fire to, and stormed one side of the town, where one of my gallant burghers, named Jan de Clerk, was killed; and, in storming a rocky ridge, the gallant Mr. G. Wolmarans, Es., and a Bastard were killed alongside of each other. After six hours’ hard fighting, I had possession of two rocky ridges and all the enemy’s intrenchments, with a large number of guns and prisoners. A good number of them had been killed. My loss was three killed and six wounded. I was compelled to retire, my men being knocked up, and night having closed upon us. The enemy had still possession of one rocky ridge. We again assembled to thank the Lord, and to offer Him our evening sacrifice.

“The following day I sent one hundred and fifty men out to reconnoitre, and to ascertain whether the enemy was disposed for peace; upon which I found that they had evacuated their stronghold, and fled in various directions. I sent patrols after them, who found troops of them here and there, who fought in skirmishing order. But my party returned the following day with guns and cattle captured from the enemy, but without having sustained any casualty.

“On the 1st of September I dispatched Commandant P. Schutte with a patrol to Secheli’s old town; but he found it evacuated, and the missionary residence broken open by the Kafirs. The commandant found, however, two percussion rifles; and the Kafir prisoners declared that Livingstone’s house, which was still locked, contained ammunition, and that shortly before he had exchanged thirteen guns with Secheli, which I had also learnt two weeks previously, the missionaries Inglis and Edwards having related it to the burghers A. Bytel and J.

Snyman ; and that Livingstone's house had been broken open by Secheli to get powder and lead. I therefore resolved to open the house that was still locked, in which we found several half-finished guns, and a gunmaker's shop with abundance of tools. We here found more guns and tools than Bibles, so that the place had more the appearance of a gunmaker's shop than a mission-station, and more of a smuggling-shop than a school-place. This day young Smit, one of the wounded, died. We this day found two waggons hidden under a rock. On the 3rd I resolved to return, to refresh my cattle not far from the encampment. Having again encamped, I sent to all the tribes who had shown themselves our enemies, to offer peace to them, that those of them who accepted of it might return to their town or residence. I also sent to the disturber Monsua at Malopo, and appointed a place where I would meet him, because his subjects were continually plundering, and he was aware that they had committed serious depredations.

"The force returned with a booty of three thousand head of cattle and a number of sheep, eleven horses, forty-eight guns, two waggons, and other articles, found in Secheli's retreat ; likewise smith's and gunmaker's tools found in the house of the missionary.

"Amongst the above cattle, many were recognised by their lawful owners as having been stolen from them by the Kafirs. I gave them back their property, which materially reduced the troop.

"The rest of the cattle, after defraying the expenses, I divided among the Commando in equal portions, except that I allowed something more to the wounded.

"The above expedition having, according to instructions, taken the field to ascertain what had become of the cattle that had been continually stolen, we found, on our advance, a part amongst the remaining herds of Moselele, who, along with the other vagabonds, was protected by Secheli. At Secheli's was the greatest smuggling-shop to be found in the whole settlement. He constantly deals in ammunition and guns, which he again exchanges with the other tribes ; and an uncivilized nation, having fire-arms in hand, believe themselves to be invincible, and perpetrate the most heinous acts.

"This also was even Secheli's notion ; who, though warned and exhorted to peace, deemed himself invincible, and not only desired to take our lives, but also all our waggons and cattle.

" (*Signed*) P. E. SCHOLTZ, *Act. Com.-Gen.*

" Approved.

" (*Signed*) A. W. J. PRETORIUS, *Com.-Gen.*

" The above report revised and approved.

" By order of the Volksraad,

" (*Signed*) C. POTGIETER, *President.*"

Having thus allowed the Boers to give their own version of their doings, I shall quote a letter from the "Cape Town Mail," which will throw some fresh light on some of the worst parts of the case, and which it is only fair to place by the side of the report itself.

"SECHELI AND THE BOERS.

(*Cape Town Mail, March 12th, 1853.*)

"An article having appeared recently in the 'Zuid Afrikaan,' the purport of which seemed to be an attempt to excuse or justify the Transvaal Boers in their late attack on Secheli, the chief of the Baquaines, permit me to make a few remarks concerning the fallacies thereof. The Boers, says the writer, feeling that Secheli was getting too formidable in arms, resolved to deprive him of them. He omits wholly to mention that the Boers, previous to their being acknowledged as no longer rebels, sent to Secheli several threatening letters, to the effect that he must always inform them of the arrival of English travellers in his country, otherwise they would inflict immediate punishment on him. Those threats were unheeded by him, as he was righteously unwilling to betray the trust reposed in him by the English. Pretorius, at the time that these letters were sent to Secheli, was himself an outlaw, with a price set upon his head ; of which circumstance Secheli was aware, and therefore he considered Pretorius to be usurping rights and forming laws for his own advantage, without the knowledge of the British Government. Feeling perfectly confident of his

innocence as to any charge of a criminal or aggressive nature that Pretorius might feel disposed to prefer against him, Secheli nobly determined to brave the consequences that might ensue from his refusing to comply with his unjust demand. In the year 1850 a party of English gentlemen, while endeavouring to pass through the country occupied by the Boers, were intercepted by them, grossly insulted, and obliged to return to the Sovereignty. On this account, English travellers to the interior were under the necessity of proceeding through the country of the chief Secheli, where they felt perfectly secure from future interruptions.

“But let us now revert to the main point, namely, the recent attack upon the chief Secheli. A Com-mando, consisting of four hundred Boers and six hundred subjugated Kafirs, of the Bakonni tribe, occupying the country to the eastward of the Moriga, with nineteen wagons, arrived at the territory of Moseili, a chief occupying the country adjacent to the Boers. The chief, with the able-bodied men, had fled on hearing of the approach of the Boers; considerable numbers of old men and women remaining at the kraal, in the hope of obtaining peace from the Boers by peaceable remonstrance. This hope was delusive. Firing was immediately commenced on the part of the Boers, which killed and wounded a great number of men and women. The Boers then proceeded towards the residence of the chief Secheli, a distance of about fifty miles from the former chief, and arrived there on the 27th of August, 1852. Exorbitant demands were made by the Boers, requiring Secheli to deliver up guns, children, oxen, sheep, goats and cows. The chief refused to comply, saying, ‘I might as well be a dead man, and my tribe destroyed.’ The Boers resolved to attack the kraal immediately, which they did on the 29th inst. They opened a heavy fire, and the people of Secheli, of course, returned it; and this murderous and unequal contest continued until night-fall, when those injured and unoffending people were compelled to retreat. The Boers possessed themselves of about twelve hundred head of cattle, about a thousand children, and two hundred women; also seizing all the property left by the English travellers in the charge of the chief, to the value of £1,200, which

he had kept most carefully and honourably during the owners' absence. A party of these Boers then proceeded to the mission-house at Rolesberg,—where the Rev. Dr. Livingstone had long resided, but from which he was now absent, distant about twelve miles,—and, having rifled it of everything that appeared useful in their estimation, destroyed his library and valuable medicine chest, carrying away also doors, window-sashes, &c. We must not omit here to mention that the Boers brought with them large quantities of brandy, to support their courage in the fight, and many were in a state of intoxication during the contest.

“Having thus collected as much booty as was within their reach, they then proceeded to the residence of Sentulie, a neighbouring chief; and, on their way, fell in with detached parties of Maselili's tribe, who were endeavouring to make their escape with their wives, children and cattle. These wretched people they shot down in the most cold-blooded manner,—they offering no resistance whatever, but, on the contrary, wishing to surrender. Here the Boers also enriched themselves with numbers of cattle, women, and children. Sentulie, having sent as many of his women and children as he could to the mountains for safety, awaited the arrival of the Boers, who immediately opened a heavy fire. His men then also fled to the mountains, on gaining which they returned the fire of the Boers, who then retreated. Here alone, it appears, they did not succeed in obtaining any cattle or captives; and they then returned to the Transvaal, where a division of their ill-gotten booty took place.

“We have evidence from Boers themselves, as well as from Englishmen. 1. That many of these unfortunate captives were exposed for sale, and some have even been seen in the Sovereignty attending their masters, not knowing that upon British ground no one can be a slave. 2. That slavery to a great extent is carried on by the Transvaal Boers, there is no doubt; and it only requires investigation to be proved. 3. The main and real objects of these attacks appear to have been expressly for the purpose of obtaining native blacks for enslavement, and of enriching themselves with cattle. 4. Hence they show great unwillingness to permit the entrance of any English

travellers, who could report on, and expose, their unrighteous conduct.

“It has been asserted or insinuated by the writer of the article in the ‘Zuid Afrikaan,’ that Secheli has been in the habit of selling slaves to the Portuguese of Delagoa Bay. This is an utter falsehood, and is in fact impossible; no Portuguese have ever visited Secheli’s country. This unfounded assertion only exposes the ignorance of the writer in question, relative to the situations of the countries inhabited respectively by the Portuguese and the Baquaines, of whom Secheli is the chief. This letter has been written in the presence and with the sanction of two gentlemen, who have travelled for the past three years into the interior of Africa, who can vouch for its strict truth. I myself have also passed through Secheli’s country several times, and once subsequent to the attack by the Boers, when I became acquainted with the facts I here relate.

“We know for certain that Secheli is now on his way to Cape Town, preparatory to visiting England, and is prepared to confute any charges that interested parties may feel disposed to bring against him.

“I have, &c.,

“VERITAS.”

According to the last paragraph in the preceding quotation, Secheli was expected at Cape Town, and he has since arrived there; yet, for some reasons not known to us, he proceeded no farther, but returned, and, on his way, passed through Graaff-Reinet. Concerning his visit we find the following notice in the “Graaff-Reinet Herald.” But I am not certain whether this was on his way to the Cape, or on his return.

“The chief Secheli, accompanied by Messrs. Edwards and Green, arrived here on Saturday afternoon last. We understand that £119 have been collected in Bloemfontein, and £10 in Colesberg, towards the expenses of the chief’s journey to England.

“This object does not appear to find much favour in Graaff-Reinet; and his account of the fight with the Boers, and assertions of their having made slaves of his people, are received with much coolness and suspicion.

He states that thirty-five Boers were killed in the attack on his kraal, and fifteen wounded ; while he had eighty-nine of his people killed, a thousand children and two hundred women taken prisoners by the Boers, and carried off into slavery. The natives are described as very friendly to the English, but as having a wholesome horror of the Boers, who make plundering forays on them for the sake of obtaining cattle and slaves. The hostility of the Republic to English travellers is said to arise from a wish to conceal their treatment of the natives from the eyes of the world, as well as from a desire to monopolize the trade with the interior.

“The sooner Mr. Pretorius gets his printing-press the better, as these stories, going about uncontradicted or unexplained, will excite a deep feeling of dislike against the Transvaal Republic, and may possibly tend considerably to increase the difficulties of its position.”

So much for Secheli and the Boers. And now to change the scene to Basutoland.

Before daylight on the morning on the 20th of June, 1865, some two thousand warriors under Poshuli and Morosi crossed the Caledon near its junction with Wilgeboom Spruit, and commenced to ravage the district before them. From the farm adjoining the commonage of Smithfield they laid waste a broad belt of country for a distance of thirty miles towards Bloemfontein. The inhabitants, warned just in time to save their lives, fled without being able to remove anything. The invaders burned the houses, broke whatever implements they could not set fire to, and drove off more than one hundred thousand sheep, besides great droves of horned cattle and horses. In an hour the richest men in the district of Caledon River were reduced to destitution.

In this raid thirteen white men lost their lives. A patrol consisting of fifteen burghers was surrounded, when twelve of them were killed. The other three succeeded in cutting their way out. A young colonist named Hugo Stegmann was surprised and murdered in another part of the district.

But the events of the day showed that in a fair field the burghers were able to hold their own against ten times their number of Basutos. A patrol consisting of thirty-five

men was surrounded on an open plain, where for hours the raiders hovered round them without daring to come to close quarters, and at nightfall the little band retired with only one man slightly wounded. The invading force was divided into three or four parties, the foremost of which was turned back by a body of eighty farmers. These burghers were joined during the night by a few others, and on the 21st, the Basutos, who were then retreating with their booty, were followed up, and were so nearly overtaken that they abandoned between three and four thousand sheep on the left bank of the Caledon.

This raid was followed by similar incursions into the districts of Bloemfontein, Winburg, and Harrismith. The villages were not attacked, but the farms were laid waste, until there was a belt of country covered with ruins and stamped with desolation from the Lesuto border to a line about fifteen miles beyond the village of Winburg.

To these raids several massacres of a peculiarly barbarous nature succeeded. Most of the half-breeds who had formerly lived at Platberg, and who had acknowledged Carolus Baatje as their head, had been residing for some years by permission of the Free State Government at Rietspruit, about twenty-five or thirty miles from Bloemfontein. On the morning of the 27th of June a large party of Basutos carrying a white flag appeared at the village, and saluted the half-breeds with friendly greetings. Moshesh's son Masupha, who was in command, said that they had nothing to fear, for he was at war with no one but Boers. An ox was killed for the entertainment of the visitors, and the Basuto and half-breeds sat down together to partake of food, all the time conversing as friends. When the meal was over, Masupha gave a signal, on which his followers fell without warning upon the wretched half-breeds and murdered fifty-four men and boys, not sparing even male infants at the breast. Of the residents of the village only eight men escaped. Of these, seven were at the time away on a hunting expedition, and one, who was a short distance off when the massacre took place, managed to hide himself in an ant-eater's den. The murderers compelled the grown-up girls to get into a waggon, which they took away with them, together with such other property of their victims

as they fancied, leaving sixty-seven women and little girls behind.

On the same day that the massacre of the half-breeds took place, an equally atrocious deed was performed in another quarter. A party of Boers with five transport waggons laden with goods belonging to Messrs. Wm. Munro & Co., of Durban, Natal, and destined for Pretoria in the South African Republic, where the firm of Munro had a branch establishment, had halted to rest their cattle on the Drakensberg, a few yards on the Free State side of the Natal boundary. The party consisted of Pieter Pretorius, who was a near relative of the President of the South African Republic, his sons Jan, Albertus, and Jacobus, Andries Smit, Jan Pretorius's wife and two children, six native men servants, a little native servant boy, and an Indian coolie. The oxen were being inspanned when a large body of armed Basutos, under Ramanela, made their appearance. The Boers caught up their guns, but the Basutos called them to come and talk as friends. The Boers then went towards them and explained that they were not citizens of the Free State nor combatants, and that the goods on their waggons belonged to Englishmen. The explanation appeared to be satisfactory, and in the supposition that they were safe the Boers laid down their guns, when instantly the Basutos fell upon them and murdered the five white men, the coolie, and three of the native servants. The other native servants, being Batlapin, were spared.

The murderers then left a guard with the waggons, and went down into Natal. In the afternoon they returned with droves of cattle, and went on homewards, taking the waggons with them. On the way the waggon in which the widow and children were confined broke down, and was abandoned after the Basutos had removed the goods and loaded their pack oxen with whatever they thought most valuable. During the night the three Batlapin men made their escape, and conveyed intelligence of the massacre to Harrismith, when a party was immediately sent out to search for the other survivors. In the meantime the widow, with her two children and the little native boy, having left the waggon as soon as the Basutos were out of sight, had lost her way, and it was not

until the morning of the 29th that she reached the village, after wandering about for thirty-six hours.

On the following day a large party of Basutos carrying a white flag approached the homestead of a wealthy farmer named Jan Botes. Including two native servants, there were only seven individuals capable of bearing arms at the place. Deceived by the white flag, old Mr. Botes permitted the Basutos to come close up and dismount, when they fired a volley which wounded a German schoolmaster, named Schwim, and killed one of his servants. Old Mr. Botes they stabbed to death with an assagai. The remaining four had by this time seized their guns, and Botes' eldest son shot a Mosuto, but was immediately afterwards killed himself. The other three apparently frightened the assassins, for they pretended to ride away. As soon as they were out of sight, the survivors mounted their best horses and rode towards the nearest laager. The Basutos followed, and easily overtook Schwim and the women. These they compelled to return. The women lifted Schwim from his horse, and his wife sat down by him. The Basutos taunted them for a while, then they made a target of the wretched man; after firing several shots at him finally stabbed him with assegais. After this they destroyed everything on the place. When they left, the women set out again for the nearest laager, and after walking all night reached it in the morning.

On the 27th of June, at the very time that Ramanela's marauding band was lifting cattle in the Colony of Natal, Sir Philip Wodehouse issued in Cape Town a proclamation of neutrality in which all British subjects, European and native, were warned against assisting either belligerent. It was, however, beyond his power to prevent aid from reaching both the Free State and the Lesuto.

When intelligence of the sufferings of their kindred reached the Colony, many a stalwart farmer shouldered his rifle and rode off to the Free State camps. The Batlokua refugees in the Herschel District could not be restrained. Lehana, son of Sikonyela, came up from Griqualand East with a band of followers, was joined by the Herschel party, and crossed the Orange to help the burghers against his hereditary foe. Many of the Fingoes of Herschel, calling to mind ancient feuds and probably thinking of plunder,

made their way to the nearest laager and tendered their services. Adam Kok, who was supposed to be under Colonial influence though he was not under Colonial jurisdiction, joyfully seized the opportunity of retaliating upon the Basuto for the robberies of Poshuli and Nehemiah, and brought a band of Griquas to fight certainly for their own hand, but on the Free State side. These auxiliaries all combined amounted at one time during the war to as many as eight hundred men. On the other hand Moshesh received equal assistance from his friends. The bravest warriors that fought for him were the strangers from below the mountains who hastened to the Lesuto with a view of sharing the spoil. Among these was a clan of the Tembus under a chief named Tyali, the same people to whom a portion of Emigrant Tembuland was assigned a little later by Sir Philip Wodehouse.

Very different from a declaration of neutrality was a proclamation issued on the 26th of June by Mr. Marthinus Wessel Pretorius, then President of the South African Republic. In the warmest language of sympathy he invited all who could to go to the assistance of the Free State. "Rise brothers, rise fellow citizens, give help where danger threatens. Delay not, or you may be for ever too late. God will bless you for doing good to your brethren. Forward! As soon as possible I will myself follow you." But the Northern Republic was itself menaced at that very time by powerful enemies, and though most men agreed with the President that if Moshesh could be compelled to observe his engagements the neighbouring tribes would not attempt to disturb the peace, it was not possible just then for much assistance to be sent from that quarter.

CHAPTER XIII.

BASUTO WAR.—1865.

ACCOUNT of the attempt to storm Thaba Bosigo and the death of Commandant Wepener on the 15th of August, 1865.

At sunrise the whole force, amounting to 2,100 men, was mustered—those without horses and those whose horses were bad, to the number of about 600, were ordered to remain in camp under the command of Commandant De Villiers, whilst the remaining 1,500, with five guns, 500 Baralong and 400 Fingoes, were to move on to Thaba Bosigo. Two hundred Fingoes of the Smithfield division were detached round the southern point of Coegoolu to protect the camp from the enemy's approach from that quarter, whilst the Barolongs under the command of Webster, with the Bloemfontein Fingoes added, moved off to our left to take up position on a grass kop opposite the mission Station of Thaba Bosigo and to keep the enemy in check while the remainder of our forces were to advance direct on to Thaba Bosigo with General Fick.

After the Fingoes and Baralong had moved off to take up their different positions, volunteers were called for to storm the mountain, the Krygsraad having decided on this step the previous evening, offering to every volunteer the pick of farms in the conquered territory. About 550 men offered, whose names were at once taken down. As 1,200 men were required for this service the remainder were to be made up from the commando by order.

The settlement of this question took up a deal of time, so that it was nine o'clock before we reached the ground opposite the Southern point of Thaba Bosigo, the heights of which were to be stormed, under cover of the guns, by a footpath leading from Job's house. Here another halt took place. The Volunteers were called to the front, but in consequence of the men not being able to decide about petty leaders,—the whole being by order under Commandant Wepener—a great deal of time was again lost.

At last all seemed pretty well agreed, when another hitch took place with thirty men of Commandant Wessels. In this there was so much talk and want of decision that the General gave up the idea of storming the mountain this time. He therefore at once issued an order to Commandant Wepener to furnish 350 men, and from the other divisions under Commandants Wessels, Joubert, Bester, Malau, Roos, and De Villiers, 650, so as to complete the number to 1,000 men, the whole under orders of Wepener to move on to the Mission Station with the Whitworth and Armstrong guns and from thence to make a circuit of Thaba Bosigo, returning by the south point to where we were standing.

Wepener with this force at once moved off, and soon came on to the ground already occupied by the Barolong, where they remained upwards of an hour inactive. The General on seeing this presumed from the inactivity that the guns could not be got through a deep ravine in their front, and called a few officers together for the purpose of deciding on what was best to be done, as to return to the camp under the circumstance would tend to increase the audacity of the enemy and give him false ideas of his prowess.

As we were still opposite the point that was intended to be stormed by the volunteers on the morning, and as on closer examination the storming seemed feasible, an order was at once drawn up and given to the General's A.D.C. to carry to Wepener with oral instructions to the A.D.C. to bring Wepener back to a certain position half-way between where he stood and where we were, and from that point Wepener and Wessels, with 600 men, were to storm Job's house, then take possession of the large rocks just behind, from which the ascent of the mountain would be easy, and under cover of large rocks to within a short distance of the top—400 men under Commandant Bester and Mr. Senekal to take possession of two large ravines, one on the right and the other on the left of the approaches, and to cover Wepener and Wessels in their advance.

The A.D.C. arrived and gave his instructions to Wepener, but this Commandant having reconnoitred the path above the Mission Station, thought the ascent easy, and that the storming ought to take place there. He requested the Aide

to await his communication with the General, and at once sent off his Adjutant stating his ideas. Shortly after Wepener himself rode and met the General, who at once acceded to his request and immediately ordered all the guns on to the new position, except Commandant Finlay, with one gun, who remained accompanied by Commandant H. Smit, and a few of Roos's, Malan's, and other men of the original position.

On the return of Wepener, he having received the General's sanction, the A.D.C. was called to read the general orders to the Commandants and Field-cornets whom he had assembled. As the features of the approach were exactly the same, the orders were read and they were prepared to carry them out. A few minutes later the General appeared on the field with the Artillery, and at once commenced a severe fire of shot and shell on the face and summit of the hill, dislodging the enemy from several strong positions.

On this the whole force was ordered to advance, viz. Wepener and Wessels with 600, many of whom, however, were already missing, having left the field under various pretexts, others skulking and could not be found, so that Wepener complained the storming force was diminished by at least 100 men of the Smithfield division. Bester and Senekal also moved on to the position of the gullies with 400 men, whilst on the left Webster with the Baralong moved off to the position of the Mission house now occupied by the enemy.

Bester soon gained possession of the gullies under protection of which he moved up. Wepener and Wessels made a rush to a small ledge at the foot of the mountain, under protection of which they dismounted, and prepared for the storming. In the meantime we could see Webster and L. Papenfus about two hundred yards in front of the Baralong under Tsepenare, and the Fingoes cheering them on and endeavouring to get them to face the Mission Station, from which a smart fire was now being poured by the enemy. In a few minutes this was successfully accomplished, but no sooner had they possession than a large party of the enemy poured down the gorge through which flows the Klein Caledon, and in rear of Webster. The latter at once turned and repulsed them in this

quarter, when on arriving at the Mission Station, a second time, another body of the enemy made a charge on them, which was at once repulsed with heavy loss.

During all this the men with Wepener and Wessels were creeping up, protected by Bester and a heavy fire from the guns, the enemy in the meantime keeping up a smart and warm fire on the advancing Boers. Another hour passed, the stormers making apparently but little progress whilst the artillery practice was really beautiful, throwing shot and shell every now and then into the barricades. When the shell took effect on the barricades, the Basutos would make a rush to another from which they would again have to be dislodged by the cannon. As for our stormers, the position was so difficult that it was as much as the men could do to crawl up from one shelter to another.

At last, after more than an hour's progress, our people succeeded in reaching the first perpendicular rock, about thirty feet high, through which ran a fissure (in shape of one of those basaltic dykes common in the Albert district), but so steep that our men had almost to be shoved up on the summit of this rock and the top of the dyke. The enemy had thrown up formidable stone breast-works from which they knocked over several of our men as they advanced.

Up to this time Commandant Wessels was slightly in advance of Wepener, with all together about 120 men, the remainder having become invisible, or remained behind out of reach of shot under shelter. Wepener perceiving the mountain was not to be carried by the small force then with him, sent down to the General for reinforcements. Shortly before this, Fick sent his A.D.C. with orders to Commandants Finlay and Smit to open fire on the front we intended storming in the morning, and that 200 men should take Job's house, and then advance among the big stones to threaten the footpath leaning out at the back, so that our men, seeing a diversion in their favour, would move up more readily. This was, however, a failure, for although Finlay served his gun well, and drove the enemy from their position, Smit's men, upon having a few shots into them, turned tail and fled back to the gun.

To return to Wepener and his demand for reinforce-

ments. Immediately on receipt of the request, the General sent his A.D.C. to Smit with an order for 100 men to move up to support Wepener. Smit at once ordered his men to mount and proceed. But not one would get up from the ground where they were seated. Upon this the Adjutant-General went to him with the same order, the General, in the meantime, vainly trying to find out where the other 400 men were who ought to have been with Wepener and Wessels, also Bester's, Joubert's, Malan's, Roos' and De Villiers' men, who were ordered to protect the advance in the gulleys, but whose duties in that particular having ceased, ought to have moved up amongst the big stones at the heads of the gullies and assisted their comrades. None of these men were to be found by the General, but after the affair was over it was discovered many had gone to the mission house, and had sheltered themselves beneath its walls to the number of about 300, and Bester had remained in his position, trying from long range to render assistance. The Adjutant-General failed also to obtain help from Smit, so that the General himself went. He must also have failed, as he returned about half an hour afterwards with about 100 of the Smithfield Fingoes.

In the meantime Wepener had been killed, shot dead with several others near him, and many wounded with shot and large stones rolled on them.

Immediately on the General's return with assistance, although he did not know of Wepener's death, he at once galloped through to the foot of the mountain to drive on the laggards and make them move up with the Fingoes, who had in the meantime arrived and dismounted under the protected ridge at the foot of the hill. The General and staff had no sooner shown themselves than they were received with a smart peppering from the summit of the hill, but the Fingoes being formed, and many of the Boers being called on by name by the General to accompany them, a start was made. They proceeded about three parts of the way up, when tremendous yells and screams were heard from the Kafirs, with a rushing noise like a thousand horsemen in full charge. Our unfortunate but gallant stormers were seen coming at a frightful pace down the mountain, dislodging the stones in a hurry, and

falling over each other in their wild and frantic haste—whilst all who got wounded and fell, though not many—in that rush, were left to their fate. Commandant Wessels who had got wounded about twenty minutes previously, and was slowly coming down, with difficulty escaped.

The retreat from the top is unaccountable, as at the time the enemy were actually retiring gradually to the top, and our men were in actual possession of some of their barricades, chaffing the Basutos, asking them to show themselves, young Mr. Sephton, who speaks Lesuto like a native, being the principal. Owen was there, and states that they were obliged to shoot the guns of the enemy to pieces as they projected over the rocks to fire at random, and often they could almost seize the guns of the enemy. They were in this position, patiently waiting the arrival of reinforcements, when their attention was attracted by the men retreating below them. The only cause assigned for this affair is that when the men half down the mountain saw Wessels returning wounded, they became alarmed and caused the panic.

The artillery at once opened a smart fire and kept the enemy in check, but still many of them came down and took possession of the rocks and gullies as our men ran away. The Baralong and the Boers at the Mission house ran long before it was necessary. In fact they might have remained in possession altogether. The Baralong did not distinguish themselves at all. Mr. Webster, assisted by Mr. L. Papenfus, tried repeatedly to get them to move forward and support the stormers on the left, but in vain. Webster then tried the Boers, but without success.

Immediately on the panic being seen by the General, he ordered a smart fire to be kept by the guns on all Kafirs who showed themselves. This order was accordingly carried out, and the fire was so well directed, that the enemy could not show themselves in force until all our men were down, although a few skirmishers were thrown forward by them into the gulleys and rocks, opening fire on our men as they retreated. Seeing the attack was for the day repulsed, our wounded and dead were collected, packed in wagons and started for camp. At the same time the guns limbered up, and the whole force moved off the ground towards camp, the enemy occasionally giving a

shot amongst the thickest of us with a gun carrying eight to the pound, and being steel pointed. Of these they fired several during the day, and although the distance from which the gun was fired must have been 1,200 yards, in every case the shot was well aimed and nearly took effect. Thus ended the second attack and repulse of Thaba Bosigo.

(The list of killed in the attack contains nine names beside that of Commandant Louw Wepener.)

On the 23rd of February, 1866, the combined comandos of Fick and De Villiers, consisting of the Winburg, Harrismith, and Cronstadt burghers, 546 in number, with sixty one natives as scouts, left their camp near Leribe with the intention of scouring the Drakensberg. They spent that night on the bank of the Orange River, where there was no fuel to be had, without other shelter than their blankets, though heavy rain was falling with occasional showers of hail.

On the 24th they penetrated further into the mountains, the rain still continuing with a cold north-west wind. On the 25th, 26th, and 27th they scoured the mountains which rose in an endless succession of peaks and tables around them. They were over nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and though the summer was not yet past and the heat on the plains from which they had come up was unpleasantly great, they were suffering severely from cold. A heavy mist filled the ravines, and at night rain fell in drizzling showers. Some of the burghers had never felt such chilling air before, and as their clothing and blankets were all wet and there was no fuel, they were undergoing great discomfort.

The 28th was a clear warm day. That night they spent on the very crown of the Drakensberg, where on one side the rich grasslands of Natal lay at a vast depth beneath them, and on the other side they could look down on a sea of cloud and mist covering the rugged belt of desolation which they had just passed through. They were above the rain and hail from which they had suffered so much, and on the mountain top they passed the night in excellent spirits, though they were weary and the air was cold.

At four in the morning of the 1st of March the burghers

left their elevated sleeping place, and before noon they were again in the belt of rain and hail. On the 2nd, while passing through a gorge under Thabo Patsoa, their advance guard was attacked by about two thousand Basutos, whose chief object was to recover the droves of cattle which were being driven on behind. The Basutos, however, were speedily put to flight. In the afternoon the burghers reached the camp which they had left eight days before, without having lost one of their number or having one wounded. They brought in 184 horses, 2,722 head of horned cattle, and 3,500 sheep; and they had counted thirty bodies of Basuto whom they had killed.

On the 25th of September, 1867, however, Makwai's Mountain, one of the great natural fortresses of the country, was taken by Chief Commandant Pansegrouw's division. A camp had been formed in its neighbourhood, from which during the night of the 24th three parties set out. The first of these parties consisted of sixty European volunteers and 100 Fingoes under Commandant Ward. It marched to the east end of the mountain. The second, consisting of 200 burghers under Commandant Jooste, marched to the north side. And the third, 200 burghers under the Chief Commandant himself, marched to the south side.

Under the darkness of night Ward's party crept unmolested up the steep slope, and at daybreak found itself on an extensive tableland with enormous masses of broken rock forming the background. The garrison was taken by surprise, the first intimation of the attack which they received being a volley of bullets. Some cattle were discovered here, and the Fingoes at once commenced driving them down. This gave the Basutos an opportunity to rally, and they came on in such force that the volunteers were obliged to fall back, and, after a brief stand, to retire from the mountain.

While the attention of the Basutos was directed to this quarter Commandant Jooste's men were scaling the northern side. Happily they reached without accident the summit of what may be termed the pedestal, but before them were great rocks fortified with numerous scances. These they took by storm, one after another. While so engaged, they were strengthened by one hundred men.

from the Chief Commandant's party, who had crept up in the opposite direction. Upon seeing these the Basutos lost all heart and fled, leaving the Free State forces in full possession of the mountain. Large stores of wheat and millet, besides 350 horned cattle, over 5,000 sheep, and sixty-eight horses fell into the hands of the conquerors. At least sixty-seven Basutos were killed. This stronghold was not taken without a considerable number of the captors being wounded, but only one life was lost.

The mountain of Tandjesberg was taken by storm by Chief Commandant Pansegrouw. On the 28th of January 1868.

This stronghold was attacked in the same manner as Makwai's mountain. Commandant Van der Merwe with the Fauresmith burghers was sent to make a feint at the north-eastern point while Commandant Jooste with a strong detachment crept up the south-western extremity. An hour before daybreak Van der Merwe, under a heavy fire of cannon, pretended to storm the mountain, his burghers keeping up a continual discharge of rifles, but not exposing themselves unnecessarily. The ruse succeeded. Poshuli's men were drawn towards the threatened point, and Jooste seized the opportunity to climb up to the top of the great mound. The rocks there were full of scances, the first of which was in possession of the burghers before the enemy was aware of what was taking place.

Even then the position of Poshuli's men would have been impregnable if they had not lost heart. In some places the burghers had to scale steep rocks to attack the scances, but in their enthusiasm they surmounted every obstacle, and early in the morning they were in full possession of the stronghold, from which the Basuto had fled in a panic. Though only six burghers were wounded, the conquerors counted one hundred and twenty-six dead bodies of their enemies. How many more of the Basuto were killed and how many were wounded cannot be stated with accuracy, but the number of the latter was very considerable. The movable spoil consisted of 106 horses. 140 head of horned cattle, 1,070 sheep, and a very large quantity of grain.

Among those who fell at Tandjesberg was the commander of the garrison, Mosbesh's brother Poshuli, the

most renowned robber captain in South Africa. He was wounded in the leg, and was endeavouring to get away with the assistance of one of his sons and two or three of his councillors, when he found himself exposed to a fire of musketry from the front. To lighten himself he unbuckled his ammunition pouch and gave it with his rifle to his son. The party then tried to escape into a gorge leading down the mountain, but they had only proceeded a few yards when a ball entered between Poshuli's shoulders and passed through his chest, killing him instantly. His son and councillors managed to conceal the body in a cave until nightfall, when they carried it away for burial. In the engagement one of the inferior half brothers of Moshesh also fell, and two of Poshuli's sons were wounded.

The loss of Tandjesberg was considered by the Basutos the severest blow they had received since the formation of the tribe by Moshesh. From its fall the cry of the old chief to the High Commissioner was earnest and unceasing, to come quickly or it would be too late. The burghers were in a corresponding degree inspirited. The young corn was now so far grown that it could be easily destroyed, and they were doing their utmost to cut it down. Their hope was strong that with a little further exertion Moshesh's power would certainly be broken, and the tribe which had so long menaced their very existence be scattered in fragments too weak to be dangerous.

Sir Philip Wodehouse, on finding that President Brand's Government did not cease hostilities, issued directions that no ammunition should be permitted to be removed from any of the Colonial ports to the Free State without his authority. But while acting in this decided manner, his language to the President was more friendly and conciliatory than it had ever been before. He pointed out that "if a fair understanding could be arrived at, the British authorities would be bound to maintain a due control over their own subjects, and the people of the Free State would thus be left to enjoy in peace, and without any extraordinary effort on their part, the lands they had hitherto held on such unprofitable terms." He was seeking, he said, the welfare of the Free State quite as much as that of the Basutos. He could not forget that its people were all but a few years before, as many of them.

still were, British subjects ; that they were the near kinsmen of the people of the Cape Colony ; and that any misfortunes that befell them must to a great extent be shared by the colonists. He therefore still allowed himself to hope that he might gain the assent of the Free State Government to his proposals, and that by consenting to suspend hostilities with a view to negotiation, that Government would prevent further unnecessary sacrifice of human life.

On the 22nd February another great success was achieved by Chief Commandant Pansegrouw's brigade. Before daylight that morning the same tactics that had been successful at Makwai's mountain and Tandjesberg were employed against the Kieme, the stronghold of Letsie. Pansegrouw himself with one hundred burghers made the feint on this occasion. Letsie was at the time on a visit to Thaba Bosigo, and Lerothodi, his eldest son, was in command of the garrison. The Basutos collected to resist the supposed attack, when Commandant Jooste with four hundred and eighty burghers and eighty European volunteers scaled the mountain in another direction. Most of the scauces were taken, but several of the strongest were left unattacked, as they were so situated that to storm them would have cost a great loss of life, without any advantage. The Basutos in them were practically shut up, and in course of time must either have made their escape or surrendered. One burgher was wounded, and some 30 Basutos were killed. The spoil taken consisted of 720 horses, 7,636 head of horned cattle, 14,400 sheep, one cannon, and a quantity of grain.

For some time now the Basutos had only been kept together by the encouragement given by Sir Philip Wodehouse, who was anxious to prevent them from crowding into the Colony in a state of destitution. When intelligence of the capture of the Kieme reached Cape Town, the High Commissioner recognized that if the tribe was to be preserved intact no time must be lost in placing it under British protection. Accordingly Sir Walter Currie, Commandant of the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police, was directed to mass as many of his men as possible on the border, and as soon as that could be done a proclamation was issued by Sir Philip Wodehouse, which notified that the British Government had taken over Basutoland.

The Proclamation by which the Basutos became British subjects and their country British territory was dated on the 12th of March, 1868, and was published on the following day. It was received by the majority of Europeans in South Africa with great disfavour, for there was almost universal sympathy with the Free State. Many even regarded the interference of the High Commissioner as a wrong, which sooner or later would surely be followed by retribution. There could be no permanent peace, it was asserted, until the Basuto tribe was reduced to submission. If ever there was a war in which all the justice lay on one side, it was certainly this one. The little Free State, whose total white population was only thirty-seven thousand souls, had nearly succeeded in doing that which Great Britain herself had failed to accomplish, and just when victory was certain its fruits were snatched away by the hand that ought to have been most friendly. Language such as this was not confined to Dutch speaking people: many colonists of English descent expressed themselves with equal feeling on the subject.

On the other hand a small section of the community, confined almost exclusively to men engaged in commerce, maintained that this act of Sir Philip Wodehouse was necessary in the general interests of the country and was by no means an unfriendly one towards the Free State. It was pointed out that Thaba Bosigo was not yet taken, and it was argued that the Basuto tribe, even if conquered, could not be kept in control by its exhausted opponent.

When Sir P. Wodehouse interposed the Basuto tribe seemed ready to break up into a hundred fragments. There was a great deal of sickness among the people, owing to want of food and shelter by the clans that had been most exposed. It was believed that some of them had resorted again to cannibalism, but Europeans could not then ascertain whether this was correct or not. Four months later the rumour was, however, proved to be true. In July Mr. J. H. Bowker was shown a cave, of which he wrote to the High Commissioner, that the floor and the open space in front were so covered with human bones, chiefly of young people, that he could have loaded a wagon with them in a short time; all of the skulls were broken; and though some of the bones were apparently many years old, others had been cooked quite recently.

CHAPTER XIV.

BATTLE BETWEEN CETYWAYO AND HIS BROTHER, UMBULAZI,
ON THE BANKS OF THE TUGELA RIVER, IN 1856.

HAVING given the particulars of the 1850-1-2-3 Am-axosa War in British Kaffraria, we now enter upon a new phase of our subject.

It has before been explained that Kafirs (I use the generic term) usually take the field about January or February, as the maize and millet crops upon which, with the occasional addition of meat, they principally depend, are then ripe. The nights are also at this season of the year short and warm, and the days long and genial. At this time also nature with lavish hands strews over the verdant fields many kinds of wild edible fruits well known to the Kafirs. The maize and millet crops being, therefore, stored, the cattle and women being sent away to the caves and inaccessible mountain fastnesses, and three or four of the mildest months of the year before him (as, being within the tropics, no rain worth speaking of falls in the winter), the Kafir warrior, after long preparation, and having acquired a lusty, boisterous, and hilarious state of health from the abundant and bountiful vegetation and from the cattle which thrive so well therefrom, enters upon his campaign under the most favourable circumstances. Accordingly, about this time Cetywayo, the eldest son of Um Pande's chief wife, having become jealous or fearful of the increasing power of his brother Umbulazi (who was favoured by the old king), sent out five or six regiments against him during midsummer in the latter end of 1856. The two armies met near or upon the old battle ground near the northern bank of the Great Tugela River, and after a terrific and bloody conflict, the forces of Umbulazi were utterly routed. A band of European and coloured hunters who had taken active part on the side of the latter had much difficulty in beating a retreat, having to retire whilst loading and firing as fast as they could, and so managed to keep off the Zulus, who,

not having guns in those days, were in considerable fear of the great elephant guns of the hunters. One European hunter was chased into a small clump of bushes and brought to bay, but after shooting three or four of his leading pursuers the latter halted, no one of them liking to be the first to enter the bush, thinking that death would be certain. The ammunition of the hunter was now entirely exhausted, but by ringing the iron ramrod into the empty barrel he induced the Zulus into the belief that he had again loaded, and after a while his pursuers were recalled by messenger, and the fortunate hunter instantly availed himself of his chance, and plunging into the swollen Tugela swam to the opposite shore. Some three thousand of Umbulazi's Zulus (men, women, and children) were assegaied on land or driven helter-skelter into the brimming river and drowned; Cetywayo's warriors in the meantime laughing exultingly, with fiendish glee, when with their cruel and keen assegais they pinned the babe on the mother's back to her quivering form. From the mouth of the Tugela to Port Natal, some forty miles, the beach was as thickly strewn with black corpses as when some marine convulsion lines the shore with dead mackerel. Umbulazi was killed in the action, and it is said Cetywayo had him skinned alive, and then crucified upon an opened nest of bulldog ants.

In order to make sure doubly sure. I strengthen myself with another account afforded by an eye-witness, who says :—"In the year 1856 it was rumoured in Natal that another of Pande's sons, Umbulazi, was also forming a faction in the tribe (Zulu), and as this was believed to be regarded with some satisfaction by the king, Cetywayo was resolved to prevent by the strong hand all chance of successful rivalry with himself. In consequence of some threatening manifestations of this purpose, Umbulazi withdrew, with his own particular adherents, to the Tugela. But this movement on his part only gave point to the suspicions of his brother, as it seemed to him to indicate that Umbulazi was expecting support, or at least countenance, from the Government in Natal, which was well known to be the firm friend of the old chief. At a critical moment one of the principal advisers of Um Pande declared his adhesion to the pretensions of Cetywayo, and took over a

large party of the king's most trusty followers with him. Cetywayo therefore followed his brother with an overwhelming armed force." Mr. Tönneson, who was at the time attached to the Norwegian Mission Station in Zululand, and who is the witness alluded to, has given a most graphic description of the sudden arrival of Cetywayo's force in the neighbourhood of this place, as it pursued Umbulazi :—All at once scouts appeared suddenly on the hill-tops around, as if they had risen out of the ground by magic, in the late evening, looking like small dark specks against the bright sunset sky. These scouts at one moment were concealed behind the large war shield advanced before them as a screen ; then they assumed the aspect of big spiders from the protrusion of their arms and legs ; and then more and more appeared upon the hills, and upon the higher ledges, all moving rapidly, but with utmost silence, in one direction. After a brief time, a dense black mass poured forth from a valley about a mile and a-half away, and advanced into the plain between the Rivers Umblatuzane and Umatikulu. This was one of the three divisions into which Cetywayo's army was distributed, the whole force having assumed the designation and the war cry of "Usutu," in contradistinction to Umbulazi's party, which was known amongst them as the "Usixosa." On the following day Cetywayo himself came forward into the plain with another division of his men, and the two divisions then encamped for a couple of days, until they had satisfied themselves that Umbulazi was not hidden in the dense forest around, with a view of getting into their rear when they advanced beyond. From what Mr. Tönneson gleaned from the adherents of both sides, his impression was that Um Pande had in reality no very strong predilection to either party, and that the idea that he favoured Umbulazi arose chiefly from the representations made for their own purposes by that chieftain's people as they come along, and with a view to increase his adherents. Cetywayo obviously suspected that the "Usixosa" were favored by the English, and not altogether unreasonably, as it afterwards appeared that some white men from beyond the border did fight on their side. It is however, a notable and very remarkable fact that the white missionaries were in no way molested during the passage of Cetywayo's force. Of the three

divisions, one was commanded by Cetywayo himself, a second was led by a chief named Uzemala, and the third by a young Dutchman named Christian Greening (Groening?). On the third day the "Usutu" all passed on towards the Tugela, and they ultimately found Umbulazi upon an eminence near the Tugela River. The main body of the army attacked him there with some vehemence, and while he was meeting this attack by the help of some white men with firearms, who were with him, the two wings pushed forwards on each side to surround him, and cut off his retreat upon the river. As soon as the attacked party became aware of this movement they fled precipitately, and fell by hundreds beneath the assegais of their pursuers. It also happened unfortunately that the river was in full flood at the time, and that in consequence a great number more were drowned in attempting to cross the stream. Umbulazi and five other sons of Um Pande were slain in this battle, which was fought on the banks of the Tugela on December 2nd, 1856, and which was known to the Kafirs as the battle of Endonda Kusuka. This is the same spot where John Cane lost his life in fighting against the Zulus in the time of Dingaan, and is near where Fort Pearson is now erected. Um Pande was greatly aggrieved at the occurrence and at the death of his sons; but Mr. Tönneson says that he was quite sure he would have been equally concerned if victory had inclined the other way, and Cetywayo and his brother Uhamu, who sided with him, had fallen. The strife was one which Um Pande deplored bitterly on every ground, but which he was entirely powerless to prevent. It was reported at the time that Cetywayo intended to pursue Umbulazi over the frontiers of the colony if he had succeeded in passing the river.

The following is John Dunn's account of this battle :— In November 1856, Capt. Walmesley gave me permission to take a short trip up the Tugela River with my hunters in search of elephants. On reaching Zululand we found the people in a very unsettled state, as it was reported that two of Umpande's sons, Cetywayo and Umbulazi, were preparing to have a fight. My hunters did not like the idea of going on. I, however, persuaded them to do so; and so we went higher up the Tugela, where we were

fortunate enough to bag three elephants and several buffaloes. I then decided to return, as the people were all up in arms, and did not sleep at their kraals, as was their custom when fighting was expected. A few days after my return, as an influx of refugees was expected, I was ordered, with the Border Police, to the Tugela Drift (ford), and whilst there Umbulazi, with two of his brothers, came over to beg for some assistance, which the Government, of course, would not give. I, however, got permission from Capt. Walmsley to volunteer, with any of the Native Police who might like to go with me. So in one day I raised a small force and went across the Tugela River and took up my quarters with Umbulazi's army, which numbered about 7,000. The second day after my arrival in camp, the Usutu, as Cetywayo's army was called, came in sight during the afternoon. As I was scanning the hills with my telescope, I was first to see the enemy. On seeing the great odds against us—the Usutu being about 20,000 strong—I advised Umbulazi to send all the women, children, and cattle across the Tugela. This he unfortunately refused to do, and one of his brothers, Mantantasheya, jeered and said if I was afraid I might go home, as they were quite strong enough to cope with the Usutu. This made my blood boil, as it was not from any fear that I had given the advice, but with the view of getting the women and cattle out of our way. I also advised that we should go and meet the enemy. This, though it was now late in the afternoon, was agreed to, and our army was summoned and on the move in a short time. On seeing us advance Cetywayo's army came to a halt. We then went to within six or seven hundred yards of the advance scouts, and I fired a couple of shots at them, which made them retreat, and, it being now nearly sunset, we also retreated. I must not forget to state that Walmsley's last words to me as I landed on the Zulu side of the Tugela river—he having accompanied me in the boat—were, "Make peace if you can, Dunn, but if you cannot succeed, fight like devils, and give a good account of yourselves." This I promised to do.

On the morning of the 2nd of December, 1856, broke that memorable day. It was a raw, cold, drizzling morning when the call to arms was sounded. On our army being assembled,

I asked Umbulazi if our scouts knew anything of the movements of the enemy. The answer was that he did not know. Just then a puff of wind blew his ostrich plume off. This I took to be a bad omen, and so did the warriors, for there was a murmur amongst them. I now had a strong suspicion that an attempt would be made by the enemy to cut us off from the Tugela. I therefore immediately called upon my men to follow me, and rode off towards the river. This was the last I saw of Umbulazi. What I suspected turned out to be true; and as luck would have it, I rode straight for the head of the right wing of the Usutu that was trying to cut us off. I rode to within about 400 yards, and called out to them to wait for us if they were not cowards, and then galloped back and hastened my small force of about 250, with shields and assegais, and about forty more men with muskets of every queer variety. Seeing a man on horseback caused a feeling of uneasiness amongst the Usutu, a horse being at that time an object of terror to many of them, and for a time the Usutu remained rooted to the spot on which they stood and where I had left them. As soon as I got my men up—although there must have been ten to one opposed to us—I went straight at them, seeing that that was the only chance of getting out of the now fast-closing circle. Seeing such a small force daring to attack such odds caused a panic amongst the Usutu, as they felt sure that I must be backed up by a very much larger force, and after very little fighting we drove them before us for about half a mile, killing many. I then re-called my men, and although my intentions had been to have only cut my way through, and make for Natal, I now felt confident from the success we had, and being excited, I made up my mind to see the end of it. This was lucky for many of our side, as we had eventually to keep in check the whole of the Usutu army, consequently giving many who would have lagged and got killed a chance of escaping. On the main road I overtook the jeerer, Mantatasheya, completely knocked up. He begged me to put him on my horse, but as his weight was about three times that of mine, and as my horse had done good work, I did not see it, and so left him. The French philosopher says that there is always a pleasurable feeling in our breasts when we behold the

misfortunes of others; be that true or not, generally speaking, in my particular case I might be pardoned if I experienced a momentary feeling of triumphal satisfaction at his idea of leaving me all the fighting to do after the jeering way he had spoken when I advised the retreat of the women and cattle. He had taken no part whatever in the fight.

I tried hard to rally our men—as the Usutu, after the dressing we had given them, did not press us, but kept following at a respectful distance, merely killing stragglers—but without the slightest avail. The position was not pleasant, the Tugela river being in high flood, and I saw that we must adopt one of two alternatives, *i.e.*, stand and try to beat them off, or get downward from this point. We began to overtake and get mixed up with the women, the children, and the infirm of our party, and in this confused condition we went on to the banks of the Tugela. I again tried to rally our men, but without effect. A panic had seized all, and the scene was a sight never to be forgotten. There were several traders, with their wagons, encamped on the banks of the river. They were, of course, obliged to abandon their wagons, and each man to look after himself. *The faith among the Zulus in the power of a white man in those days was beyond conception.* (I put these words in italics because at the beginning of the Zulu War of 1879 the same faith or fear existed until dissipated by the blundering vacillation of Lord Chelmsford.) As soon as I got to the river I was at once rushed at by men, women, and children begging me to save them. Several poor mothers held out their babes to me offering them to me as my property if I would only save them. And now the Usutu were fairly amongst us, stabbing right and left without mercy, and regardless of sex, and as I saw that my only chance was to try and swim for it, I urged my horse into the water, but was no sooner in than I was besieged from all sides by men clinging to me, so that my horse was, so to say, completely rooted to the spot. I now jumped off, stripped myself, all but hat and shirt, and taking nothing but my gun which I held aloft, and swam with one hand. Yes, I handed over my horse to a Hottentot and swam for dear life. The ferry boat now crossed towards me after

dodging through a drowning mass of bodies in a wild and higgledy-piggledy confusion of heads, arms, and legs, whilst the yelling was something awful. I can assure my readers that I was deeply thankful when I managed to climb up on the boat. The ferryman himself was so much excited that he hardly knew what he was doing, and one of my poor fellows who reached the boat with me, and who was hanging on, he struck over the head, and the man sank to rise no more. The scene was horrible. The Usutu were, with terrible earnestness, hard at work with the deadly assegai, in some cases pinning babies to their mothers' quivering forms. Having now lost my gun, I tried hard to get hold of another, as I could not stand by inactive and look at this slaughter; but although there were several traders there with their guns in their hands they would not lend me one for fear that the Usutu might succeed in crossing and then revenge themselves. Of my small party very few managed to get across, nearly all of them being stabbed or drowned in the river. My horse got across all right, and as soon as I could manage to borrow a pair of trousers I jumped on him bare back—without my boots—and galloped off, for I knew that the report of the fight would cause a panic in Natal. I had got half way to the Nonoti—at which place I resided with Capt. Walmsley—when I met that gentleman, the present Sir Theo. Shepstone, Mr. Williams, the late Magistrate of Umhlali, and Mr. Jackson, the present Magistrate of the Umlazi Division of Durban County. These gentlemen were on their way to the Tugela, as it had been reported to them that heavy firing had been heard, but they were not aware of the cause of it. When I got home I found that owing to an alarming report that the Usutu were crossing the river, my Kafirs had started for Natal. I sent after them, however, and the messengers overtook them a few miles on their road to Durban.

Cetywayo on this occasion came down to the banks of the Tugela. Six of his brothers, including Umbulazi, were killed on our side. Cetywayo, in his retreat, swept off all the traders' cattle, amounting to about 1,000. After a while, when everything was quiet again, the Natal Government sent in Mr. H. F. Fynn (the father of

the present Magistrate of Umsinga) to claim these cattle, but, owing to some mismanagement, he returned without them.

The following is another account of this battle by the Utrecht correspondent of a Natal paper.

In the meantime, before Umbulazi's return from the Border Agent's, his army had advanced close to Nongulazi's kraal, and camped on the ridge near the sources of the Inyoni River, about three miles south of my house. It was here that Dunn and his party joined Umbulazi's army, as did the Boer party, consisting of Andries Gous (the leader) and two sons of Paul Duprez and two brothers, John Struydom, Thomas Morris, and old Camkin, with about forty Hottentot and Kafir hunters armed with elephant guns. Hearing that Dunn was in Umbulazi's camp, Messrs. Moore, Jackson, and myself walked over to see Dunn and asked him if he had been sent by orders of the border agent, or if the Natal Government intended to interpose by mediation or otherwise. Dunn replied that he had been sent there by orders of Captain Walmsley to await further instructions, which were hourly expected in reply to the Border Agent's despatches to the Government, which had been sent to Pietermaritzburg by special messengers. When asked what action he should take in the event of a collision between the two armies before his instructions arrived, he said that decidedly in that case he should defend Umbulazi. Upon this risk of white interference, we did not consider it safe to depend on the expectation of being regarded as neutral, and determined to remove our families and as much property as possible to Natal, and while we were loading up the advanced guard of Cetywayo's army appeared in sight above the house, and one of his spies rushed up to me for protection, declaring that he was not a spy. I then tested him with Umbulazi's countersign :—"Who was the cause of this disturbance?" but he did not know the answer, which ought to have been : "Masipula," and loathing to see the fellow killed before my eyes, I conducted him through the house and garden on to the bushy banks of the River, where he succeeded in escaping. Passing through the Boer encampment, I saw Gous strutting about bombastically, dressed in a hunting shirt and flourishing a

rusty sword, boasting of the feats he had done in Kafir wars, and of the wonders he intended to accomplish when Cetywayo attacked Umbulazi. On our arrival at the Drift we found the Tugela very high, with indications of a further rise. At the Drift, waiting to cross, were Messrs. Surtees, Delmaine, Paxton, Lonsdale, Grant, (Grant & Fradd), Harrison and Barber. My party consisted of Mr. Jackson and family, and Mr. Moore, self and family, and we lost no time in getting the families across the ferry, where they found shelter in a Kafir hut belonging to the ferryman, John Hill; during that day and the three succeeding ones, several attempts were made to cross the cattle, some 2,000, but a heavy south wind blowing over a surface of water 800 yards broad caused frothy wavelets which the cattle would not face, and they were carried away by the torrent a couple of miles lower down the stream to land again on the Zulu side, invariably with the loss of two or three by alligators. Messengers crossed daily from Dunn to the Border Agent, but they brought always the one story that there would be no fighting until the full moon, then in the first quarter. Umbulazi had moved his army nearer the Tugela, on a ridge of hills leading from the northern spur of the Dondakusuka mountain to the Tugela River, and Cetywayo's army was encamped in the valley of the Umsundusi, and on the thorn-bushed kopjes at the head of the valley. On the eventful 3rd of December, at five a.m., a messenger of Dunn's crossing for another supply of coffee and sugar for his master, told the old story about the fight depending on the phases of the moon, and the river that morning showing favourable signs of subsiding, and becoming passable in a couple of days more, we congratulated ourselves upon the probabilities of getting out of an unpleasant predicament without loss or risk. Mr. William Grant crossed from Natal to collect his cattle and the chief Nongalazi's cattle, which were grazing together about four miles from the river, for the whole of the country in the rear of Umbulazi's army between the Inyoni and Tugela to the sea coast appeared as one large encampment formed by the families of Umbulazi's army, who had quitted their homes in the interior to follow the fortunes of their friends; but at ten a.m., while we were in

the quiet enjoyment of a club breakfast on the bank of the river, we were startled by the appearance of John Dunn on horseback and Dick Pearce holding on to the horse's tail, coming down the road over the stony kopje at a rapid rate. Everyone was on his feet in a moment, anxious to get the news, everyone singing out, "Well, John, what is the news? What has brought you here so soon?" And when Dunn could draw breath he said there had been a battle, and the cowardly Boers sold him, for they only fired one volley at the Zulus attacking their position, and then fled, and Umbulazi's troops seeing this became panic-stricken and fled in disorder, and that he had to ride hard to save his own life. With this John Dunn and his brother-in-law, Dick Pearce, rode off to the boat which was crossing to receive him. Meanwhile, with the traders it was all hurry-skurry to inspan and remove the wagons from the Zulu territory on to a sand bank about 100 yards distant. While this was being done there was a rush of fugitives down towards the wagons, and our first idea was to prevent, if possible, a rush towards us: accordingly presenting our guns at them we told them to take to the river higher up. This checked them for a few minutes until they came on in such masses that it became a crush, and sent a mob of affrighted beings on the top of us, and in a short space the sand bank was paved with castaway shields, assegais, calabashes, and every sort of utensil necessary and unnecessary to the savage *ménage*. I had barely got the last oxen outspanned when the pursuing victors began to appear over the crest of the kopje. It was now necessary for the traders to look out for their own safety, so after some altercation with the ferryman, who at first refused to take anyone but Dunn, his horse, and Dick Pearce, he consented to take Messrs. Harrison and Delmaine; Lonsdale took to the river with his swimming belt, Baxton supported himself with shield, sticks and calabashes collected on the sandbank, and Moore and Barber started off towards the boat, but were too late. I took to the river, depending on being a good swimmer, but after getting a hundred yards from the shore my trousers became loose and fettered my legs, and so I was compelled to return to the sandbank quite exhausted; whilst in the water a bullet struck within three

inches of my head, and another went through the rim of Lonsdale's hat, who was about a yard ahead of me while swimming. I saw Dunn standing in the boat with his revolver rifle over his shoulder, and his horse being towed over astern of the boat, therefore, he could not have lost anything. When I reached the sandbank Cetywayo's troops were in possession, slaughtering everything that they came to without regard to sex or age. Some of Umbulazi's fugitives had thrown off their party-badges of white ox-skin head-bands and were assegaing their own comrades. Cetywayo's Zulus were plundering the wagons, led on by the Kafir Peter, Jacob, a Hottentot, and Puspus, a Malabar man. I had got rid of my trousers in the river, and as I stood half-naked on the sand, most of the old warriors as they passed greeted me kindly, while most of the young men would pass me with a savage frown; one impudent brute came up towards me yelling "Usutu, Usutu," holding his assegai aloft. This made me desperate, and scarcely caring what I did I struck out with my right fist, and he staggered back a pace or two, whereupon an old man rushed in between us and ordered the bully away. A second one also threatened to stab me, but when I stared him sternly in the face and asked what he meant, he also walked on. About this time I was joined by Moore and Barber, who were returned and strengthened by Messrs. David and Alex. Forbes to assist the ferryman, who was fully employed in protecting the boat, which was in danger of being swamped by the Kafirs swimming in the river by thousands. Cetywayo's Kafirs had also taken to the water, swimming with one hand and stabbing their unarmed foes with the other. Moore, Barber, and myself were the last over, and I had to remain in the bed of the river until some clothes were brought to me by the ferryman. Mr. William Grant had to run nearly four miles towards the mouth of the river, hotly pursued, and then to swim at a part where the river was nearly a mile wide and infested with alligators. The whole scene from Dunn's arrival to the Zulus leaving the river did not last above an hour, but the terrible excitement and anxiety of that hour was enough for a life time.

CHAPTER XV.

THE AFFAIR OF MATYANA.

IN sequence of date the next matter of moment we come to is that of Matyana, the son of Mondisa, formerly, I believe, a refugee from the Zulu country, and chief of a tribe of natives, also refugees, all of whom had been located some one hundred miles immediately north of Pietermaritzburg, in the division of Klip River, on which is situated the town of Ladysmith. In the first instance Matyana had killed his uncle Vela, and the two sons of the latter. As Matyana, being a British subject, had acted unlawfully in doing this without the authority of the Governor of Natal as supreme chief in Kafir law, he was fined 500 head of cattle and cautioned. In 1858 (I take the date from Mr. J. W. Shepstone's—who is now Acting Secretary for Native Affairs—letter to Bishop Colenso, dated July 20, 1874) a man belonging to Matyana's tribe, by name Ntwetwe, became ill, and reference was had to the witch doctor, who "smelt out" one Sigatiya as the man who had wrought the sickness of Ntwetwe. I may here say that next to the evil of the tribal system, is the iniquity of witchcraft, as it is known by many that very often chief and witch are in league against a common enemy, who being so smelt out, is killed, and his cattle shared by the pair of conspirators. Any way, Sigatiya was so brutally bound and beaten that, when Matyana got alarmed and sent for him, he died on the road. Matyana was thereupon required to answer for his death. He refused to appear, and surrounded himself with armed retainers. The writer of these lines, through others, was then sent with a small following (udwendwe) to call upon Langalibalele, the chief of the Amahlubi tribe, to arm his men, and march to the assistance of the Government, in order to bring Matyana to his senses. A force was accordingly despatched, and it consisted of a few regulars, some volunteers (mounted) under Mr. Philip Allen, formerly Treasurer of Natal, and

some hundreds of Langalibalele's men. Matyana fled into Zululand, but Mr. J. W. Shepstone sent for him, intimating that he would be no longer his friend if he disobeyed his order. Matyana accordingly came with some five score of men, all armed. This was resented by Mr. Shepstone, as according to Kaffir etiquette it is an insult to appear armed in front of a chief. Matyana and his men, accordingly marched off to their kraals, and returned shortly afterwards, leaving, however, their war shields and assegais piled about a mile off the scene of the interview. Mr. Shepstone was prepared to receive him, and having been impressed by the Governor with the necessity of resorting to all possible measures for the avoidance of bloodshed, he came to the conclusion to secure the person of Matyana by strategy. He accordingly placed a body of mounted police behind a small ridge, with orders to gallop round and secure the weapons of Matyana's men as soon as they saw the men seated at the scene of the interview. In the meantime he had also told two of his most trustworthy indunas (Nozityina was one ; I forget the other) that as soon as he (Mr. Shepstone) heard the galloping of the police he would say to a boy, "Go and get me a drink of water," and they were then to seize Matyana. The spot where the meeting took place was just in front of a small kraal near the Ilenge Mountain, and John Shepstone was seated on a leopard-skin rug, some score or so of yards in front of it, having a pistol in each pocket, while Mrs. Shepstone, who had accompanied him, had insisted upon placing a loaded double-barrelled fowling piece under the leopard-skin. Accordingly, as soon as the stampede of the police was heard, John Shepstone quietly requested a boy who had been placed behind him to get him a drink of water. The instant, however, that Nozityina made a slight movement towards Matyana, that wary and agile chief leapt clean over some six rows of men deep behind him, knocking over Deke in his spring. The Kaffir chief's men then dodged about him and otherwise covered his escape, and then surged forward to where Mr. Shepstone was standing, shouting out defiant cries as they came, such as "Ubaminza" (swallow them up). It was stated by several witnesses that Shepstone at once shouted out that there was to be no fighting, but Matyana's men suddenly drew out

some common assegais with short shafts (*insinqindi*) which they had hastily made for the occasion and concealed under their travelling shields and elsewhere, and one of Langalibalele's men, seeing one of the opposite side poising an assegai to hurl at Shepstone, stabbed him. The fight then became general. Three shots were fired—two by Mr. Shepstone out of the pistols *over the heads* of Matyana's men when they became defiant, and one by a bastard son of Makasi, which struck Deke in the knee—so said Ncamana in his evidence. Mr. Shepstone then took up his gun, and mounting his horse, started off in pursuit of Matyana, separating any combatants that he met with. After going some distance he drew rein and looked around. Suddenly he saw five or six of Matyana's boys running along, and as he was looking at them, and just as they ran crouching, as he heard one of them say "Nantzi Inkosi" (There's the chief), he felt the sharp twinge of an assegai stab in his side, which would have killed him had it not been for his bullet-pouch—he immediately turned round and saw his would-be executioner standing by his side, and just as quickly covered him with his gun; but bearing in mind his orders as to bloodshed, and thinking that if he shot the Kaffir his example would start the killing again, he put the hammers at half-cock, and told the Kaffir to throw down his weapons. (These I afterwards saw in Mr. Shepstone's possession.) Before he could secure him, however, the fellow suddenly rolled heels over head backwards down a small precipice, only to fall into the hands of the men of Balele (the short for Langalibalele"), one of whom caved in his skull with a knobkerrie" (Boer-Dutch for a heavy-headed bludgeon carried by many Kaffirs). This daring man's name was "Mudemude." And this is the truth, the whole truth, &c., of the Matyana affair. I may be out in one or two trifling details; but speaking the Zulu language fluently myself, and consequently understanding it thoroughly, I heard the different accounts from fifty different witnesses, fresh at the very time, and the above is the faithful digest or average of all the narratives. It may be, and will be, said significantly, and with what Byron calls all "the dammed mendacity of hints," that the Mrs. Shepstone alluded to was the sister of the writer, and Mr. Shepstone consequently his brother-in-

law ; but that cannot affect the issue, for “ facts are facts, you can’t deny.”

And *apropos* of what might be said, I have by me a very unfair and garbled account of the above affair, contained in a bulky pamphlet, entitled “ Langalibalele and the Amahlubi Tribe,” issued by Dr. Colenso, the legal Bishop of Natal, in 1874. His Lordship is very severe on Mr. Shepstone, and by implication disbelieves anything that he or any other competent authority says, while he implicitly credits and warmly welcomes any assertions made by Matyana and Co., quite forgetting that his innocent credulity is being played upon by crafty Kafirs, who consider the art of deceiving successfully the highest talent. It is only when it is unsuccessful that deceit becomes a sin in the eyes of a Kafir.*

Speaking from a social, arithmetical, and missionary point of view, Dr. Colenso is a great success. His social and hospitable qualities I have had the privilege of testing. His arithmetic speaks for itself, and as a missionary it was passing sweet and pleasant to see him sitting in the morning sun at Bishopstowe blowing soap bubbles out of a long clay pipe alternately with a lot of plump little Kafir children, jubilantly and hilariously grouped about the knees of the benevolent and happy hierarch, but with regard to his position as a bishop and a politician, or a self-asserted medium, it is impossible to congratulate him, because as a parson (putting aside all the anathema and excommunication which, with all the fervour of rancorous religious ferocity, the rival battalions of the church “ militant ” dart at each other from out their spiritual engines), he is not generally appreciated, because common-sense people say that he is simply enjoying the emoluments of an office the doctrines of which he does not profess, and as a politician he has earned, not without a strong *soupçon* of reason, the unenviable appellation of a blundering and meddlesome priest—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

As an instance of the manner in which the native witnesses sported with the easy credulity of Dr. Colenso, I

* This was written in Australia early in 1879, when Dr. Colenso was alive, and appeared in the 1st vol. of these works. Now however, owing to access to ancient information here, at the Cape the volumes have changed places.

may mention that the latter gravely repeats the remark of Ncamana, who (the Bishop says) said Mr. Shepstone first gave him (Ncamana) the gun, and told him to shoot Matyana with it, "but he refused, saying he did not know how to fire." Now I knew this Ncamana well, and it was a standing joke with Balele's warriors, when they returned home from the Matyana affair, about Ncamana and the antedeluvian flint-lock blunderbuss that he carried through the "campaign," and which, upon no consideration, could he induce to explode. Once, however, it did go off while he was aiming for the duration of about half-an-hour at some of Matyana's Kafirs (who had no guns) on a hill some few hundred yards off. This event was the signal for a roar of laughter from both friends and foes. It was not ascertained whether Ncamana's gun was loaded with a fragment of a rock, a hollow bullet, or the leg of a pot, but its course could be plainly seen, for it drew a thin line of smoke after it, and made withal a humming, wobbling sound, if a sound can wobble, but any way it was gratifying to the sense of humour of the enemy, and sidesplitting, and they were certainly heard to call out "Inja leyo" (That's a dog—*i.e.*, a bullet of no account); but it becomes a matter of merriment to others also when we see the Bishop gravely placing on record the authority of such an old muff as Mr. Ncamana, and there is something ludicrous in the idea of Mr. Shepstone trusting an eventful shot (if a shot at all) to a man like Ncamana, when he himself could, to my certain knowledge, place a bullet where he liked in the sleek hide of a running antelope.

About thirty of Matyana's men were killed, besides ten others who were stabbed in resisting the capture of the cattle. Mrs. Shepstone had a very narrow escape of her life on this occasion. She was tending one of Matyana's men who had been wounded, when, on looking round for a moment for some lint or something of the sort, the ungrateful invalid was detected by a Kafir, in guard over Mrs. Shepstone, in the very act of stabbing her with an assegai he had silently reached. He is dead now.

I should not have dwelt so long on this subject had not Dr. Colenso, with his usual fervid flow of rhetorical sophistry, raked up the ashes of sixteen years from the date of his pamphlet, and shed them upon an innocent head. There is

no doubt whatever that Mr. Shepstone acted for the best in the affair of Matyana. Like a good soldier he obeyed his orders, which, as we have seen before, were to avoid bloodshed, and any unprejudiced person will say that, under the circumstances, he adopted the best means to secure his object. Matyana, like every other traitor to the British Government, found a ready asylum with Cetywayo.



CHAPTER XVI.

INTERNECINE STRIFE AMONGST THE DUTCH BOERS OF THE TRANSVAAL.

THIS will be a short chapter, as, although I was in the Transvaal while part of the commotion above alluded to was going on, I have forgotten most of the facts and the cause of the disturbance, beyond remembering that it was in reference to religious difference between two parties. I have not seen the works of any writer who has touched upon this matter, probably because it was not deemed sufficiently important to call for special mention. The civil strife referred to occurred (if my memory fails me not) during the year 1864, and I remember that the names of two rival ministers were much bandied about, and the opposing forces of Boers were commanded, the one by Paul Kruger, the "Dopper Prince," and the other by Commandant Schoeman, of Pretoria. Mr. Kruger and his "doppers" were sticklers for the old-fashioned belief.

It has been seen that the "Boers," as they are called, left the British colony of the Cape in disgust with what they considered to be the mismanagement of the British Government in native matters, and, after long wanderings, settled north of the Vaal River, and founded the South African Republic. They have their faults, and they have also their good qualities, but the type is unchanging. As he was in 1806 in the Cape Colony, so is the Boer in 1888 in the republics of the interior. He is uncultivated and unprogressive, but he possesses qualities which even in England would not be regarded as without value. He is domestic, but not gregarious. When he settles, he procures from 6,000 to 20,000 acres of undulating grass plain. He takes possession in his wagon, with his wife and children, his scanty furniture, his family Bible (which is all his literature), and his sheep and cattle. He selects a spring of water as the site of his home, ten miles, perhaps, from his nearest neighbour. His house consists of a

central hall, with a kitchen behind it, or very often in front of his front door. Three or four bedrooms open out of the hall, all on one floor. He builds kraals for his cattle, he fences in a garden, which he carefully irrigates, and so rapid is the growth in that soil and climate that in four or five years it will be stocked with oranges, lemons, citrons, peaches, apricots, figs, apples, pears, and grape-vines. He encloses fifty or a hundred acres, which he ploughs and sows with wheat or Indian corn. His herds and flocks multiply with little effort. Thus he lives in rude abundance. His boys grow up and marry, his daughters find husbands, and when the land is good they remain at his side. For each new family a house is built a gunshot or so from the first, and a few more acres are brought under the plough. A second generation is born. The old people become the patriarchs of the family hamlet, the younger gather round them at the evening meal, which is preceded by a long solemn grace, as the day's work is commenced in the morning by a psalm. The authority of age is absolute. The old lady sits in a chair in the hall, extending her hand to a guest, but never rising to receive him. The young generation, trained to obedience, fetch and carry at her command. The estate produces almost everything that the family consumes. There is no haste to get rich, and there is not the least desire of change. The Boer has few wants but those which he himself can supply, and he asks nothing but to be let alone. As the old philosopher said, "He is rich in the fewness of his wants." The obedience which he expects from his children he expects equally from his servants. Though differing sometimes from his neighbour in belief, he is a strict Calvinist. The stream of time which has carried most of us so far and fast has left him anchored on the old ground. The only knowledge which he values is contained in his Bible. His notions of things in heaven and things on earth are very much what would have been found in Scotland in the days of the Covenant. He is constitutionally a republican, yet of liberty in the modern sense he has no idea. He considers work the first duty of man, and habits of work the only fitting education. Native questions, and all other questions, he regards from this point of view. Without

tenderness, without enthusiasm, and with the narrowest intellectual horizon, he has a stubborn practicability well suited for the work which he has chosen as the pioneer of African civilisation.

And so, coming to the question of religion, it is one of his strongest feelings. Many of the Boers, or their ancestors, as I have endeavoured to show, left Europe shortly after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and first settled as Huguenots in the Cape in 1688. A number of the French refugees settled in a place until this day called "Fransche Hoek" by the Boers (*i.e.*, French Corner). Here they settled and named their places after the Gallic home whence they came—La Parais, Lamotte, Rhone, Languedoc, La Rochelle, Normandie, and the like. The mountain scenery around is very magnificent.

But I have wandered from the subject in hand. On arriving in Pretoria, then, on my way from Zoutpansberg, the extreme northern limit of civilization of any sort, whence I had brought ivory and ostrich feathers, I learned that two bands of Boers were opposed to each other in martial array. There had been some cases of smallpox in the vicinity of Schoemansdal, a village in the Zoutpansberg range, and the Boer Laager-Commandant, hearing that I was coming into Pretoria, sent out to warn me against entering the village. Not having been anywhere near the spot where the smallpox raged, and being short of clothes and the bare necessities of life, after my lengthened stay in the remote interior, I nevertheless decided upon entering Pretoria and explaining matters. I found about eight hundred men in the place, armed with firearms of all sorts, from the old-fashioned flint-lock to the Westley Richards and Whitworth rifle. I was a good deal hustled about at first by some of the officiously-martial young louts; but when I told them where I came from, and that some accidental sores on my hands were smallpox marks, a broad road was opened for me, and I at once sought out the Procureur-Generaal of the place, a Mr. Krogh, who had been a solicitor in Maritzburg, and satisfactorily explained matters to him.

However, the whole thing was a perfect farce. The two parties were like the fox and the child, afraid of each other, and retired in opposite directions, firing a few shots.

at very long ranges.* A night alarm was sounded while I was in the village, and there was a great uproar. One hero had, in dressing himself, put on one shoe, and in his fright, abstraction, and hurry was vainly endeavouring to put on a loaf of bread on the other foot; and the *bon vivants* of the village used to amuse themselves by creeping up at night to the sleepy Boer sentries and abstracting their guns lying or standing beside them. But the greatest farce was the endeavour of one party to intimidate the other party, which was in sight, by "sporting" their only cannon and firing it off. A large quantity of powder was put into the venerable weapon, and failing an iron ball, a leaden one was resorted to; but the ball, when made, wouldn't fit, and so it was battered down to an elongated form and then rammed home. A reckless mortal was found who applied fire to the touch-hole, and his heroism was rewarded by being blown in a dilapidated state some hundred yards, the honeycombed old thing bursting into a thousand fragments, one of which we found behind the church; it weighed about fifty pounds, and had been blown some 150 yards. The gunner resigned, and the artillery corps were disbanded.

Several respectable merchants of the village who had offended Paul Kruger's party by favouring Mr. Schoeman were heavily fined and placed in the stocks; but their friends were allowed to bring them luxuries in the way of edibles, and a cheerful supply of gin and fiddles, and the night was sometimes spent in a general carouse of authorities and prisoners. One gentleman who had a small foot, used, as soon as the Laager-Commandant's back was turned, to quietly draw the only foot that was confined in the stocks out of his Wellington boot, and caper around until next inspection time. While Paul Kruger's force was lying in Pretoria, one of his sentries challenged horseman named Du Toit, who was cantering past the am p with some communication to the rival Schoeman.

* Apropos of this, a very good story was told me by an educated "old Colony" Boer. The combatants, mostly related by family ties, had been firing at each other over a hill extending for about three miles between them. On one outpost man meeting another from the opposite side, he said "Allamaskas! Kerel! If you fire so recklessly, you will be hitting one of us!"

Du Toit not stopping, the old corn-straw mushroom hat and broad-breeched Dopper deliberately squatted, and bringing his huge flintlock, loaded with slugs, to bear upon Du Toit, knocked both him and his horse over. The horse died, but Du Toit, though wounded, lived. Sir Bartle Frere has, however, altered all this, and truly it was a farce. There was, generally speaking, no available force of any kind to carry out the orders of the executive or to compel the payment of taxes. Life was consequently unsafe, and the Treasury was empty, and then Cetywayo set Sekukuni on to them, and the result was, as we all know, the annexation of that rich and magnificent tract of land known as the Transvaal.



CHAPTER XVII.

THE LANGALIBALELE REBELLION, INCLUDING THE AFFAIR OF THE BUSHMAN'S PASS IN 1873.

FOR many years natives living in Natal had possessed a great desire to obtain firearms. This desire at last became a passion—especially so with the tribe of Langalibalele. This name is compounded of three Zulu words, *i.e.*, Langa (the sun) ; li balele (it is killing, or hot.)

When I last visited Langalibalele at his large kraal, Pangweni, he was a fine, dignified-looking savage possessed of a natural nobility of demeanour, and that *nil admirari* spirit and *insouciance* common alike to potentates and Zulu chieftains.*

He was formerly a chief and rain doctor in Zululand under the late king Um Pande, father of the present tyrant. In 1848 he had to fly for his life as a refugee into Natal. In 1849 he and his tribe, numbering 7,000 souls, were placed by the Natal Government along the base of the great Drakensberg range of mountains, which in that neighbourhood are some 10,000 feet high, and which form a precipitous and mighty barrier to the north-western portion of the colony of Natal ; from August to September these mountains are snow-capped. Many people, by the way, while speaking of Africa, have great ideas of an incandescent furnace, quite overlooking degrees of latitude and altitude. The tribe were placed between the Giant's Castle (9,600 feet high) and a river known as the Little Tugela, in order to close and guard the mountain passes against the inroads of the Bushmen or Bosjesmans. The tribe being thus comfortably seated on the exceedingly fertile slopes of the spurs of the Drakensberg, increased abundantly in flocks and herds, and lived generally, as I have heard many members of the tribe say, in delightful contrast to their

* Fifteen years afterwards, in 1883, when I went to see him at Oude Mulen, on the Cape Flats, he was considerably de-lapidated.

abode at Bekezulu where they were reduced to eating lizards and berries ; but being once settled in Natal, they had nothing to do but keep out a few Bushmen and get fat and rich, as they did, in cows, horses, and other property. The law in Natal which related to firearms was, and is, very strict, and the various magistrates had strict orders to require natives and others to bring in firearms, of which possession had been obtained, at once, for registration. Meanwhile the diamond fields *furore* arose in Griqualand West (then disputed territory) where no gun laws existed. The neighbouring Kafir chiefs soon found this out, and sent their men to respond to the outcry for labourers at the fields, strictly ordering them at the same time to work for nothing but guns. Many young men from Langalibalele's tribe (the Amablubi) went to the fields and obtained guns which they brought into the colony of Natal. The magistrate of the county of Weenen heard of this, and sent his police to bring in the young men with the guns, but they eluded pursuit and fled. Langalibalele was then appealed to, but with no result. He said (a common but shallow excuse with a Kafir) he could not find the boys, and if he did they wouldn't listen to him. In this case one would naturally be inclined to know what good he was as a chief. Any way, the chief was frequently sent for in the Governor's name, but he prevaricated, and eventually refused to appear. In the meantime this chief, strong in guns and horses, prepared to cross the Drakensberg, as he fancied his cause would be taken up by the Basutos (British subjects) over the mountain, to whom he had already sent saying that he was about to resist the Natal Government ; and so, when the Governor's messenger came to him, he allowed him to be grossly insulted and prodded with assegais, and on his dismissal the chief and his tribe sent the women and grain, &c., to the caves in the mountains, as they did in old Scriptural times ; and, saddling up, left the colony with some five hundred armed men, and a large herd of cattle. This act alone was rebellion according to the law he lived under, viz., native law, with the Governor at its head as supreme chief. A force was then sent against the rebel, the Governor, Sir B. C. C. Pine, taking the field himself ; but owing to the

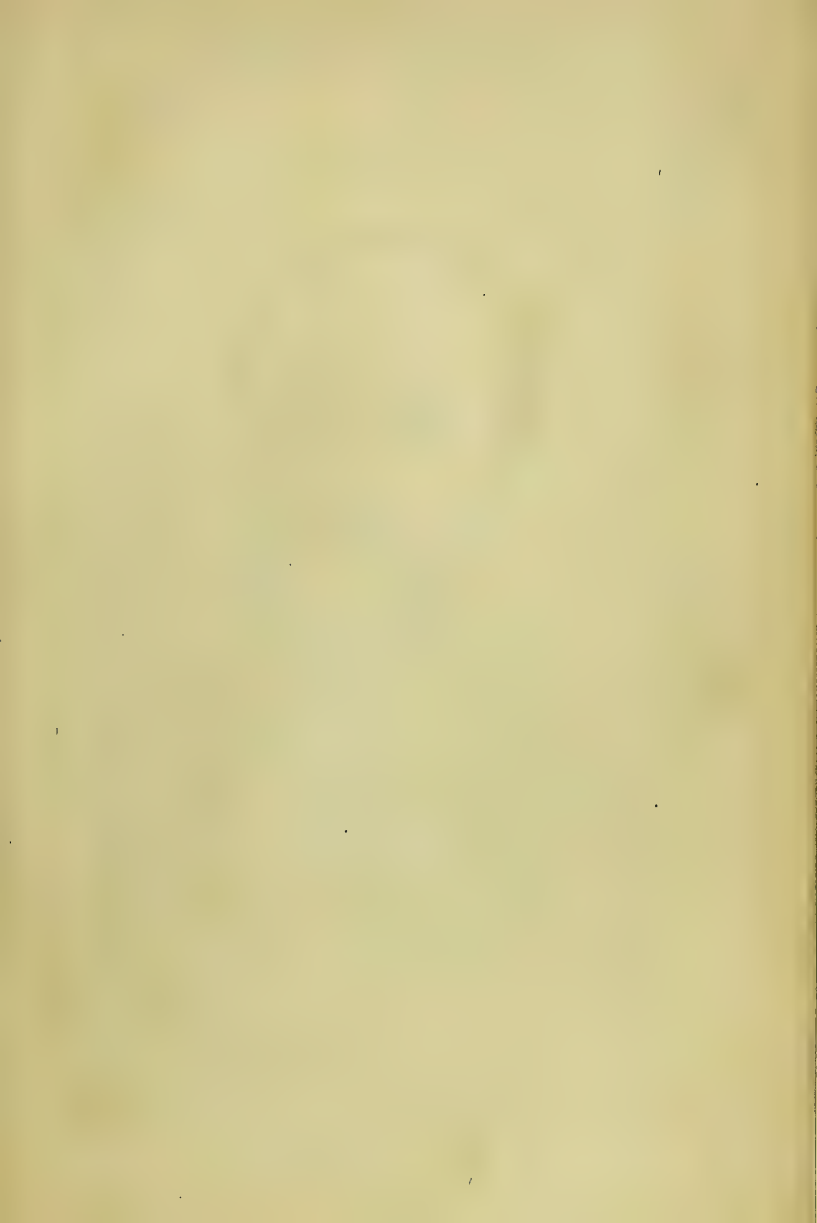
excessively mountainous nature of the country, a concerted plan failed, and a force of volunteers under Colonel Durnford (since killed at the battle of Isandhlwane) having gone round over the terrible hills, the Colonel twice fainting in the ascent, took possession of a spot called the Bushman's Pass, and, half famished as they were, suddenly found themselves confronted (and unsupported too) at the top of the pass, by the rebellious and excited natives, strong among their native crags and ferocious in the charge of their much-beloved herds. The following is Colonel Durnford's memorandum on the subject :—

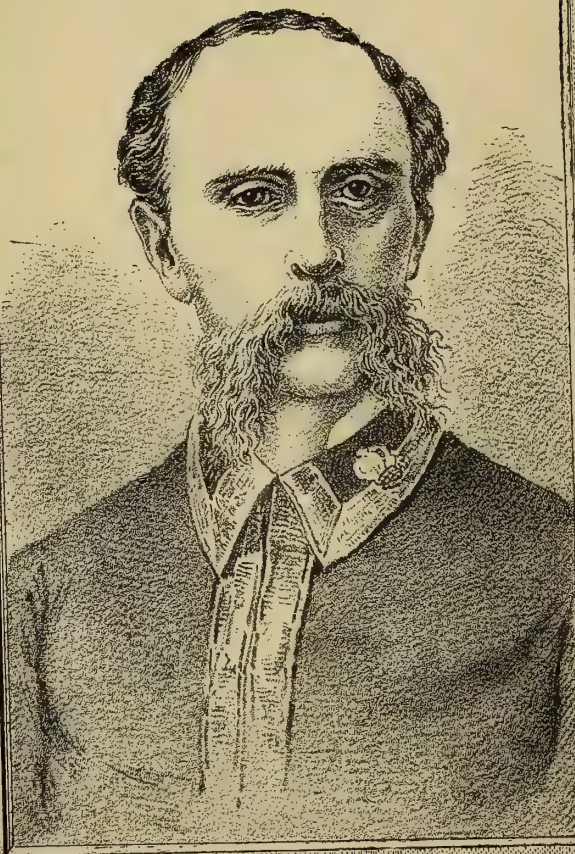
“ Camp, near Holme's Farm, under the Drakensberg,
November 30, 1873

Having reached the Bushman's Pass at 6·30 a.m., on the 4th November, with one officer, one sergeant, and thirty-three rank and file of the Carbineers, and a few Basutos, I at once formed them across the mouth of the pass, the natives in charge of cattle already in the mountain flying in every direction. Possibly there may have been one hundred at the outside, about half of whom were armed with shooting weapons. Having posted my party, I went with my interpreter to reassure the natives. Calling for the chief man, I told him to assemble his people, and say that Government required their Chief, Langelibalele, to answer certain charges ; that his people who submitted to Government should be safe, with their wives, children, and cattle ; that all loyal people should go to Estcourt, where Mr. Shepstone, Minister for Native Affairs, was, and make submission, and they should be safe. My interpreter was recognised as one of Mr. Shepstone's attendants, and the Induna thanked me in the name of the people, saying they would all go down and tell my words to the tribe, who were not aware of the good intentions of Government and were afraid.

I told them to take their cattle and go down. The Chief said they would, but begged me to leave them, as he could not answer for the young men, who were excited, and might injure me. I left him exerting himself, so far as I could judge, in carrying out my wishes.

Seeing that the natives were getting behind stones commanding the mouth of the pass, I turned their position





Murray & St. Leger

Cape Town.

COLONEL A. W. DURNFORD, R.E.
(Killed in the Battle of Isandula, Jan. 22, 1879.)

by sending my small party of Basutos on the one side, I taking half of the Carbineers to the other—the other half guarding the mouth of the pass. All were then in such position, that had a shot been fired, I could have swept the natives down the pass. Their gestures were menacing, but no open act of hostility was committed.

About this time I was informed that many men were coming up the pass, and, on reaching the spot, found it was the case. On ordering them back, they obeyed sullenly. Matters now looked serious, and I was informed by the senior officer of volunteers present that the Carbineers, many of whom were young men, could not be depended upon. They said they were surrounded, and would be massacred. I have reason to believe that this panic was created by their drill instructor, an old soldier of the late Cape Corps, up to whom they naturally looked. Upon this, as the only chance of safety, and in hopes of saving men's lives, although perfectly aware that it was a fatal line of policy, I drew in my outlying party, and gave the order to retire. There was nothing else to be done. I had no support. As I was about to retire by alternate divisions, the first shot was fired by the natives, followed by two or three, when, seized with panic, the Carbineers fled, followed by the Basutos.

My interpreter and three Volunteers were killed. There were probably two hundred natives present at the time the first shot was fired. The firing was never heavy, and their ammunition soon became exhausted. The orders I received were "not to fire the first shot." I obeyed.

(Signed) A. W. DURNFORD,
"Major Royal Engineers."

After these things Langalibalele escaped into Basutoland with seven thousand head of cattle, and he and his head induna, Mabuhle, who boasted to him that he had shot the first white man, were arrested by Mr. Griffith, the representative of the Cape Government in Basutoland, with the assistance of Molapo (or Umlambo, as some Natal Kafirs called him.) Mabuhle unfortunately, being small in the hands, slipped them through the handcuffs with which he was secured and escaped into Zululand, where he is now the bosom friend of Cetywayo. Langa-

libalele himself, after being sentenced by a combined court in Maritzburg to transportation for life in Robben Island, had his sentence commuted to detention on the Cape Flats under police surveillance. He is there now.

In concluding this subject I cannot help giving a parting sketch of the wondrous region where the unlucky Carbineers wandered; lost at times in the drizzling mist, and so famished that they ate raw an ox belonging to the Kafirs, and which they shot at the top of the pass. From my knowledge of the Kafir, I can say that if anything would enrage him this kind of thing would. In using the words "wondrous region," I allude to the wild and high mountains which are part of the great Drakensberg range, and in the vicinity of the Bushman's Pass.


Aye, a grandly sublime and beautiful sight it was to look upon—those multitudinous, and, if the expression might be forged, tumultuous upheavals of huge peaks, freshly cast from the hands of the Titans. There, far, far below, lay the picturesque and Yosemite Valley-looking lands of Natal, and here towered the grassy giants to an abrupt elevation of some five thousand feet, while attaining the height of ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, till they canopied their lofty heads in a highly rarified and azure mid-air. And, lo! beyond, upon the opposite side, over a vast gulf, a broadly-extended, fathomless, and fearful precipice, falling thousands and thousands of feet in sheer descent, with its craggy breast ribanded with the long horsetail waterfalls of infant streams, which, deriving their existence from this awful nursery, glide, leap, and tumble away westward, to give their increasing streams to the mighty Gariep, or Great Orange River, which, after receiving the contributions of thousands of other streams, both from the north and south, divides the great upper deserts from southern civilization, and cleaving in twain the lower portion of the great African continent, eventually pours its broad waters into the blue expanse of the South Atlantic Ocean.

I have stood upon those mighty mountains, and seen the golden gleaming of the blaze of sunrise gilding their hoary heads, as I have seen the setting sun.

"Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

rose-tinting the rugged scene, and casting great gaunt shadows from mount to mount.

It is truly a weird-like spot. Near where our countrymen were shot the bones of the horses killed still lie bleaching in the cold air. An awe-sticken impression pervades the mind, and a feeling of vague dread obtains in this altitude of solitude, where Nature's stern grandeur hushes all living creation. Not a sound is heard; but mysterious silence reigns unbroken, save perchance the faintly heard shriek of the high-soaring condor, which seems to be the only representative of animal life in this part, while the country a few miles lower down teems with every charming variety of wild animal existence. This condor is truly a regal bird, the magnitude and might of which, as is said somewhere, compared with others of the feathered kind, is in something like the proportion of their huge domiciles to earth's ordinary elevations. Above all other life these birds prefer to dwell, inhaling an air too highly rarified to be endured except by creatures adapted thereto. From such immense elevations as those above attempted to be described, they soar, still more sublimely, upwards into the dark blue heavens, until their great bulk diminishes to a scarcely perceptible speck, or is altogether lost to the aching sight of the observer. In these pure fields of ether, unvisited even by the thunder-cloud—regions which may be regarded as its own exclusive domain—the condor delights to sail, and with piercing and all-pervading eye surveys the surface of the earth, towards which he never stoops his wing unless at the call of hunger.



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GCALEKA AND GAIKA REBELLION OF 1877.

WE will now proceed to what may be properly styled the sixth Amaxosa war, or as it is generally termed, Kafir war, nothing important in the way of warfare having transpired in the meantime. It may here be explained that much misconception exists as to the terms Kafirs, Zulus, &c., and once for all, we will perhaps be allowed to lay down that "Kafir" is the *generic* appellation, and all the other names of the different tribes *specific*. Kafir, Kaffir, or Caffre is, it is well known, an Arabian term, and means "infidel." All the Kafirs from the Zambesi downwards, in speaking of the black races of Southern Africa generally, use the term "Amakafula," or "Kafirs," in common with many white men, although some of them do not relish the appellation. For instance, Zulus would not like being called "Ma-Kafula," but "Abaka-Zulu," as the Natal Kafirs would prefer being called "Abantu aba sese-Silungwini," or "the people of the white man's land." The study of the Zulus, their manners, customs, &c., would afford a rich field for the student of races, for as the term Kafir is of Arabian origin, so are the features of many of the Zulus strictly Arabian, and many of their laws regarding heritage, hygienic measures, municipal regulations, &c., &c., strangely resemble the Levitical code of laws in the Pentateuch. The Zulu proper has no characteristic of the negro in feature, *i.e.*, receding forehead, blubber lips, and flat nose; but where his breed has not mixed with the many tribes incorporated by Tshaka, the Zulu has the high forehead, the compressed lip, and the aquiline nose of the Arabian, or the Phœnician, which facts would argue that the Zulus had gradually worked their way down the eastern coast of Africa; and history first mentions them being a small tribe in the neighbourhood of Delagoa Bay. Another interesting hypothesis would be that the ancestors of this peculiar race were landed on the eastern coast of Africa by ships from the Levant, as from the remains of a work by Diodorus

Siculus, rescued from the ashes of the Alexandrian library, and indeed from the works of several authors of the Augustan age, it appears that several fleets of ships were fitted out, which rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and after being absent a long time, returned with "gold, feathers, and ivory." As Socrates, the wisest of the wise said, "All that we know for certain is that nothing *can* be known," and who will presume to laugh Professor Petermann's theory to scorn, which theory pointed to the great probability of the ancient Ophir being situated some fifty or sixty miles due west from the coast of Africa, near Sofala? The Professor found distinct ruins, huge cornice stones, tessellated pavements, &c., some miles westward of Sofala; and it is known for certain that some years ago, all along the same line of longitude, or perhaps deeper in, the Kafirs, unable to get a market for their ivory, used it for making pens to put the calves in, and marched about the country with great gold rings or bracelets round their arms. The well-known Tati goldfields, south again, throw up thick crops of quartz richly studded with gold, which is only without value inasmuch as five or six hundred miles of mountainous country has to be traversed in order to get to it; rendering it nearly impossible to carry thither ponderous machinery, such as quartz crushers, &c. In about 1864, when I was travelling in the remote interior silent.

"As the midnight sentinel, slain upon the hill,"

save to the monotonous shriek of the bald-headed eagle, or the distant neigh of the zebra, I met a Kafir with a heavy gold ring round his arm. He said he was taking it to a chief to whom *his* chief paid tribute, and of course he would not sell it. I spoke his dialect (Amadebele, resembling the Zulu) fluently, and had a long and interesting talk with him. He said the gold had been got from a large cave some two hundred miles north of where we were then. He said there were very ancient marks, figures, and drawings in the peculiar clay inside the cave. This clay or stone cuts like soap when freshly dug or hewn, but becomes like adamant when exposed to the air. Kafirs, like ancient Greeks, are very correct in their traditions, both fathers and mothers taking a delight in often repeat-

ing them to the young children, in whose impressionable minds they become indelibly fixed. In fact, the youths are induced to learn them by heart, much as the Greeks did Hesiod and Homer. My informant, a very intelligent, stalwart young fellow, said that "the father of the father's father," and so on, had handed down the tradition that the cave in question had been excavated by coloured people who came in ships (big things on the water, as he said). This cave, as a matter of fact, is well known to exist at present, and gold must abound, as many tribes pay tribute to the Portuguese in gold rings. He said also that the Kafir smith (literally blacksmith) who had made this rough specimen of a ring had hollowed out the ground from under an overhanging iron stone, chiselled a little channel, put the gold into a little reservoir at the higher end, and having thickly covered it with the pot clay alluded to, made the stone red hot by fire underneath, when the gold melting, ran into a rough mud mould of the shape wanted, and was then allowed to cool. He took all the presents I gave him, and as I did not like to lose sight of him, consented to my accompanying him to where he was going, and said he would take me to the cave on our return from where his message took him. I had my doubts about him, as I was aware that any Kafir who showed a white man the spot where gold was to be found was immediately knocked on the head by his chief; and my doubts were realised, for on awaking next morning I found that he had vanished, presents and all.


It is interesting to remember that Livingstone often mentioned his ardent desire to visit a great cave, or caves, said by the Kafirs and Arabs, to contain alluvial gold. He had made up his mind to go to the cave after he had determined the course of the river which he thought to be the Nile, but which, afterwards turned out to be the Congo. But death, as we know, unfortunately intervened.

I may perhaps be pardoned for rather a long digression, but it might be urged that the Amáxosa Kafirs have undoubtedly signs of the Negro, and not the Arabian type of features; and to this I would answer that while, as before-said, the Zulus first appeared on the east coast, immediately below the Arabian, Portuguese, Turkish, and other Oriental settlements, the Amaxosas appear to have filtered

through from the north-west, where, without an exception, all the tribes, from the borders of the Kalahari Desert down to Basutoland, have the features peculiar to the Negro race.

The Gcalekas, of whom the Ngqikas are a more latterly developed branch, were at one time a great nation compared to what they are now. All that portion of land lying between the mouth of the Great Fish River and the Bashee River, on the south-eastern coast of Africa, and running inland for about fifty or sixty miles, extending nearly from the 32° to the 34° of latitude, belonged formerly to the Gcaleka tribe. Although I am unable to agree with Mr. Trollope (who during his short visit to South Africa could not be expected to be perfect in details) that the Amaxosas were, amongst Kafirs, the greatest people of all; yet the Amaxosas, as the latter gentleman truly says, derive their name from Xosa, a chief eleven chiefs back from Kreli, the "Ama" being merely a plural prefix. From Kreli's tribe sprung Ngqika (pronounced with a palatal click represented by the letter "q" simultaneously with the letter "g"), or "Gaika," as the colonists pronounce it. This man was the father of Sandili, who has figured prominently in the annals of Amaxosa warfare. The causes of the sixth war of the above people with the whites in 1877 may be briefly stated as follows. There have been lately, and are at present, in British Kaffraria tribes of natives called Amafengu, or Fingoos, originally chased by Tshaka from Natal, and these natives have for years past been under British protection. They were formerly in the time of Hintza, the father of Kreli, simply slaves, or "dogs," as their name implies. After one of the Kafir wars in 1835, they were taken from among the Gcalekas by British authority, relieved from the condition of slavery, and settled on locations which were given to them. They were first placed near the coast between the Great Fish River and the Keiskama; but many were subsequently moved up to a district which they still occupy across the Kei, and close to their old masters, the Gcalekas, but on land which was under British government, and which became part of British Kaffraria. Here they have been as good as their old masters, and as being special recipients

of British favour, perhaps something better. They have been a money-making people, possessing oxen and wagons, and going much ahead of other Kafirs in the way of trade. And as they grew in prosperity, so probably they grew in pride. They were still Fingoes, but not a Fingo was any longer a Gcaleka's dog, as he was formerly. This state of things was not by any means agreeable to the Gcalekas. This, too, must have been the more intolerable as the area given up to the Fingoes in this locality comprised about two thousand square miles, while that left to the Gcalekas was not more than one thousand six hundred. The Gcalekas living on this curtailed territory were about 66,600 souls, whereas only 50,000 Fingoes drew their easier bread from the larger region.



CHAPTER XIX.

6 THE KAFIR WAR OF 1877-8.

As to the inception of this war I must beg to refer to a passage of history of which the following gives the details :—

The Hon. C. Brownlee has been engaged in a triangular duel, arising out of the Pondo question, with Mr. Rose-Innes, of King William's Town, and with the Rev. Mr. Chalmers. No man is better entitled to claim to be heard in any disputed passage of the history of Native Administration in this country than Mr. Brownlee, nor is there any man whose word is more weighted with confessed honesty of purpose and integrity. From the last in the Chalmers series we take the following extracts as doing justice to the memory of one who even since his death has suffered detraction as though the war of 1877 was of his seeking. Mr. Brownlee writes :—

I have done with myself. But this is not all. Mr. Chalmers has gone out of his way to attack Sir Bartle Frere, and has "flaunted in our faces" some isolated expressions of a great and good man to show that though he was a Christian, and a member of the Aborigines Protection Society, and could write an able essay on missions, he was nevertheless a murderer, for if Mr. Chalmers' version of the Gcaleka war is correct, it amounts simply to that. "But what was it which actually took place?" In 1877 some Gcalekas had gone into Fingoland to a "beer-drink." When the beer was finished, the Gcalekas wanted more, and struck a Fingo because they could not obtain what they wanted. A fight ensued, the Gcalekas got the worst. On the following morning they returned in force, attacked three Fingo villages and swept off the cattle. Now this was not a quarrel between two rival tribes, as Mr. Chalmers puts it, but a direct violation of British territory. A demand was made upon Kreli for the immediate restoration of the cattle, with an intimation that on no consideration could the Gcalekas be permitted

to cross the border and avenge their own quarrels on British subjects. If the Gcalekas had any complaints against the Fingoes, they would be listened to and redressed. Mr. James Ayllff and Colonel Eustace were appointed to inquire into the matter. Their sittings were constantly broken up by war-cries caused by the appearance of armed Gcalekas on the border; but Kreli did not give up the cattle. Matters began to look serious. I advised that the 88th Regiment, then in Cape Town, should be sent to the frontier and encamp at East London in order that Kreli should see that we were determined to enforce our demand. Sir Bartle Frere, who was then on his way overland to the frontier, countermanded the order for the embarkation of the 88th Regiment, saying that this might be construed by Kreli as an intention to attack him, and might lead him into hostilities. I came to meet Sir Bartle Frere at King William's Town, he there asked me my advice, and I said I had none other to give than what I had given in Cape Town, and said I feared war was inevitable. He replied, "Do not talk of war, sir; I have been sent to this country in the interests of peace, and I am determined to maintain peace." Deputation after deputation waited on the Governor in King William's Town. Alarm had taken possession of the country, men saw and understood the signs of the times, expressed their fears to Sir Bartle. He was determined there would be no war, he would not make war for a drunken brawl. When all other means failed, he determined to go to Gcalekaland and see Kreli, and settle the matter without resort to arms. He went, and Kreli refused to see him, though he offered to meet Kreli in his own country. Kreli had already put the war-paint on his forehead, and wanted none of Sir Bartle Frere; all that he wanted was the expulsion of the Fingoes from the land from which he himself had been expelled twenty years before. Sir Bartle had to return as he went; still the hope to avert war had not abandoned him, and a message was sent to Kreli informing him that any further aggression on British territory would be repelled by force. How the first collision after Sir Bartle's departure took place, Mr. Chalmers may know as well as I do, for his brother, the present magistrate of Komgha, was the main figure in that

transaction ; but his report is, that in patrolling along the Fingo border he was attacked by an overwhelming force of Gcalekas, who charged our people, killing Lieut. Van Hopeman, of the F.A.M.P., and scattering Mr. Chalmers' force like chaff before the wind. This rude awakening came upon Sir Bartle Frere a few days after his return to King William's Town. I feared the Gaikas would follow suit. One of their headmen had had a collision with a Fingo headman in the rugged country at Kei and Thomas River junction. Major Grant was sent to adjust the matter, and he performed the service. The Gaikas then held a tribal meeting, and decided that they would not join the war. Still I saw signs of evil. Sir Bartle did not share in my views, and Mr. W. B. Chalmers, the present Magistrate at King William's Town, was therefore sent on a mission to the Gaikas. He was among them several days, and made a report which was reassuring to Sir Bartle Frere. But I did not share in his satisfaction. Mr. Tainton was then sent to endeavour to arrange some matters of theft with a number of native squatters in the East London district. Matters had advanced a stage since the missions of Major Grant and Mr. Chalmers, but Sir Bartle had only one object before him, and that was peace. He could not see war, and did not prepare to meet it, he was buoyed up by the justice and righteousness of his endeavours, and saw nothing but success as their result. Again a sad awakening came. Richard Tainton, his brother John, and Field-cornet Brown were treacherously murdered while peacefully endeavouring to carry out the law with British subjects. A few hours after the melancholy tidings reached us 'our boys' were equipped and mounted and on their way to punish the murderers, but they had lost no time in escaping across the Kei after accomplishing their hellish deed. Now comes what Mr. Chalmers designates a most pitiful appeal to the loyalty of the Colony to come to the rescue of His Excellency and help him to crush Kreli. Mr. Chalmers was wrong in saying the appeal was pitiful. It was a manly call to arms in a righteous cause, and nobly was it responded to. Men came from East and West, there was no tardy laggard, and before long the Minister for War had to cry, 'Hold, enough,' and to many offers of service his reply

was, 'I will call you when required.' 'Our boys!' yes, we equipped them, and with willing though sad hearts, for we felt that many would not return. We sent them to avenge our best blood, treacherously shed, and no craven boys were they, but the flower and the pride of our land, and nobly did they face danger and death whenever the opportunity arose. Kreli was crushed and Sandilli was shot down, though Sir Bartle Frere had moved heaven and earth to save them both. '*The British army never came:*' there was no need, the little British army we had in the country was quite enough, and they well maintained the reputation of their name. Apologising for the great length of this letter, I conclude, as Mr. Chalmers has done, by a text:—'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.'"

To come to the particulars of this war I must refer to the account of a gentleman who modestly writes as a "C. M. R.," and who was an eye-witness, as well as a combatant in the various engagements of this war. The book was published in 1881 by Bently of London. Beginning with the Guadana affair he says—what will be found in the ensuing pages.



CHAPTER XX.

THE BATTLE OF GUADANA.

A CAMP being formed, earthworks thrown up, and all due preparations made for what we knew must inevitably take place.

These works occupied us until the 24th, when Nos. 3, 6, and 7 troops were ordered, with a detachment of Artillery and one gun, to be ready for patrol.

On the 25th part of No. 5 troop, consisting of 1 officer and forty men, arrived. They were also ordered out; but as they had just come off a march, the proposed patrol was postponed for one day. On the 26th, at nine o'clock in the morning, the above troops left for Idutywa. Little did we think when we saw our comrades march out of Ibeka cheering and in the best of spirits, that some of them would bite the dust before sunset. As they were on the point of starting, our new Commandant, Mr. Charles Griffiths, arrived. Our old Commandant's health had failed, and he was superseded by Mr. C. Griffiths. We knew nothing about Mr. Griffiths, and he knew less about us. He was an old police officer, but he had been during many years the British resident in Basutoland, for which he was much more fitted than for his new appointment. He was never liked in the force,* though he was a good deal better than some of those who succeeded him.

As the day wore on, we both saw and heard firing a few miles off. There were only the Artillery and a few of the men left in camp with two guns. The whole force there comprised forty-three men. Natives (Fingoes) came in with the most alarming reports, one declaring all the police had been slaughtered, another that only a few were left alive, but all agreeing that our men were utterly and irretrievably beaten. We were kept under arms all night, lying down by the guns. If the Kaffirs had only then advanced in numbers, as they did six days later, they

* The force sometimes does not like a strict disciplinarian as the worth Commandant no doubt was.

would have taken guns, slaughter-cattle,* ammunition, and everything else ; but luckily they did not, or the writer would probably have not been alive to tell his tale. I was not in this fight, which took place about two miles from a hill called in Kaffir Guadana, and by the English Mount Woodhouse. The following is the official report of Inspector Chalmers, the commanding officer of the force engaged :

“To the Commandant
F.A.M. Police.

“Lusisi Camp,
“October 28, 1877.

“SIR,—“In accordance with your instructions, I have the honour to report that, on the 26th ultmo., while returning to Idutywa reserve, from the Ibeka camp, I was apprised of the fact that the Gcalekas had attacked the Fingoes on the Government reserve near the Guadana. On receiving this information I continued my march along the main road, and when about two miles from the Umpuluse, opposite the Guadana, I observed the Gcalekas had crossed in numbers and attacked the Fingoes, and that an engagement was taking place between the two tribes. In obedience to orders received in the event of a battle, I proceeded to the scene of action in support of the Fingoes. Before taking any prominent part I sent back to the Umpuluse to acquaint Mr. Ayliff, who was there in command of a large Fingoe contingent, that the Gcaleka army had crossed into British territory. On the arrival of this gentleman with about 1,000 Fingoes, I halted the gun and the men under my command ; Mr. Ayliff with his Fingoes marching to the top of the Guadana Hill. In order to avoid surprise I sent Sub-Inspector Hamilton to Mr. Ayliff to receive a report of the position of the Gcalekas. This officer returned with a request from Mr. Ayliff that I should march on with the gun and men, which I did. On arrival there I found the Gcaleka army in three divisions at the foot of the hill. On our appearance the enemy made a move towards us ; I immediately gave the order to the officer in command of the artillery (Sub-Inspector Cochrane) to open fire with the 7-pounder, which he did.

* All cattle intended for the butcher are called in the Colony “slaughter-cattle.”

“After the tenth round the gun became disabled, and on being reported to me I gave the order, ‘The gun will retire under Mr. Cochrane and the escort.’ This was immediately carried out, and the gun, under Sub-Inspector Cochrane and A. Maclean, with twenty-five men as gun escort, retired accordingly. Before entering into action my men were extended in skirmishing order, on the brow of the hill, the horses having been left out of sight, in hand, and in charge of the usual number of men. The Fingoes, under Mr. Ayliff, were placed on the left flank, between the gun and the Guadana forest, so as to command the bush. My men were placed on the right of the gun. When the Gcalekas came within rifle range I ordered the police to commence firing, and continuous independent firing was kept up for nearly two hours, which checked the enemy until the gun retired. When the Fingoes saw this they made a general retreat, running in among our horses and causing great confusion.

“Finding that we were deserted by the Fingoes, and that by remaining on the ground any longer the lives of the whole European police would be sacrificed, I ordered the men to retire. The confusion by the Fingoes rushing about in all directions caused several of our horses to break loose, and through this unfortunate circumstance one officer and six men fell victims to the enemy. The remainder of the men retired in order, and the gun was taken safely to the Idutywa. The firing from the seven-pounder was most effective, and so was also that of the Sniders. The estimated loss on the Gcaleka side was at least 200 besides wounded. I may say that the Fingoes, when asked why they retreated so soon, replied that they had been watching the gun, and when they saw it move they thought it was time to leave the battle-field. I cannot attach any blame to our men in the engagement; they stood their ground until the very last, fired steadily; and were it not for the gun breaking down, I have no hesitation in asserting that the result would have been different. Finding the gun and men were safe, I proceeded to the Ibeka camp in company with Inspector J. Maclean and Sub-Inspector Hamilton, where I personally reported the engagement to you, and returned to the Idutywa reserve on the morning of the 27th September.

“The Gcaleka army must have numbered about 5,000. Our force consisted of 180 men and about 1,500 Fingoes.

I have, &c.,

G. B. CHALMERS.

“Inspector commanding No. 3 troop, F. A. M. P.”

Such was the battle of Guadana. It was fought under adverse circumstances, and in a nasty bit of country. The Fingoes fought badly, as they always do if they are not commanded by white leaders. They never stood, but retreated, firing, from the very first. Mr. Chalmers' account is substantially correct. I heard the same version from some men engaged, as well as from the Fingoes. The men who were killed, with the exception of Mr. Van Hohenan, lost their lives through Fingoes taking their horses ; but there is no doubt that the last part of the fight was a desperate flight from the Gcaleka troops, whatever any one may say to the contrary. I don't say the police ran away, because they retired in good order until the Fingoes rushed in amongst them ; but after that it was a decided flight. Mr. Van Hohenan behaved bravely ; he tried to take a man named Evans, who had been badly wounded, on his horse, and both he and Evans were shot down in their attempt to get away.

Some few days after, when, with a strong party, we went out to recover the bodies, we found all our poor comrades in a dreadful state. Evans had seventeen assegai wounds in him ; one man was scalped ; Van Hohenan had his feet cut off ; and all had their stomachs ripped open ; all were stripped of their clothes. Not one of the party that saw this fearful sight but swore a fearful vengeance if ever we got hold of any of the niggers.

In the quiet of an English home I can look back with sorrow to the sights I have seen during my four years in South Africa ; but I can hardly be expected to regret the part I took with my comrades in avenging the deaths of our friends at the battle of Guadana.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BATTLE OF IBEKA.

AT daylight we had received information of great importance from spies and scouts. The former told us that Kreli in person intended to attack Ibeka, the latter that the enemy were forming into columns of squares, that being their favourite mode of advance.

About eight o'clock we saw them on a hill, immediately south of us, in their usual formation, as intimated. Their numbers were estimated to be between 7,000 and 8,000. They halted about a mile and a half from us. Of this we took advantage to have breakfast, and to make a few more preparations for defence. The horses, which had been kept grazing close to what I shall now call the fort, were at once brought in, saddled, bridled, and tied up to a picket rope stretched between the trees in the garden. Shells and case-shot were brought out and placed in proximity to the guns; ammunition boxes were opened and placed all round the walls, and men told off to keep up the supplies. Barrels of water had been filled, and these were now set in convenient positions all round the inclosure.

When this was all done we went to our places, lighted our pipes, and waited the events which were to come. Most of us took our coats off to be freer for what I think we all felt would be a hard struggle. From one of three prisoners we captured after the fight we learnt that Kreli was there in person, though he did not approach the front. His son Sigow commanded. Kreli's orders were to "destroy all the Fingoes, and on your way drive those troublesome policemen away. I don't like the sight of their tents; it disturbs me. You can breakfast at Ibeka, have dinner at Butterworth, and you will be then well on your way for the Komgha and the Colony, where you will be joined by your friends," meaning the Gaikas. His orders were excellent, no doubt; but they did not exactly come off according to his expectation. A good many of

his men slept round about Ibeka that night. They slept the sleep of death.

About half-past nine o'clock the enemy were reinforced by 2,000 mounted men, who, after a brief halt, commenced creeping up to the stony ridge I have mentioned, and which is indicated on the extreme right in the map. The reader is to consider this ridge as our left, and the sloping ground on the south as our front. The whole of Kreli's army then commenced an advance. We lost sight of the columns for a time in the intervening hollows, the mounted men stealing up under cover of the ridge to our left. At this time the whole of Kreli's forces were no more than about 1,700 yards distant.

The enemy, on approaching within about 1,200 yards, threw out skirmishers, who began firing as they neared the boundary. This move was resisted by some 500 Fingoes under Veldtman, who despatched them to meet the enemy. On our extreme right Allan Maclean, with the remainder of the Fingoes, supported them, the police being thrown out in skirmishing order round the immediate front and left. When the mounted men of the enemy appeared over the ridge we fired at them with two shells; both, however, went over their heads. Two rocket tubes were then brought into action, and did great execution, frightening the horses, and causing many of them to bolt. We then commenced to fire our three 7-pounders, and the action became general along the whole line. Shell after shell was plumped right into the middle of the square columns, causing great slaughter. When the columns were broken after a little hard firing, the enemy extended themselves in skirmishing order, and again and again charged right up to us within fifty yards of the guns. Our fire, however, was too much for them, and they frequently had to retire to take rest; still at intervals coming on again and again, but with no better success.

Their mounted men were thus thoroughly broken up and dispersed by the rockets and shells.

At last, after several plucky charges, they collected together about five o'clock for a final effort. On and on they came, one scrambling, yelling mass, but only to be mowed down by our shell and rockets. Right up to the guns they came, and we poured shell, case,

rockets, and snider bullets into them with determined precision and effect, till at last they wavered. Down swept the Fingoes, with Allan Maclean leading them, and some fifty men of the police, led by his brother, Inspector John Maclean, cheering as they charged the enemy, and pouring in a heavy fire. As this section of our force advanced the Gcalekas turned and fled, leaving their guns, blankets, and everything behind them, as they ran for dear life, hotly pursued by the very men they had reckoned on easily beating.

The 7-pounders continued firing until the enemy was out of range. Till then we had no time to look about us. The fight had lasted from ten in the morning till five in the afternoon, and it was rapidly getting dark. Wonderful to relate, we had not one man killed, and only four or five wounded, and these wounds all were scratches. The Fingoes lost about forty men killed and eleven wounded.

The killed always predominate in native warfare. As the natives never spare the wounded, it is quite a chance if any such get away. How our men escaped is a marvel. Barnett's house was literally peppered with shot. The secret is, the enemy must, as all Kaffirs do, in their flurry have fired too high. Several horses were hit inside the fort. As the evening advanced, three Gcaleka prisoners were brought in, who told us that the whole army had suffered severely. We heard afterwards that more than a thousand were killed and wounded. These were nearly all removed by their friends during the night, in accordance with their custom. Some months afterwards we came across the place where they had buried their dead.

A heavy rain came on in the evening after the battle, and we could light no fires. So we had no coffee, food, or anything else, and the younger hands were beginning to feel knocked up, while the older ones were not much better.

We continued under arms all night, with our heads and the muzzles of our guns pointing over the wall. A miserable night it was, raining hard, and bitterly cold.

At daylight the rain cleared off, and we saw that the Gcalekas had contrived to return very nearly to the positions they had taken on the previous day. We observed them creeping up again to the ridge, evidently with the intention, if possible, of turning our left flank. The Fingoes were

at once ordered out and despatched up to the ridge. As the Galekas came within range of us they opened fire and retired. We also opened fire upon them with our three 7-pounders, at a range of 2,400 yards, causing the enemy considerable astonishment ; nevertheless, they continued to come on. For some time we fired, and they never got very close to us.

About ten o'clock in the morning a heavy fog came on, and continued till noon, when it cleared off, and left a bright day. When we looked, to our astonishment not a Gcaleka was to be seen near us. But we soon discovered the enemy at a distance of ten miles away, the fires of their camps showing where their armies had halted.

This was their first and last attack on Ibeka. The Gcalekas talk about it to this day, and have been unable to explain to themselves how such execution should have been dealt out from shell and rocket. They had never heard of or seen big guns before, and they were simply dumbfounded by the effect of a shell, and its possibility of bursting amongst them at 1,000 yards with such deadly effect. Had they known the strength which numbers confer they could have walked over us. They fought well and pluckily, I must say. The way they repeatedly charged I shall never forget. They came with a determined rush, and if numbers only could have availed, they would have proved irresistible.

We now felt sure the Gcalekas would not again attack Ibeka, and they never did.



CHAPTER XXII.

KRELI'S KRAAL AFFAIR.

It was just getting daylight, and there was every appearance of a fine day for the pretty stiff work we had in hand.

A few shots were soon heard, and the bugle sounded the advance. The guns were driven up the remainder of the hill at a gallop, unlimbered and came into action, firing shrapnel shell at the kraals and huts. The volunteers, police, and Fingoes dismounted, and commenced independent firing about 200 yards off. The Gcalekas were completely taken by surprise ; they only fired a few shots, and then turned and fled for the outlet, which I have already described, along the course of the river. The entire force, except the gun escorts and the troop of the police held in reserve, pursued them for three or four miles, the big guns continually firing as opportunity offered. When the Gcalekas reached the flat I have before indicated, they turned and made a stand for about ten minutes, but as our men were gradually getting round them, and at the same time kept up a heavy firing on them, they were unable to hold the position they had taken, and speedily fled for the bush. The "retire" was now sounded, and the force was gradually brought back to the place where the guns were standing and had remained since morning. Why the guns were not used in the pursuit I am unable to say. They were well horsed, and the gunners were well trained, the road was flat, and they would have been of the greatest use in clearing the niggers from the various bushes. The escort and police troop being kept in reserve, prevented these men from being utilized to advantage, as unquestionably they might have been.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BATTLE OF LUSISI.

THE next morning, soon after daylight, the outlying pickets came in, reporting that the enemy was approaching. We were all turned out and were placed in extended order round the camp. Two troops of police, with three troops of volunteers, were ordered out, dismounted, to take the direction of the bush I have before mentioned as being close to the camp. This detachment formed the front. On our extreme right about five hundred Kafirs were seen coming down towards us, and shortly afterwards firing began. The enemy nearly surrounded the camp. For some time heavy firing was kept up on both sides. We were unable to use the big guns, the Fingoes being in the bush trying to drive the Gealekas out.

After firing with our small arms for about a couple of hours, the Gealekas, from some unexplained reason, suddenly ceased firing and ran, the Fingoes, volunteers, and police pursuing a short distance ; but the rain coming down very hard, and making a very thick mist, these detachments were recalled. After they returned news was brought to the camp that some of the enemy had taken shelter in a cave, and that they were supposed to be chiefs. Two of the Fingoe leaders, brothers named Goss, went with a party of their men to get the Gealekas out. The place they were in was close by a small stream, the course of which, turning at right angles towards the cave, made a sort of passage with high walls towards it. To reach the cave where these Gealekas were concealed we had to go right up the stream, and then the mouth of the cave was visible, about as high as a man's head.

From the roof of the cave to the ground above there was not more than about two feet. The Fingoes went in first, and as they reached the part of the stream which was in view of the cave, were all shot dead. William Goss then went in with three more Fingoes and these as they came in sight were also shot dead. Poor Goss was shot right

through the heart. Two more Fingoes and Michael Goss then went in ; the Fingoes were shot as soon as they appeared, and Michael Goss was wounded in the arm. He went forward a few yards calling for some more men. Two more came into this passage of death, when Michael Goss and one of the two men who had joined him were shot dead ; the other ran outside again.

Allan Maclean and his Fingoes had now arrived on the spot, and he tried to get in with two of his men. One was shot, and he himself had a narrow escape, a bullet going through his sleeve and grazing his arm. They wisely retreated, and as only three, or at most four, men could get into the place at once, he resolved to try other measures. They first commenced to fire volleys from a hill about a hundred and fifty yards off, which commanded the entrance of the cave, but this only drove the enemy further back into it.

A Fingoe now climbed up on the bank, right above the cave, armed with an assegai. A stick was then cut and a hat put on it. Now, as only one man could come out of the cave at a time, to fire, they felt pretty sure of getting one, so they put the stick with the hat on it, round the corner. A party of men were in readiness to rush into the cave directly the shot had been fired from it. A nigger came out of the cave to fire at the hat, and was immediately stabbed right through the neck by the Fingoe above, and in the confusion that followed, the party rushed in and killed the remainder of the men inside. There were seven in all, Gcalekas. On our side we lost eleven Fingoes, and the brothers Goss, who, poor fellows, both left widows and large families, We buried them the next morning, with military honours, and thus in the middle of Kaffir-land they found their graves. Both were frontier farmers, living right upon the further border by the Umtata River, thoroughly good, honest fellows, universally liked and respected by all who knew them. This was the last fight, such as it was, we had with the Gcalekas for some time. They scattered themselves all over the country, and we had long and tedious patrols driving them through the territory.

CHAPTER XXIV

BATTLE OF UMZINTZANI.

A BATTLE was now fought about twelve miles from Ibeka, in which our men so narrowly escaped being beaten that the country was completely roused. Public meetings were again held everywhere, vigilance committees were formed, and all the frontier towns were prepared for defence. Farmers and their families were "treking" into laager. Everywhere there were protests of the strongest character against the way in which the Cape Government was acting. At a large public meeting held at Kei-road, the loyal inhabitants threatened to take the law into their own hands, and shoot every nigger found on their farms. As they were all being ruined day by day, and losing their stock by theft, their complaints were not without good foundation. How the Ministry at the Cape were, in consequence of their mismanagement, dismissed by the Governor is now a matter of history, and I will at once relate the details of the battle to which I have just alluded.

On the road leading towards the mouth of the River Kei from Ibeka there was a place called Holland's Shop, a large trading-station ; but at this time the whole station had been burned to the ground. A party of volunteers, consisting of infantry from Port Elizabeth, with one gun of the Graham's Town Artillery, together with No. 9 Troop, F. A. M. Police, left Ibeka on one of our customary patrols. This small force was under the command of Captain Bayley, who had recently been the adjutant of the 9th Regiment of Foot, and who afterwards became our colonel, when the F. A. M. P. were converted into the C. M. R. Our division had marched on with the police troop, forming an advance guard, when we suddenly came upon the Gealekas in force. Inspector Bourne sent back at once a messenger to Captain Bayley, who brought his party forward at a double, and the whole of our force then took up a position on a small hill just abreast of the ruins of Holland's Shop.

This occurred about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 2nd of December.

Whilst the infantry and artillery were getting into position, the police were engaged in doing a little desultory skirmishing.

The Gcalekas were in great force, rapidly increasing in numbers on a ridge about half-a-mile off.

Exactly opposite this ridge runs a small river called the 'Nabaxa. Along the banks of this, about half-a-mile nearer the sea, was a deep kloof or valley, out of which they could be seen coming up in great numbers.*

The police now advanced, and at something like 250 yards from the enemy commenced firing. The Graham's Town gun, which was well horsed, drove down to the assistance of the police, unlimbered, came into action, and peppered the niggers right merrily.

In the meanwhile the Cape artillery and the infantry were not idle. The artillery sent shell after shell into the bush, and the infantry fired at the enemy as the shells drove them out of their cover. They were thus forced out of their kloof, but effected a junction with their friends on the ridge. At this point part of them divided, and under cover of the ridge started off to outflank us.

A party of police were despatched to stop this manœuvre, and then the rest of the niggers charged right down the hill from the ridge, on to the gun and remnant of police that were left with it. There were not more than twenty police, and about eleven or twelve of the artillery. The Gcalekas who charged us numbered between 400 and 500. When they reached within 150 yards, the order was given us to retire; the police mounted and retired except three men, whose horses had broken loose. Two of them reached the gun in safety, but the third, Wellesley, was unfortunately shot in the hip, and was almost immediately assailed. Though on his knees he fought hard, and killed four Kafirs before they finally despatched him.

Several of the enemy were shot by the police and artillery, as they clustered round the poor fellow, stabbing him to death.

* The Narrator omits to mention that a Man-of-War lying off this part of the coast, also shelled the Kafirs.

Lieutenant Wells, who was in command of the Graham's Town gun, waited until the natives were within fifty or sixty yards of his piece, and then fired a case shot into the midst of them. In the confusion that ensued the gun was limbered up, and retired at a gallop, with the two policemen, up a steep hill and rejoined the rest of our party.

The enemy did not immediately come on again ; but about five o'clock, or two hours before sunset, they again collected and charged the camp.

The two guns now poured several rounds of case shot into them as they advanced, which they did too within a hundred and fifty yards, where they were able to take shelter behind some stones and ant-heaps, and from this position one man of the Port Elizabeth volunteers was shot dead. This was almost the only casualty that occurred up to this time.

It was now sunset, but with the moon well up it continued tolerably light. The enemy every now and again advanced *en masse*, and poured a volley or two into the camp, wounding some of our side. They made a final charge about nine o'clock, coming close up to the guns, howling and firing independently ; but finding our return fire too warm for them, they retired again into the kloof, and were seen no more that night.

Some Fingoes joined the camp during the same night, and the next morning went out as usual to kill the wounded men who were left.

The loss to the enemy was between seventy and eighty killed, and we heard afterwards that from 150 to 200 wounded were removed during the night, as is their custom. The loss on our side was two killed, with four police and three volunteers wounded.

The wounded were sent in during the day to Ibeka, and a permanent camp was formed about 300 yards from the scene of the battle.

Large reinforcements of police were now sent out from Ibeka, and frequent patrols went from this place, now called Umzintzani from the name of a small river which flows close by. These patrols were constantly coming across small bodies of the enemy, who fled, after firing a few shots, at our approach.

While we are camped and waiting the orders to march, let me turn to notice some events which were happening on the other side of the Kei.

Kiva, let me first remark, one of the most noted of the Gcaleka warriors, had broken through into the Colony, burning every store and farm-house on his way, and had joined the Gaikas, who were now in open rebellion. The communication from the Kei road and Komgha was blocked, and a policeman was shot whilst carrying despatches between these two places. A body of forty police, under charge of an officer carrying the Government despatches, was attacked and forced to retreat. At length Major Moore, with a detachment of the 88th and some twenty of the police, whilst escorting the mails, had a severe fight with the Galekas. The engagement lasted over two hours. We lost in it three men killed and several wounded, and a cart-load of ammunition, and narrowly escaped defeat, through the whole of his own force bolting. The Major managed, however, to lay the fault on the police, who were invariably made the scape-goats if any failure occurred. The V. C. was given to him for some act of gallantry in this remarkable action, and eventually he was made commandant of our force. His report of the action and the account given by a sergeant of the police engaged, who carried a man off the field on his own horse, differed very much. According to the statement of the police, the soldiers ran first, and the police followed them.

I am afraid we did not appreciate Major Moore as highly as he estimated himself. He was slightly wounded in the wrist. The enemy in this fight were led by McKinnon, who had escaped when the disarmament of his tribe was attempted.*

I will now return to our camp in the Transkei. The

* This "McKinnon" is now located with his tribe near, or on the town lands of Port Elizabeth. While in Port Elizabeth a few months ago, I visited him at his location. He said it was all up with his tribe and they were broken up and powerless to do future harm. Shortly after I saw him, a series of serious fights took place between his men, and some Fingoes, &c., in which several men, on each side, were wounded. The P. E. authorities had much difficulty in quelling these riots.

day following Christmas Day we proceeded on our march. We were greatly extended, and on this occasion were divided into two columns. One column was placed under the command of Captain Upcher, and the other, or headquarters column, under Colonel Glyn.

We marched over exactly the same ground as before, encountering the same difficulties of transport, and several times meeting the enemy, who made at no time any but a very weak and brief defence, and then fled. We captured immense herds of cattle. On one occasion about 1,200 women fell into our hands, and were sent into Ibeka. These poor things were in the most awful state of destitution from long hunger. They had been for some time living on the bark of trees, and such roots as they could grub up.

We returned ourselves to Ibeka on the 10th of January, 1878, having for the third time completely cleared Gcaleka-land.

During this patrol we had done on an average thirty miles a day, and had been well fed and looked after, and what we certainly appreciated, well employed. The hard work that fell to our lot we did not mind. Great, we found, was the contrast between the Imperial and Colonial authorities; for with the latter we had an overwhelming measure of work, but no food; while with the former the balance was well adjusted.

We were not allowed to rest quietly for any length of time. Two days after our return on this occasion the troops were all again ordered out. Our destination was a place about seven miles from Ibeka, called Leslie's mission station. We were sent in consequence of the Gcalekas, who had not long before crossed into Gaika-land, having re-crossed the Kei. They were reported to be assembling in large numbers close to the river and near its mouth.

From the camp at Leslie's mission an advanced camp was formed, at a place called N'amaxa, under the command of Major Owen of the 88th. Both at Leslie's mission and N'amaxa a mixed force was stationed, as it was uncertain which place the Gcalekas would attack, the advanced camp at N'amaxa.

At this station we had a company of the 24th, another of the 88th, with fifty men of the Naval Brigade, two

troops of police, and two 7-pounder guns, with detachments of the police artillery.

I have reason to think the enemy chose to attack this camp because of the excellent cover they could reach if defeated. The surrounding country was undulating, but on the river-side it presented a series of deep kloofs, affording capital shelter.

Immediately on the right was a long ridge, known as the Tala ridge, and on this the enemy were collecting and then disappearing into the kloof below us on our front.

About three o'clock the rocket battery commenced firing into the bush in front of us, as apparently by this time a large body of Gcalekas had collected. The enemy were quickly driven out of the bush, and began to form on each of our flanks. They then broke into skirmishing order and charged. On all sides they were met by a heavy and determined fire which arrested their progress. After standing still a while in this position, they were literally mown down by two guns of the Royal Artillery which had just arrived, and were now brought into action. The fire was so hot that the whole Gcaleka army was soon in full retreat to the bush.

The enemy was immediately pursued by the mounted men till dark ; at sundown the recall was sounded, and we had time to get some rest.

Sixty bodies of the enemy were found close to the camp, that is to say, within a hundred yards. Down the kloof on the left we counted forty-six more bodies, and several more were seen lying about in different directions, which we had not time to count. We estimated the loss of the enemy at 150 killed and 200 wounded. Our loss was confined to three men severely wounded, privates belonging to the 88th. One of these, poor fellow, was shot right through the jaw, the bullet going in one side of his face and passing out on the other, but he recovered. Three Gcaleka chiefs were killed in this action.

CHAPTER XXV.

BATTLE OF QUINTANA.

WHILE these events were happening in the Transkei, three gentlemen—R. G. Tainton, John Tainton, and W. Brown—had been murdered by the Gaikas at a place called Berlin, about twelve miles from King William's Town.

These three gentlemen had been sent on a mission by the Cape Government, with no other escort but a few black policemen, who, upon the Kafirs attacking, one and all fled. The murderers were eventually taken and hanged.

The whole of the Gaikas, at this time under Sandilli, had risen in open rebellion. Several of the tribes of emigrant Tambookies in Tembuland were also on the point of rebellion. Various commands were out under Colonial officers, and generally war was raging along the whole frontier.

At Impetu a company of the 24th, under Captain Wardell, had been cut off from all communication and supplies, and it took a mixed force of close upon 700 men, with three 7-pounders under Colonel Lambert, to relieve their post.

Very nearly all the farmers round about Komgha, with their families, had taken refuge in laager at this station, where they suffered severely from exposure and privation. They were, however, after a brief interval, safely brought away from their perilous position.

The farmers through these events were of course heavy losers; all their houses had been burnt to the ground, and they had lost great quantities of stock. Those who had been relieved at Impetu were all placed in a fresh laager at Komgha, and there they were obliged to remain till the end of the war, when they returned to the wrecks of their former flourishing houses—all more or less ruined through the fault of a Government which would not listen to the representations of the frontier farmers who had so justly expressed their alarm.

In the Transkei preparations were now being made for an attack on the Chichaba valley, where the Kafirs, since their defeat at 'Namaxa, had now collected in large numbers.

This beautiful valley, which is about thirteen miles long, and begins at a point opposite the ending of the Tala ridge, runs parallel with the river Kei, and towards its mouth. The valley abounded in very dense bushes, so thick in some places as to make it impossible for any one to move many yards in any direction. The only paths down to it—for roads there are none—are very rugged and precipitous. At this place we were to make our next attack. For this purpose two columns were formed on the Komgha side under the command of Colonel Lambert and Major Moore, and on the Transkei side a column under the orders of Colonel Glyn. The force on the Komgha side embodied about 250 white men, soldiers and police, with about 1,200 Fingoes. On the Transkei side, on which I was, the forces consisted, soldiers and police together, of about 360 white men, with 250 Fingoes under Allan Maclean and Veldtman.

After two or three reconnaissances to find out the exact whereabouts of the enemy, all three columns advanced, about the middle of January. The Transkei column proceeding along the Tala ridge, and the columns on the Komgha side marching through Impetu. The Kafirs made little or no resistance, and after a week's desultory fighting and skirmishing, were completely driven out of the valley.

Between five and six thousand head of cattle and sheep were captured on the Komgha side by Colonel Lambert's column, after being driven out of the bush by Maclean's Fingoes. The guns and rockets did great service, and no doubt largely contributed to the success of the expedition.

Let me here make one or two remarks about captured cattle, which proved a source of great grumbling and discontent among the police. During the Gealeka and Gaika wars, not less than 15,000 head of cattle and at least 20,000 sheep had been captured in various fights, in which the police had taken an active part. In most cases, in fact, the capture was due to this force alone. What became of these cattle no one was permitted to know. All were sent to Ibeka, and there herded and looked after by a party of

Fingoes and white men, told off for this express purpose. Taking the value of the cattle at £3 per head, the whole number captured would represent a sum of about £45,000. If the sheep be computed at the low price of four shillings a piece, making £4,000, we have a grand total of about £49,000, and certainly this would be a low estimate; but I have put it low purposely, to allow for thefts, and deaths from various causes. Now the entire force of police employed in the warfare which I have detailed amounted to about 600 men, and they were fairly entitled to a third of the whole amount of £49,000. A third of this sum would be £16,333, which divided equally amongst the 600 men, should have given each of us about £27. The reader may be inquisitive enough to ask how much the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police actually received? At the end of nine months, when the whole country had been quiet for some time, and we were settled in our new stations in the Transkei, the magnificent sum of £1 8s. 4d. was handed to each of us, as his share of prize money. As a mounted force we had been mainly instrumental in capturing and driving these cattle and sheep, and this was our reward. Can it be wondered that great discontent prevailed? The authorities must have known that some persons had made a grand thing out of this. As the sum only of £800 was in all paid to the police, the revelation would be interesting into whose pockets went the remainder, say £15,533.

A famine had now come upon the Kafirs. Hundreds of them were daily giving themselves up, and surrendering their arms to obtain food and get fat; and having accomplished these aims, they immediately rejoined their friends. No precautions were taken to detain them; no work was laid on them. They came in, said they were sorry, were forgiven, and allowed to follow their own devices. The major part of them, when refreshed and fatted up, rejoined the various chiefs to whom they belonged. This was afterwards demonstrated by numbers of the killed being found with "passes" on them from magistrates and other people authorized to give them.

A pass is a certificate that the native bearing this document is loyal, and is permitted to pass from one part of the Colony to the other.

Towards the end of January the Gaikas and Gcalekas, under Kiva, Sigow, and McKinnon, were again gathering in the valley of the Kei, at the foot of the Tala ridge.

From information brought in by spies and others, it was known that they contemplated an attack upon some place or other, but the exact place could not then be indicated with any certainty. But as they were all getting very short of ammunition, it was supposed they would attack Ibeka, or Quintana, twenty-two miles distant from Ibeka. At both these places large quantities of ammunition and stores had been collected, the obtaining of which by the enemy would have been a grand stroke of good fortune for them, and a very serious loss to us. The ammunition and provisions accumulated at these places represented the entire stores available in the Transkei.

A strong detachment of police and two 7-pounders were sent on to Leslie's mission station, which lies about half-way between Ibeka and Quintana. This detachment was under the command of Captain Robinson, and was intended as a reserve, so that whichever of the two places the Kafirs attacked, he could quickly move to its assistance.

At Ibeka two troops of police, with some companies of the 24th Regiment, and a party of Pulleine's Rangers, were stationed, with twenty-five men of Carrington's Light Horse. This force was strengthened with a 7-pounder of the Police Artillery, and a detachment of Royal Artillery with two 7-pounders, and of the Naval Brigade with two Armstrong guns.

The ground round Ibeka had been at various times strongly entrenched, and there was no fear of the Kafirs successfully attacking this place. At Quintana a deep trench had been dug round the crown of a hill with outlying rifle-pits and shelter trenches. The trench round the hill was about 400 yards long, and 300 yards broad. Inside this the tents were pitched, with the stores and ammunition piled in the centre.

The force stationed at Quintana consisted of three companies of the 24th, fifty men of Carrington's Light Horse, twenty-five men of Naval Brigade, with a 24-pounder rocket tube, one troop of police of sixty men, 9-pounder Police Artillery and eleven men, gun detachment; one 7-pounder Cape Town Artillery and nine men, gun detach-

ment, with 200 Fingoes under Allan Maclean. Captain Upcher of the 24th was in command of the entire force.

We were not left long in suspense. Scouts from the enemy were seen on the surrounding hills about Quintana, and at last, through our spies, it was ascertained beyond doubt that the Kaffirs intended to attack this point.

Another police troop was despatched from Ibeka to Leslie's mission station, together with a company of Pulleine's Rangers.

I will now describe the place the Kaffirs were about to attack. The camp stood on a hill, three sides of which sloped down to the north-west and south, the fourth, or east side, was flat, the road from Ibeka leading into it. On the north side was a hill and a deep gully about half a mile off, and in the bottom of this again was a small stream. To the left and in a south-westerly direction was a level ground of about a mile in length, and then another hill, dotted about with thorn trees common to the country. In front or to the west was more level ground, interspersed with trees and shrubs; the ground generally was rugged and uneven, affording excellent cover for the enemy.

At daylight on the 7th of February, 1878, many of the enemy's scouts were again seen on the hills in front of us; the camp was called, all the tents struck, and the force stationed as follows; the 9-pounder was placed at the N.-W. corner of the trench, the 7-pounder at the S.-W., with the 24-pounder rocket tube in the middle; Carrington's Horse on the right front; Fingoes on the left front; the 24th lined the trench immediately fronting the enemy, and the police were stationed on the east side, in case of the enemy trying to outflank us.

A heavy, drenching rain now came on, and speedily wetted every one through. About six o'clock in the morning the Light Horse, under Captain Carrington, with a few police and a company of the 24th, were sent out to try and draw the enemy on; this they did most successfully. On the Kaffirs came, some in columns and some skirmishing; the Light Horse and party retired into the camp as directed, where the remainder of our men had been kept out of sight in the trenches. The Kaffirs, evidently supposing that the party they had seen skirmishing was the entire force, advanced at a rapid pace across the veldt,

charging directly for our camp. We computed the number to be about 4,000.

When the enemy had reached within 500 yards our men quietly put their heads up out of the trenches, and commenced a heavy fire at the astonished Kaffirs, the big guns and the rocket tube at the same time opening fire. They stood this for about twenty minutes. They had tolerably good shelter, and a heavy mist was coming on, sometimes completely obscuring them from us; but after the expiration of about half-an-hour the fog fortunately lifted, and we discovered that they had crept within 150 yards of the trenches. A few rounds of case-shot, and some volleys from the Martini-Henrys, and they turned and fled, the Fingoes and Carrington's Horse after them, Carrington leading the way with a revolver and a stick, about 200 yards ahead of every one else; these weapons he evidently considered good enough for chasing niggers with.

The police were also ordered to proceed with the rest; but owing to the obtuseness of their commanding officer, did not get away until too late to be of use. Captain Robinson's column came up when the enemy were in full retreat, and joined the pursuit. The nine-pounder also followed the flying enemy, getting some good shots at them. Round the camp the dead and dying were lying, the latter being speedily finished off by the Fingoes, after the custom of native warfare in Africa.

The casualties on our side amounted to three Fingoes killed, four wounded, two of Carrington's Horse wounded and their horses shot, and one policeman wounded. The loss to the enemy was about 300. For some days after this battle we had heavy burying fatigues.

This was the conclusion of the Gcaleka and Gaika wars. These tribes never attempted to attack any place again, or showed in the open in any large number. Very considerable parties of them took to the Amatola Bush, and in that place and the Water Kloof gave the Imperial forces much trouble in subduing them.

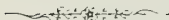
Shortly after this battle all the Imperial forces were withdrawn from the Transkei and the police were kept on a succession of patrols all over Gcalekaland, the entire force being distributed throughout Kreli's country.

The Gcalekas were this time thoroughly broken up, and

after having been driven three times out of their country, became totally disorganized and distributed amongst other tribes, principally uniting with the Pondoos and Pandomise.

A thousand pounds sterling was offered for Kreli, dead or alive ; but he was never captured, though he had several narrow escapes.

The Government subsequently withdrew the reward, and this once powerful chief became a wanderer from tribe to tribe, till he surrendered himself as already stated.*



* In one of the engagements at Quintana Private Seavars, a fine stalwart man (88 lb) anxious to distinguish himself, bounded forward amongst the skirmishers, in order to get a good shot at the foe. He received a ball in the mouth, which went out under the eye : the Kafirs ran forward to assegai him, but Major Owen pistolled several of them, and with the aid of Private Prendajast, conveyed the wounded man to a place of safety.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MOROSI AFFAIR, 1879.

IN the south-west corner of Basutoland dwelt a Basuto chieftain named Morosi. His tribes are called Baphutis. He had several sons, one of whom was named Dodo. Morosi's strip of country had been given him by Moshesh, the chief of the Basutos, some years previously, in return for services rendered during several wars with neighbouring tribes, and more particularly during the comparatively recent war with the Orange Free State.

Old Morosi had been a famous general in days gone by. He had commanded an army which had been mainly instrumental in defeating Sir George Cathcart, when he attacked the Basutos in 1852. Here he was reaping the reward of his service, living on this strip of land, when he was brought into trouble through his sons—trouble which terminated in the death of himself and the greater part of his tribe, and the scattering of all who were left. At the beginning of the year, in common with the Basutos, of whom he and his people formed a part, he was under the protection of the Cape Government. The resident magistrate with Morosi, a Mr. Austin,* lived at a place called Silver Spruit. One of Mr. Austin's duties was to collect hut-tax from these people at various times. He had no white force nearer than Palmietfontein, twenty-five miles distant, where a troop of C.M.R. were stationed. About a dozen black policemen were at his disposal at his residence.

For a long time Dodo had been stirring up the Baphutis to refuse to pay these hut-taxes, which, when the country had been taken over by the Government, these natives, through their chiefs, had agreed to pay.

This disagreement, which had been going on for some time, at last culminated in a flat refusal to pay any sum to the collector. Mr. Austin had no alternative but to summon the offenders, and having duly warned them, he committed them to prison until the tax was paid.

* Since killed during the Basuto war.

Dodo, who was present when the committal of these men took place, threatened Mr. Austin with personal violence, and declared he would release the prisoners. An attempt was made to arrest him, but without success. He was the son of a great chief, and I have no doubt the black policemen felt compunction in doing their duty as they ought to have done, more particularly being Baphutis themselves. Mr. Austin duly reported this state of things to the Cape Government, and requested that some force might be sent to support his authority. Fifty men of the C.M.R. were accordingly moved up to a place called Stork Spruit; but whilst on the march, before they had time to arrive, Dodo and a strong party of Baphutis broke open the gaol and released the prisoners. Mr. Austin pluckily stuck to his post, sent to Morosi to deliver up Dodo and the remainder of the ring-leaders, and at last went personally to Morosi, and represented to him to what consequences a refusal to do this would certainly lead. Either Morosi could not or would not make them surrender; but, any way, he did not exert himself in the matter, or render any information or help to the Government.

Mr. Austin, whose life was in considerable danger, retired to Stork Spruit, and the Baphutis immediately wrecked the residency and buildings.

No. 4 troop were marched into Morosi's country and had a brush with the rebels, losing three men and killing a few of the natives.

Morosi first of all took possession of a mountain close to Stork Spruit, and here for several days defied all attempts to dispossess him or disperse his people. The whole of the Baphutis probably numbered no more than 1,500 men, with the usual quantity of women and children. The Cape Government still wanted to give him a chance, and offered to let him go back to his own country with his people, if he would deliver up Dodo and the remainder of the men who had broken into the gaol. Morosi requested to be allowed a week for consideration; during the interval he gradually removed the whole of his tribe, with their cattle and horses, to another mountain, some twenty miles distant, from which he never came down alive. So artfully was this done, that no one knew anything about it until the time arrived for his answer, when it was

discovered that only a few women remained behind. These, of course, knew nothing, or if they did, would tell nothing. They were released a few hours afterwards, and probably rejoined their friends, rejoicing at their easy escape. The Cape Government were now involved in what promised to be a very nice little war. The country was extremely difficult of access. There were literally no roads, grass was scarce, and the mountain on which Morosi had taken refuge was known to be in a very strong natural position, which had been strengthened by well-built fortifications. For the last ten years Morosi had made the fortification of this place his hobby. He had been crazy on the subject of having a fortified mountain. He had spent his energy, and ten good years of life, on this work, and certainly he had succeeded in making the place almost impregnable. He had plenty of ammunition, food, and cattle on the top of the mountain, with several houses and huts, and he was well able to resist a long siege, and he knew it as well as any one. I will here briefly describe this mountain, which was to cost much to the Colony in life and money before it was finally taken.

Morosi's mountain stands at an elbow of the Orange River. On three sides it is perfectly perpendicular. The fourth side is a slope of about a mile, and subtending an angle of about thirty degrees. This slope was protected with a series of schanzes or walls, about eight to twelve feet high, loopholed for rifles and guns, and very strongly built. Artillery against the walls was utterly useless; the shell might knock a stone or two away, but nothing approaching a gap would be produced. About nine of these walls were placed at different intervals up this slope. The walls were built right across, and if you got over one, it was only to be stopped by another just in front of you, and so on right up to the top. The top of this mountain was about a mile long and about half a mile broad, and was also completely schanzed in every direction. Cross schanzes were built in between those running across, so that wherever you went, or wherever you tried to get over one of these walls, you were met by cross-firing in three or four directions.

Such is a very rough-and-ready description of a place which somehow or other we had to take. I

have described it as it was after we had captured it. Before it was taken, it was certain death to go within 500 yards of the first schanze. The Baphutis are splendid shots, and they kept all their fortifications constantly manned. About 1200 yards from the first schanze, and running at right angles to it, towards the east, was a narrow neck of stone terminating in a small hill, which was called by us the Saddle; the whole length of this neck and hill was about 700 yards. On the north side of this the Orange River turned sharp round past the larger mountain, and flowed towards the N.-E., being joined some few hundred yards farther away by a tributary stream named the Quithing. On the Quithing side was a large fissure in the perpendicular rock, called afterwards Bourne's Crack. There were in this crack huge natural steps, about twenty or thirty feet apart, surmounted at the top by a large overhanging rock.

Across the fissure I have described at the top was a distance of about six feet, and from the summit of the overhanging rock to what I may call the first step was about twenty feet. From the top to the bottom of this precipice was a distance of about seventy feet.

It is necessary to trouble the reader with these minute details, for it was up this last place the mountain was eventually taken. When Morosi had first placed himself in this stronghold, three troops of the C.M.R. had been sent up, and an attempt was made to surround the mountain, and as far as possible prevent any communication between Morosi and the outside world. These three troops of C.M.R. mustered no more than 250 men, and were utterly inadequate to cover the ground which had to be secured to effectually prevent any communication. The Cape Government had just formed three Colonial Regiments of a force entitled Yeomanry. The enrolment of this corps had been the subject of much adverse criticism, and the Premier, to show what they were made of, called the greater part of them out, and ordered them up to Morosi's Mountain. He belauded these men to the skies on their departure from their various head-quarters, making some very unjust and disparaging remarks about the C.M.R., which corps at the time in question, under the new formation and discipline,

had only been in existence a little over six months. The Yeomanry were to take this mountain out of hand, and for all the good the C.M.R. were they might just as well be away. The Premier had not, however, the same opinion of the Artillery, for he ordered up the whole troop with three guns, purchased a 12-pounder Whitworth, a steel rifled gun, from the Orange Free State, with plenty of ammunition for it, and did not call out any of the first Volunteer Artillery.

The organized attack took place in May, when the whole force, under one of the colonels of these redoubtable yeomanry regiments, assaulted the mountain, and were thoroughly beaten off by the Baphutis, losing over twenty men killed and wounded in the attack. The attacking party never got within 100 yards of the first schanze; and the loss to the enemy afterwards turned out to be nil. The yeomanry individually were good men, but they were not organized, and were much worse in point of discipline than the old F. A. M. Police in its worst days. They were also, with few exceptions, badly led.

The next attack was to take place in July, the troops in the meantime being reinforced by burghers, a contingent of Hottentots, and another troop of C.M.R. The day before the attack a sergeant of Artillery* and seven men volunteered to creep up at night and throw in shell with lighted fuzes over the schanzes to drive the enemy's sharpshooters out, and enable the storming-party to get over the schanzes. They were to creep up at night, and then lie under the schanzes until the storming party was ready to advance. They all succeeded in getting up safely, and lay down right underneath the wall, waiting for daylight. The attack this time was to be made under the direction of the gallant Griffiths, our late commandant, and now Commandant-General, and he made as great a mess of this as he had of our movements in the Gealeka war. He was ably assisted in this mess-making by the greater part of the yeomanry and burghers.†

* Sergeant Scott.

† I do not know what the worthy Col. Griffiths and my Cape Volunteer friends will have to say to this account. But it was the only detailed one I could command. It is valuable also, being as it is, by an eye witness as well as a combatant.

The C.M.R. were to advance, and the burghers and yeomanry to support them ; in the meantime, the schanzes were to be cleared by the shell party lying underneath. The advance was sounded, Sergeant Scott and his party threw two shells over the schanze, the third burst in his hand, shattering it and severely wounding him and three others of the party. The C.M.R. charged and got possession of the first schanze, shooting a few of the enemy ; but with the exception of a few of the yeomanry and burghers, who gallantly supported them, the rest of these boasted corps could not be induced to advance up the hill. One of the colonels I saw in a hole under a stone shouting to his men to go on, but not venturing his own valuable person out of cover. This was the same gentleman who had, some two years before, accused the police of running away at Guadana. I hope if he ever reads these pages he will be pleased with the notice I have taken of him.

The grand result of this ill-judged and mismanaged attack was our most ignominious defeat.

We lost heavily in killed and wounded. Captain Surmon of the C.M.R. was shot through the lungs, and about thirty-four were killed and wounded on our side, with an insignificant loss to the enemy. Such was the result of the day's proceedings.

Sergeant Scott had his hand amputated. I am glad to say he has since been promoted and received the V. C. ; but he was for a long time dangerously ill from his wounds.

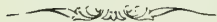
Winter was now coming on ; it was bitterly cold, with hard frosts at night. The Baphtis, finding they had beaten us off, used to make frequent sorties against the camp ; but our camp was too well guarded for them to surprise us. One of the yeomanry camps, however, at the junction of the Quithing and Orange Rivers, was surprised one night, and seventeen men killed on the spot. After this episode we had no more surprises in the camp.

A party of our men went up one night to reconnoitre the schanzes, were surprised, and one of them wounded and taken prisoner. The next morning his head appeared on a pole shown over the schauze on the top of the mountain ; his body was flung over a few hours afterwards, which we recovered and buried. Let us hope, poor

fellow, his tortures were but brief; but we remembered this against the Baphutis when we afterwards took the mountain.

Our horses were now daily dying, and the whole force getting sick. It was with great difficulty that provisions had been supplied us; but up to this date the commissariat arrangements had been good. The supply of forage for the horses now failed, and there being little or no grass, the poor beasts, between hunger and cold, rapidly died off. The authorities at last determined to wait till the weather was a little warmer, and also to try and starve the enemy out by surrounding the mountain. They of course did not know of the stores of food on the top, and the means by which the enemy were almost daily supplied, and which was not found out until after the mountain was captured.

The best part of the force now assembled was ordered away, leaving just sufficient to surround the mountain. These consisted of an equal number of C.M.R., yeomanry, and burghers, with a few native levies, principally Fingoes. The Artillery were ordered to Ibeka to refit, leaving two guns and detachments, with an officer in charge. The remainder of us marched to Ibeka on foot in twenty-three days, heartily glad of a rest and change, which, however, was not to be of long duration.



CHAPTER XXVII.

CAPTURE OF MOROSI'S MOUNTAIN.

THE beginning of October again found us on the way to Morosi's mountain. Since our return to Ibeka the guns and carriages had been refitted, and all had been provided with fresh horses and equipments.

Our road lay through Fingoland, and until we arrived at Queen's Town, was of a most uninteresting description. Seven days after leaving Ibeka we reached Queen's Town, a pretty and prospering town on the north border of Fingoland, in the district bearing the same name. Queen's Town was originally built in the form of a hexagon ; but houses have been erected all round the first buildings, and it has now the same appearance as any other town. A railway runs from King William's Town, and there are several good hotels. Queen's Town is perhaps the most English town in the Colony. The inhabitants have a thorough love and respect for the mother country and its institutions. The railway is being extended to Aliwal and the Diamond Fields, and there is no doubt that in a few years Queen's Town will become a much more flourishing place than it even now is. We stopped here one day, and then proceeded on our route, passing through a flat country totally devoid of interest, perfectly innocent of all trees, and with water only at intervals of from seven to ten miles.

In due time we reached Palmietfontein, a station of the C. M. R. This station is built, like many others, in the form of a square, with houses and stables. Nearly the whole troop of C.M.R. were absent, only a few being left to look after the station.

Palmietfontein is distant thirty-five miles from Morosi's mountain, and is close to the Orange River. After a day's rest we again marched on, passing between high hills and mountains and fording several small streams, reaching Stork Spruit at night, which consists of a few houses and flour mills. At daylight we reached Silver Spruit, the

residence of Mr. Austin, the magistrate. The place is pretty, lying at the foot of a mountain. The house and adjacent buildings were entirely wrecked, as I have mentioned, and the scene looked very desolate. After stopping here for four hours, we again proceeded on our weary way till we reached a place called Thomas's Shop, so named after a store kept by a man of that name. A strong detachment of C.M.R. was stationed here.

At this station was the hospital for the force in the field at Morosi's mountain. It was fortified with a high stone wall running all round. The buildings were large and commodious, and an experienced medical man and his wife were in charge. Thomas's Shop is about fifteen miles distant from Morosi's mountain, the road to which place had been entirely made since the commencement of hostilities. It is a tolerably good one, cut out of the side of the hills, but difficult and dangerous to drive in consequence of the sharp turns. In some places there are precipices of 500 feet, over which you would fall sheer into the Orange River should you unluckily get off the road. We did not meet with any mishaps, though we travelled at night, and early at daylight we reached our destination.

The mountain looked blacker than ever, the schanzes were increased both in height and number; in fact, the more we looked at it the less we liked it. We found here about 300 C.M.R., with some yeomanry and burghers; our detachment brought the entire force of the C.M.R. up to 350 men, with four guns.

The next day Colonel Bayly arrived to take command, and a few days afterwards the yeomanry, volunteers, burghers, and native levies left for their homes.

This withdrawal of the troops took place on the representation of Colonel Bayley, who declared he would take the mountain with his own regiment, if the Cape Government would let him have the direction of affairs and his own men, unimpeded by others. In this the Government wisely acquiesced, and happily he got rid of the irregulars.

We cheered them out of camp as they went away. We felt sorry they were not permitted to participate in the approaching attack, for the men themselves had stuck to their work bravely, and it was not their individual fault that their efforts had been so completely unsuccessful.

After their departure the C.M.R. were formed into one camp on the west side of the mountain, that is, the side facing the slope. A strong stone wall was built round the camp, and immediately below the camp, in a small valley, where the horses were kept. We had plenty of food both for ourselves and horses, the commissariat arrangements being now most excellent. The guns were placed in position about 1,000 yards from the first schanze, and were daily used whenever a native ventured to show his head. A picket was kept up day and night on the saddle, at a place about 300 yards from the schanze, and a lively fusillade used to go on day and night between the besiegers and the besieged, without much damage being done on either side. We let the enemy know we were alive to do their designs, and we thus prevented them from descending the mountain to attack the camp.

This picket was changed every twelve hours, and we found it to be most exciting work. The relieving party had to pass within 350 and 400 yards of the first schanze to reach the Saddle. The enemy were continually on the look-out for us, and peppered away as the men passed, which of course they did at a run. The whole camp used to turn out to watch the relief, and we used to unmercifully chaff our comrades who were about to be shot at. The men got so used to this daily one-sided shooting match, that they took it quite as a matter of course. Our chaff evidently acted as an antidote to the enemy's guns, for not one was on any of these occasions wounded, though the escapes were narrow as well as numerous.

We tried all manner of devices to induce the enemy to attack the camp; but old Morosi was far too cunning to let his men venture into the open. He knew his vantage-ground, and he stuck to it.

We next tried shelling the mountain with the big guns, but without any visible effect. At night time we used to send up a star shell, which illuminated the whole mountain for half a minute or so. We did this to enable us to get aim with the guns during the duration of the light, and then we fired several rounds in succession. But all this was simply wasting ammunition; and so the Colonel appeared to think, for it was soon discontinued.

All we now did was to reconnoitre at night in small

parties to find a place suitable for an escalade. It was no secret that this was the plan the Colonel and officers had determined to adopt ; but the day and time appointed were kept a profound secret. A mortar had been sent for from King William's Town ; and scaling-ladders were, we knew, in course of construction at Aliwal.

At last the mortar arrived with ammunition and equipments. As this mortar helped to a very considerable extent in the taking of the mountain, I will give an account of the difficulties we had to contend with, to make it serviceable and of any use at all. To begin with, it was a service five and a half inch brass mortar, throwing a sixteen pound shell, bursting in the ordinary manner. The mortar was of a very old pattern, and had, I believe, done service at Cape Town, outside the Museum with its brother for many years past. It bore the inscription of "George Rex, 1802 " on the outside ; this will give the reader some idea of the antiquity and value of this remarkable piece of ordnance sent up to us by our old friends, the Cape Town authorities. The fuzes which accompanied it had been in store for years, and we thought it advisable to try a few before using them. They were twenty-second fuzes. We tried three, and I will detail the interesting results we obtained. Bear in mind they were supposed to burn twenty seconds : No. 1 burnt four seconds, then went off with a shoot ; No. 2 would not be persuaded to burn at all ; No. 3 burnt five seconds, and then blew out the whole of the composition. We sat down and calmly, or otherwise, consigned the Colonial ordnance to sundry unmentionable places.

The result of using these fuzes would probably have been the injury or destruction of the entire mortar squad.

We were in a fix. A mortar, plenty of shell and powder, but no fuzes. After some consideration and more experiments, we finally, with infinite trouble, transformed a quantity of 7-pounder R. M. L. fuzes into mortar fuzes, and these we used with perfect success.

A day or so was spent in putting iron bands round the "bed " or carriage of the mortar, and one afternoon we carried this novel piece of ordnance to within 600 yards of the first schauzes, and commenced a few experimental shots. With these shots we managed to blow a small gap

in one of the schanzes, when the natives opened such a heavy fire on us that we were obliged to leave the mortar and take shelter behind some stones, until the guns cleared the schanzes, when we retired with the mortar into camp.

I had had some experience with mortars, so this was given into my charge, and I was told to pick a squad of six men to work it, which I soon did. Of course I was careful to select well-trained artillerymen from my own troop.

We had to fire this mortar from a distance of 600 yards from the centre schanze of the mountain, and it soon became apparent that, if we did not wish to lose some of our number, a bastion or some protection must be built for the men who were working the mortar. Volunteers were called for, to build. There was no difficulty; forty men at once came forward, and each picking up a big stone at about 800 yards, ran with it to the point determined on for the bastion and deposited it. A sufficient quantity of material being thus collected, we advanced to build. Here the cunning and skill of Morosi significantly displayed itself. Whilst we had been collecting the stones not a shot had been fired by his side, as we were scattered; but directly we were, so to speak, massed, the natives commenced firing at us, volley upon volley. We cheered and piled up the stones, as hard and as quickly as we could, knowing full well the higher we got with the wall the more cover we should enjoy. We were without arms of any description, and within 500 yards of the first schanze, when I suppose it suddenly occurred to them for what purpose we were building. Their firing suddenly ceased, and numbers of the enemy appeared on the schanzes, as if they intended charging.

But Colonel Bayley had anticipated this, and had pointed the big guns ready for them; with these he soon drove them back. In the interval we had built a bastion twenty feet long, in the form of a semicircle, eight feet high; and to the right of it, about twelve yards distant, the walls of a three-sided house to serve as a powder magazine. We covered this at the top with hides, and over the wall of the bastion a number of hides we hung to prevent the concussion of the mortar knocking the stones down.

At dark that night we brought the mortar up into position, and at daylight astonished the enemy by throwing shell all over the mountain, making several small breaches in the schanzes. In fact, to our great joy, and not a little to our surprise, the mortar was a grand success.

For the information of any reader who does not know the difference between the results produced by a projectile fired from a rifled gun, and those of a smooth-bored mortar a few remarks may not be amiss. The initiated must pardon me making what to them will be a digression.

A rifled projectile makes a low trajectory, and consequently loses very little power in traversing the distance it has to go. The shell or shot can only take effect on the side of a schanze facing the direction from which the projectile has been fired.

Now, with the mortar the trajectory is high, and the object is to fire the shell so that it will rise a sufficient height and distance only in the air, that by its semi-circular course it may be carried over and inside the schanzes. The distinction is illustrated well by a cricket ball, which in one case may be thrown against a wall, while on the other it may be "lobbed" over it.

Now, our desire was to throw the shells immediately over the schanzes, when they would roll down the hill to the men inside, and burst amongst them; and in doing this we made very good practice, which proved most successful.

My mortar squad lived with me in this bastion day and night for five days, and fired at intervals, whenever any of the natives showed themselves. At night we posted a sufficient guard at the bastion in case of attack. But no assault on the bastion was attempted. At night careful surveys had been made of the mountain, and we all knew that we were on the eve of an attack.

The Sunday before the final assault the Bishop of Bloemfontein and two clergymen arrived, and held services in the camp. They were all three Englishmen, and were much appreciated. They went round the camp conversing with the men, and we all thought too much praise could not be given to these gentlemen, thus voluntarily leaving their comfortable homes to come and rough it with us for several days as they did, actuated only by the best and kindest of motives—for our encouragement and spiritual

welfare. Two days before the attack the Bishop and his chaplain left ; but the third clergyman, a Mr. Russell, remained, and went up the mountain with the storming-party to see if he could be of any assistance to the wounded. These kind of men do credit to their country and their cloth, and it is a pity there are not more of the same sort in South Africa.

The scaling-ladders now arrived from Aliwal ; they were all too weak, and some too short, while many of them broke with four men on them. They were in thirty feet lengths, well designed, but badly made and put together. We remedied the want of strength by tying two ladders together and strapping them with iron bands.

The day before the attack we amused ourselves with some athletic sports, and in the evening the orders were issued for a general attack the next evening. A reward of £200 was offered for Morosi, alive or dead ; the same sum for Dodo ; and £25 for the first man on the mountain, with promotion, whether officer or man.

It was characteristic of Colonel Bayley that his order began "Morosi's mountain will be taken to-night by the C.M.R.," &c. Then followed the list of rewards and the disposition of the various troops.

The attack was to take place at the dip of the moon, which was near midnight, about half-past twelve. Parties of six natives were told off to carry the scaling-ladders, of which there were twenty. The men were to dress as they liked, and to arm themselves in any way they fancied ; but all, without exception, were to carry their carbines and revolvers. These orders, with a few more details respecting the time the mortar and big guns were to begin and cease firing, constituted the instructions under which we were to proceed to attack this redoubtable stronghold.

For four days and nights previous to the attack the mortar had been constantly fired, at intervals of ten minutes at night time and varied intervals in the day, generally leaving off for about four hours to enable the mortar squad to obtain a little rest. The mortar was worked by the same squad all through this time, and we were beginning to be thoroughly knocked up. The guns were to fire at intervals during the day preceding the attack, and both guns and mortar were to cease firing at

twelve at night. The attempt to get on the mountain was to be made by scaling-ladders up the fissure called Bourne's Crack, which I have described, and the krantz immediately surrounding it. Then officers were told off to lead the storming-parties at these several points. During the day previous to the attack twenty-five men of a force called the Woodhouse Border-guard, under Lieutenant Mulenbeck, and fifty Fingoes under Captain Hook, the magistrate at Herschel, and Allan Maclean, arrived. The whole force to attack the mountain numbered between 350 and 400 white men, and about 100 natives.

As the day wore on the guns and mortar continued to fire at intervals, as ordered, and our men were lying about on the ground in all directions.

The camp presented a strange spectacle : some laughing and talking, others playing cards, others writing letters, but underlying all this apparent indifference to the future, an acute observer could note that much of the merriment was forced, and that nearly all were anxious as to the result of the game to be played that night.

The force which was prepared to attack this evening was less than half in number to that which had previously tried and twice been beaten back, with heavy loss each time. No wonder there were many anxious faces, thinking probably more than they had ever yet thought in their lives.

At sunset the picket on the Saddle were relieved by Lieutenant Mulenbeck and his men. Their orders were to hold the Saddle, and try to get into the schanzes as soon as the attack began—a bold and perilous undertaking. At 11 p.m. all the tents in camp were struck, and the men fell in noiselessly and in silence ; and with a hearty “good luck” from the artillery men at the guns, they started on their way to the foot of the mountain, some 1500 yards distant.

Whilst this storming-party was marching to the point of attack, a strong breastwork was built on one corner of the camp, constructed with casks and bags of mealies. This was a precaution in case of a repulse, to afford a place of shelter to which the men might retreat. An additional reason for this arose out of a report by some Fingoes, that a party of about 200 Tambookies, who had

come in during the evening, were going to attack the camp directly the storming detachment left it.

Though these Tambookies were nominally friendly to the Cape Government, and had professedly come in to assist: yet, as their home is on the borders of Basutoland, it was highly probable that, in the event of the storming-party meeting with a repulse, they would act as reported. Had they so done, they would have met with a very agreeable reception.

The signal to the storming-party to proceed was to be the firing of three rockets in quick succession. The storming-parties were then to go forward as arranged; and these Tambookies were ordered to ascend a gully to the left of the slope and facing the camp, when the guns and mortars had ceased firing, and the mortar detachment was to join the storming-party. From this part of the arrangement there was obliged to be a deviation, for the bed of the mortar had been getting shaky all day, and at 10.30 that night finally collapsed, rendering the mortar useless. It had done, however, good service, and had fired 367 rounds of shell on the mountain during the four days and nights it had been kept at work.

The rockets went up, and the storming-party placed their ladders and commenced climbing up. Lieutenant Springer of No. 3 troop planted his ladder to the right of Bourne's Crack, and with his men climbed up. When near the top a native put his head over the krantz and said to him in Dutch, "Don't come up here, or I'll shoot you." "Shoot away," said Springer; and the native, looking over, exposed too much of his body, and was shot by Springer himself, the bullet from the native grazing the lieutenant's shoulder and going through his shirt.

These shots aroused the whole mountain; but our men were now fast getting up the ladders, and as it happened, the enemy were all in the schauzes, expecting we should attack the same way as hitherto. There were only thirty of the enemy on this side, and they were speedily shot down. Five minutes after the ladders had been planted 200 men were on the mountain, and helping the remainder up. Mulenbeck, in the meantime, from the Saddle had fought his way up with his men, and had reached the fourth schanze, after shooting down the enemy in the

previous schanzes, through which and over which we had come.

The Fingoes had also reached the top of the gully, headed by Allan Maclean.

The Tambookies had refused to go on, and Captain Hook had marched them back, and they were disarmed by the artillery and made prisoners.

Let me now return to the storming-party. A few minutes after the first 200 hundred men were up, the remainder had all been pulled up somehow or other. Nearly all the ladders had broken, owing to the excitement of the men who had crowded on them.

Nearly all the enemy had by this time come over from the schanzes and the opposite side of the mountain to resist the storming-party. Forming in line, and cheering heartily, the C. M. R. charged across the flat top of the mountain, driving the enemy in front of them. For a few brief minutes it was hand to hand, and then the natives were cut down and shot where they stood, those that escaped only to be driven over the perpendicular sides of the mountain and smashed to pieces in their fall. The C. M. R. were now divided into three parties, and commenced scouring out all the nooks and crannies for Morosi and Dodo.

Small parties of Baphutis were found hidden in various caves, and were immediately brought out and shot; and at last, after several attempts to get inside a cave where Morosi was found to be, he was shot, but Dodo could nowhere be discovered.

At five o'clock a.m., just as the sun was rising, the Union Jack was hoisted on the top of the highest point of the mountain, and in half-an-hour afterwards Morosi's head was placed on a staff in the centre of our camp, a ghastly warning to all rebels.

Morosi, the old chief, was shot by a private in the C.M.R. named Whitehead, who had a narrow escape, the bullet Morosi fired at him going straight through the peak and crown of his cap. Whitehead did not know he had shot Morosi, and when the body was brought down by one of the Woodhouse Border Guard, he of course received the reward, which was rather hard on Whitehead.

Our loss in this action was two men severely wounded,

one Fingoe killed by an accidental shot from one of his own party, and one wounded.

The enemy lost heavily ; four old women, Morosi's wives, two children, and one paralyzed man constituted the prisoners taken, all the rest were either killed or had escaped.

The prisoners assured us there were 500 men on the day before the attack, but that at this time there were not more than 300. Morosi and his sons, except Dodo, were killed, and about 200 of his men. Dodo and about 120 men escaped by throwing themselves into the Orange river. How many were killed in that desperate leap it is impossible to say.

The Tambookies who had refused to join in the attack were stripped, flogged, and driven out of camp. This was the last we saw of them.

Such was the capture of Morosi's mountain, taken by a surprise, well conceived and as well executed, reflecting great credit on Colonel Bayley, who did not, however, stop to thank us, but hurried off the field to the Colony to receive the acknowledgments of the Government and Colony at large.

Morosi in this mountain had for nine months successfully defied all effort to compel him to evacuate his position, costing the Government many good lives and a great deal of money. No wonder the Government made much of Colonel Bayley. He was our colonel, and we had to be satisfied with this, for it was all the thanks the force ever received. Civil words cost nothing, and the Government might have taken the trouble to thank the men of the C.M.R. for the victory. It was by their pluck, and by them alone, that Morosi's Mountain was taken ; for as a matter of fact, Colonel Bayley and the adjutant were never on the mountain at all, either in the attack or subsequently.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFTER THE CAPTURE OF MOROSI'S MOUNTAIN PROMOTIONS.

THE scene on the top of Morosi's mountain after it was taken is almost impossible to describe. In every direction dead men, women and children lying where they had been shot. Nearly all the women and children had been killed by pieces of the mortar shells. The prisoners told us that the mortar and guns drove them mad ; go where they would, they could not get out of the way of these bits of iron flying about in every direction.

On the top of the mountain was a square house, strongly built of stone, and containing six or seven tons of gunpowder. Cattle, dead and dying, were lying about, together with immense quantities of bones. There were many springs of good water, and abundance of corn ; and with the quantity of food collected there, the enemy could without doubt, have held out for a long time,

After a day's rest we all set to work to demolish the schanzes, and clear up the mountain for occupation. A troop of C.M.R. was kept continually on the top, and relieved every twenty-four hours. The powder magazine was blown up, and the dead cleared off the top. In a week's time the flat presented quite a decent and respectable appearance.

Fourteen days after the date of the capture the whole of the Artillery were ordered to go to Ibeka. Two troops of C.M.R. accompanied us as far as Queenstown, and at that point we separated for our different stations.



CHAPTER XXIX.

CAPTURE OF MOROSI'S MOUNTAIN.

THE following was published by the *Cape Times* :—
Colonel Bayly reports :—

I assaulted the mountain on the 20th inst. from five different positions, all parties leaving camp for their respective positions at the dip of the moon. The mountain was ours at a quarter past four o'clock a.m.

The following are the casualties : Thomas Schwasch and Earnest Scorfield, Nos. 1 and 9 troops, C.M.R., dangerously wounded, two Fingoes killed and two wounded ; were the only casualties. About seventy of the enemy killed, a great number made their escape, but we still have a number cooped up in a cave. Morosi at present not turned up. Setuka, Muntza, Matsapolo, and Massipi among the killed. There were about 200 of the enemy on the mountain.

From a later report by Colonel Bayly we learn :—

Morosi turned up ; was shot through the neck at the first assault, and managed to creep into a cave, where he was found about three hours after dead. The whole affair is over ; it only requires a few natives, assisted by a small party of Europeans, to patrol the country.

I leave to-day for James Town, accompanied by Captain Giles.

The following is from the *Empire Telegraphic Association*, and dated Aliwal North, November 22nd, 1879 :—

Morosi's mountain was shelled continuously for three days and nights before the assault. On Wednesday night, about 12 o'clock, the forces were placed into position right round the mountain, and at about 3 a.m. the ladders were placed against that part of the krantz which overlooks the Quithing camp. Lieut. Springer, of No. 3 Company C.M.R., was the first man to reach the top of the krantz, for which he got his Captaincy on the spot. Once on the top, the men fixed bayonets, and charged in a line right across the mountain, carrying all before them. For about

ten minutes some severe bayonet work went on both inside and on the top of the different schauzes, and then all was over. Morosi was found dead inside of a small cave on the inside of the mountain with a bullet wound in the neck. Our loss was Private Ernest Corfield, of No. 9 troop, and Thomas Schwazch, of No. 1 troop, C.M.R., dangerously wounded. One Fingoe was killed, and two were wounded. No food or water was found on the mountain.* About seventy of the enemy were killed, a lot more of the enemy fled down all sides of the hill when they saw all was over. Captain Bourne of the C.M.R., who was in charge of the storming-party, is to be gazetted for a brevet Majorship. Every man of importance, except Dodo, is now supposed to be dead.

The *Queenstown Representative* publishes an interesting report of the capture of Morosi's Mountain, from which we make the following extract :—

The men were served out with long Sniders and bayonets and 70 rounds of ball cartridge each, and at midnight they assembled in rear of their respective camps. Just as the moon dipped over the hill the order was given to advance. Owing to the difficult nature of the ground traversed and the desertion of the ladder-bearers the attacking parties did not reach their ground until 1.30 a.m. No notice was taken of the approach of the men by the rebels until Bourne's party placed their ladder against the rock. Stones and boulders were rolled down, and much to the disgust of C.M.R., a dead cow was hurled in their midst. Finding this spot too well defended the ladder was shifted and placed in another position a little further away. Lieut. Springer then mounted, and as he ascended a Baphuti above pointed a gun at him. Springer engaged him in conversation in Dutch, and they had a friendly dispute who should have first shot. After gaining the top of the ladder fifteen feet of sloping rock had to be ascended, and directly Springer showed above the ladder the Baphuti fired, the bullet taking off the undress cap. Springer then coolly held his rifle in one hand and shot his

* The contrary was the fact, as the preceding account by a C.M.R. shows that plenty of food and water was found on top of the mountain.

antagonist, who tumbled down amongst the attacking party. The gallant fellow then sprang on top and was quickly followed by Lieuts. C. Goldsworthy and Winslow, who assisted others up. When some dozen men had effected a landing a cheer was raised and a rush made to a small "schanze," which they held to cover the ascent of the remainder of the party. This was about 3 o'clock, and still dark. The men now poured up so rapidly that they had to be checked, as Captain Montagu's men, directly the cheer was raised, abandoned their point and swarmed up the ladders. The Fingoes, under Maclean, simultaneously pushed up at the Spring, and effected a junction with the C.M.R. Forming into line with fixed bayonets, the C.M.R. charged the Baphutis, who retired on to the "Comb," a very rugged position, and here tried to make a stand. The firing now became hot, volley after volley being exchanged. It took but a few minutes to dislodge the enemy, who then rushed over the crest into the schanzas on the slope of the mountain, our men hotly pursuing. The Baphutis kept up a lively fire, and owing to the slow movement of the Fingoes and their careless firing, our men were obliged to seek cover to avoid the Fingo fire. Capt. Mublenbeck's men, who had been impatiently awaiting the order to advance, now charged the front schanzas, led by their captain, sword in hand. Clambering over the walls they fought their way up, and did excellent service. The Baphutis made a desperate stand, being shot or bayoneted where they stood; but just as day was breaking the shouts of our men proclaimed that the mountain was theirs. After this there were little indiscriminate fights at different points, one schanze being held for a long time. On the top of the mountain—which is very rugged and lined with schanzas on all sides—there were four square and two round huts, but the principal places of residence seemed to have been in caves and openings in rocks. A never-failing spring of pure water was also discovered, and, in fact, there was abundance of water all over the mountain. Hundreds of carcasses of cattle were seen which had evidently died of starvation. All the dead and captured rebels were in good condition, and apparently well fed. Forty-one dead bodies were counted on the mountain."

CHAPTER XXX.

DEATH OF MOIROSÍ.—THE ASSAULT UPON THE MOUNTAIN.

From the *Cape Times*, November 25th.

THE clever way in which the mountain was fortified is proved by the long time in which Moirosi has kept the besieging force at bay. There have been several attempts to take the mountain by storm during daylight, but in vain, and many valuable lives were lost. The Premier of the Cape Colony during the tour now drawing to a close, visited the mountain, and under a flag of truce, Moirosi came half-way down the mountain side and discussed with the Colonial Secretary the conditions of his surrender, but he refused an unconditional surrender, and after a three hours' palaver retired behind his fortifications. The siege was renewed, and Colonel Bayly was placed in command of the investing forces. After shelling the mountain continuously for three days and nights, on Wednesday night, the 19th instant, the assault was made. At the dip of the moon our forces were moved up, and the assault was made from five different positions, during the dark hours of the night. The storming party consisted of the following :—Allan Maclean, with 200 Fingoes, were at the rear ; Captain Bourne, and 170 riflemen, at the side ; Captain Montagu at Commandant's Cave with 175 men ; Captain Hook at the gully with 200 Fingoes and Tambookies ; Lieutenant Mulenbeck, with the Wodehouse Border Guard, and forty Fingoes at the Lip. The attacking parties left camp at midnight. A landing was first effected by Bournes' troop, afterwards followed by Maclean at the Spring and Montagu at Bourne's Crack. The enemy were not taken by surprise, but kept up a brisk fire and rolled down stones on the besiegers. Our native allies seem to have been panic-stricken, although it is asserted in some quarters that they acted treacherously. They were carrying the scaling ladders, but dropped them at the sound of

the first shot. The riflemen, however, picked up the ladders, and one, twenty-five feet in length, being placed against a sloping rock, the first man to mount was Lieutenant Springer of the C.M.R., at whom the Baphutis fired point blank. He had a narrow escape, one bullet passing through his hat and striking the rock close to him. He was quickly joined by other riflemen, and they held the position until the others came up. Once on the top, the men fixed bayonets, and charged in a line right across the mountain, carrying all before them. For about ten minutes some severe bayonet work went on both inside and on the top of the different schauzes, and then all was over. Moirosi, who had some five hundred men with him when he threatened Mr. Austen, appears to have only had two hundred with him at the time of this assault. There are said to have been many dead, and the stench of the bodies is reported to have been very offensive. A number of Baphutes escaped, but the whole affair is over, and it only requires a few natives, assisted by a small party of Europeans, to patrol the country. Moirosi was shot in the first assault; a bullet struck him in the neck, and after the assault he was found dead in a cave into which he crawled. Doda, the son of Moirosi, is said to be the only man of importance on the mountain who was not killed. Tetuka, Mosipali, Molsape, and Muntza are amongst the dead. Our casualties were Thomas Schwach and Earnest Scorfield, Nos. 1 and 9 troops, C.M.R., dangerously wounded, two Fingoes killed and two wounded. For the gallant way in which Lieutenant Springer mounted the scaling ladder he has been gazetted captain, and Captain Bourne is to be made brevet-major. Our telegram from King William's Town shows the reception which Colonel Bayly is to receive there, and congratulatory messages have been sent from various distant municipalities to the Government, on the complete success of this dashing assault.

In concluding this subject I would fain do justice to the memory of the Macleans (old friends of the writer's) by inserting the following :—

"I trust," says "Atlas" in the *World*, "that when the honours are distributed for this Zulu business, the many men belonging to the colonial service who have done well

will not be forgotten. There are several who have shown themselves first-class soldiers. The Brothers Maclean, for example, sons of that colonial servant, Colonel Maclean, who was one of the best Governors Natal ever had. There are four of them ; and they have been in the thick of the fighting for the last year or two. They are full of pluck and go ; but Allan Maclean, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, is especially well known as a dashing young soldier. In the Gcaleka war he was the means of saving a gun and a body of our troops at the Kei by his prompt flank attack on the Kafirs at the head of a lot of mounted Fingoes. He positively loves fighting, and is often to be seen in the hottest of the fray with a pipe in his mouth. In one affair, while thus quietly smoking and doing his work, seven troopers and an officer of the Cape Mounted Rifles were killed ; and at the end of it all Allan Maclean took up a trooper behind him, whose horse had been killed, and saved his life. Allan Maclean has earned the Victoria Cross over and over again, and yet I believe this is the first time his name has been mentioned in an English paper. His eldest brother, Jack Maclean, commands a troop in the same corps ; Alexander is a lieutenant ; and the youngest, Ronald, was at the relief of Ekowe, where he did well in command of the native horse." "Atlas" does no more than justice to the subjects of his notice ; in fact, as regards Alexander, or "Lexie" as he is popularly known, he does less than justice. "Lexie" rendered invaluable service during the Gaika war at the head of a corps of colonial Fingoes, and he is now excelling the exploits of all his brothers by the success and activity of his movements on the northern border. We are glad to learn that the Government has no intention of including any of the Macleans in the list of officers forced into retirement. It is understood that "Lexie" will have command of the force which it is intended to raise specially for the defence of the northern border, and a better selection it would be difficult to make.

Poor "Lexie" died not long ago from the effects of constant exposure culminating in fever, as shown further on.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE GRIQUALAND WEST AND NORTHERN BORDER FIGHTS.

THE public interest in the above affairs was diverted by the contemporaneous and grave events transpiring in Zululand.

As to the cause of these scrimmages—some of them hot enough too—the Koranna, or Hottentot, Captain Pienaar, alias Gamka, and the Ngqika, and general Kafir vagabond Captain Donker Malgas, urged several untenable pretexts, but the fact of the matter was that at the time of the Ngqika successes against the Cape Colonists, in 1878, Krelie was in touch with Cetywayo, Sekukuni, and Umqikela of Pondoland, and the general native mind was unsettled and excited by the two first mentioned arch plotters, and both Sir Theophilus Shepstone and Mr. Charles Brownlee were aware of this plotting.

Owing to the comparatively uneventful affairs of this expensive and protracted war, and the fact of the Zulu agitation eclipsing the interest in it, condensed newspaper accounts of the various events in it are not so readily obtainable as those of other fights about the same time, so that the only course left me is to make a detached and running comment on the few data I have gleaned from the Imperial Blue Books kindly lent to me.

On the 18th of June, 1878, I find that a fight took place in the Langeberg, and on the 20th another of some moment, in which Major Nesbitt was wounded.

On July 20th, 1878, Klass Lucas succeeded in getting into the Islands, and the Korannas followed suit on the 21st.

Mr. Uppington (now Sir Thomas) says in his report to the Colonial Secretary in Cape Town, in July, 1879, that had the Korannas been pursued in July or even August, when the river was low the protracted warfare that ensued would have been obviated.

The Cape Artillery reached the Orange River in October, 1878; Colonel Bayly arrived to take charge (for a short time, as it turned out) on the 20th Sept., 1878.

When Major Nesbitt resumed command, he had a fight at Olivenhouts Drift with Malgas and Gamka, who had been driven out of the Langebergen after their defeat there in October, 1878.

In March, 1879, Mr. Upington arrived at Kenhardt, the base of operations, and a very distant base at that.

Mr. Upington did not seem to think that things were going on fast enough, and did not hesitate to tell the gentleman in charge—Mr. Jackson—his mind on the subject. Then ensued a wordy warfare, and despatches flew like butterflies. By the correspondence in the Imperial Blue Book, it appears that Mr. Upington acted with his wonted courtesy and dignity, while it seemed that his opponent said heated things which were not proved. However, Mr. Jackson sent in his resignation, and Mr. Upington, who, like his countrymen, seemed to be “blue moulded for want of a batin,” placed Capt. McTaggart in command, and went at it with his usual “go.”

Capt. McTaggart took over the command on the 5th of April, 1879, and soon cleared Lucas Poffadder, Malgas and Co. towards Afrikaner's land. The Bastard W. Christiaan acted in concert with him.

Up to the 18th October, 1878, Gamka, by his own—written—confession, had lost fifty-five men.

From June to December, 1878, 742 men (colonial) were employed at what I shall call the “Islands' Fights” on the Great Orange River. The largest number at any certain date was 450.

On the 30th October, 1878, Field Commandant J. A. Van Niekerk and force surrounded a lot of Bushmen and shot forty-six, some women and children included. There was, of course, a great row about this. But practical, and also merciful men, say that this is sometimes unavoidable, as it is hard to distinguish in the bush, and the smoke, and the hurry &c., of actual fighting, the difference between the sexes, as, in dress, &c., they look much the same, especially when half hidden in the thick bush. There is no time for accurate examination when poisoned arrows are whistling about one's ears.

On the 17th March, 1879, Southey's Rangers, (and Capt. McTaggart) reached Kenhardt, and, as I have said, the latter took command from the 5th of April.

On the 8th and 9th of this month there was some hot work in the Islands, but the black rabble was again driven along towards the sea.

On the 10th April, 1879, there was also warm work, the "rag tag and bobtail" of Orange River being led on by Donker Malgas, Klaas Lucas and Mr. Puffadder. Roy Tys, the factotum of Gamka, was shot dead at Melkstroom.

Capt. McTaggart often mentioned my late friend W. A. Maclean—familiarly, and favourably known as "Lexie." When Ramalana, the Basuto chief, as I have shown, murdered the Pretorius family in the Drakensberg, and then made a raid on Natal, the Natal volunteers turned out, and this Maclean, his brother "Jack" and the writer showed up amongst many others, and shared the same tent. "Lexie, I say, is often honourably mentioned by McTaggart. In one of these wretched scrimmages, chasing the blacks from island to island with frantic exertion and great difficulty, poor Lexie was wounded. He recovered for a time, but exposure and fever carried him off eventually.

On the 12th of April, 1879, I find that McTaggart was employed in driving the enemy along again.

On the 27th and 28th of the above month vigorous attack was made on the principal Island of Klaas Lucas. It was here that Maclean was wounded.

On the 29th McTaggart and Maclean (Commanding Zulus) attack the enemy on the Islands, under Donker Malgas. On this date is reported the death of Lieut. Kohn.

And on May 30th, 1879, Maclean had a vigorous and successful engagement with the enemy again, under Malgas.

To revert to 1878, the following particulars are given in the *Diamond Fields Advertiser* of the fight between the Griqualand West Volunteers and the enemy along the border :—

News was received in town yesterday morning that on the 10th of October (1878), the combined forces, numbering about 700 men, were in a kloof in the Langebergen. Colonel Warren says that the enemy—numbering about 1,000—were, according to information received, in a valley some fifteen miles off. It was decided that a forward

movement should be made at once, and the following morning the rebels were brought face to face with the Volunteers. The despatch announcing the fight was evidently written hurriedly, and before the end had arrived, but it is perfectly certain that one of the most persistent and largest engagements in South Africa ever known has been fought.* The battle lasted the whole of Friday (October 11th, 1878). It was continued over the 12th, and even then victory had not been achieved. Under such circumstances it is impossible to say, at present, what the casualties on the side of the enemy were, but on our side we have to mourn the loss of trooper Jubber of the A troop shot dead, and J. Edwards of the Carrington Horse, who died soon after being wounded. Troopers Niekerk and Woods are wounded. It is most unusual here for battles to extend over so long a period as in this instance, and either the natives are determined to fight to the bitter end, declining to retreat, or else they are hemmed in. In either case, desperation must best characterise their movements, because peace would immediately follow a surrender. Should this fight not prove decisive, Colonel Warren will have a difficult task before him. Already the prolonged drought is telling on the cattle, and the horses are rapidly falling off. As far as men are concerned, the Government have made ample provision, and independently of what the columns carry with them, there are laden wagons of provisions within easy reach. But if our own conjectures regarding the last engagement are correct, the back of the rebellion is broken, and not much more remains to be done, except by patrolling parties.

Skimming over the recorded events of October, 1878, I see that Nesbitt had a fight with 250 blacks near the Olivenhout Mission Station, and, as usual, drove them into the thick bush.

Archibald Forbes is nowhere, compared with the war correspondent of the *Victoria West Messenger*. In the following terms he describes a serious engagement accompanied by signal heroism. He says (writing from Koegas), "On the 15th of October a report came

* It will be remembered that, at this date the Battle of Isandhlwane had not occurred.

of fresh traces of Kafirs and cattle at Blaauwbosch, and immediately a patrol of thirty men under command of Commandant N. Smit, Captain D. Pienaar, and acting Captain J. A. van Niekerk went out in search. After a very fatiguing ride of about ten hours over a most rugged country, we came across one Kafir (!) driving thirteen head of cattle, which were taken, and the Kafir, after a most obstinate resistance, was killed." Eureka! Fancy all this "living tide of valour on the foe." The enumeration by the correspondent of the grand titles of the officers commanding this redoubtable and ferocious force, is delicious. Where is Leonidas, and Mr. Horatio Cocles after this?

The above tomfoolery was, however, on the part of one of these heroes amply atoned. A Koegas correspondent of the paper above alluded to—probably the same smart war bulletin pounder—says "In an engagement with some Bushmen, a burgher named Jan Loots (rather good name for border work) received a poisoned arrow through the thigh. After the man was carried out of danger, it was seen that the poison was beginning to work. Thereupon Acting Captain J. A. van Niekerk, jr, having given him a dose of brandy with *Eau de luce*, knelt down, and pressing his lips closely on the wound, sucked it again and again, till all the poisonous blood was extracted. The effects on Captain van Niekerk were almost instantaneous, and whilst nearly fainting, it was necessary to give him the same medicine that was given to the wounded man. This undoubtedly saved Mr. Loots' life, and it is refreshing to see that amongst the so-often abused Afrikanders, men are found, able to do things over which perhaps their abusers would think twice."

On the 12th Nov., 1878, the *Cape Times* announces the close of the Griqualand West War, whilst the "Island" fighting lingered on for some months longer, until quelled.

The last but one act (the shooting of Malgas and capture of the others) of this difficult war, is described in the following despatch from Capt. McTaggart to the Col. Secretary at Cape Town.

This war, it will be seen, in spite of the vigour and determination of Mr. Upton, who as a member of the Government took on himself the arduous duties of

directing operations too slowly moving, lingered on, it will be seen, about twelve months, and cost the Cape Colony about a quarter of a million in money. Any way, the rebellion was most effectually quashed, as all the rebels were either captured or shot. Capt. McTaggart says :—

Kakamas, 26th June, 1879.

SIR,—I have the honour to report for the information of the Government that I left this camp on the 20th inst. with one gun and 200 rank and file, for Jacobus Africander's country to act in a combined movement with Capt. Green of the Lilly Fontein Rangers, and William Christian of the Bondelswartz, as pre-arranged. Green's forces consisted of one officer and 25 men Southey's rangers, and 200 Bondelswartz.

The attack on the stronghold was to take place on the morning of the 22nd.

Although my notice from J. H. Scott, Esq., the Special Commissioner, who was in company with Capt. Green, was short, I succeeded by forced marches in being at the place appointed on the day fixed, a distance of eighty miles from my camp.

All my movements were watched by spies from Jacobus Africander and Pofadder, whose spoor I followed, and which led me to their strongholds.

Captain Green,—from information he received from W. Christian that Pofadder was in the Bondelswartz camp, on the night of the 21st instant, and that his "werf" was not far from where he (Capt. Green) was then encamped—left with all his available mounted men, at a very early hour in the morning of the 22nd, and succeeded in surrounding the camp of Afrikander and Pofadder, he coming up from the west side, and my forces coming up from the east through the mountains.

The enemy finding themselves between two forces, surrendered at once to Capt. Green without firing a shot, Jacobus Africander having surrendered himself to W. Christian the previous day.

We took 110 male prisoners of Africander's people, 200 women and children, sixty-nine stand of arms, 361 head of cattle, 200 small stock, twenty horses, five wagons, and one cart. Pofadder's people: taken thirty-six male

prisoners, seventy-eight women and children, sixty-one head of cattle, twelve horses, and thirty-nine stand of arms. Very little ammunition was found amongst them. Pofadder escaped with several of his followers.

I bivouacked close to the Werf of Africander, and ten miles distant from Green's camp.

From an express received from the Special Commissioner, the same evening, requesting me to join his camp as soon as practicable, I did so on the following morning, and shortly after arrival, held a council of war with reference to Jacob Africander, on account of William Christian not being willing to give up that chief.

The matter was soon settled by my insisting that the prisoners should be handed over to me by sundown, to be dealt with by our Government, which was accordingly done with very great reluctance.

The firearms of Pofadder we agreed to set fire to and destroy.

From instructions received from Cape Town, while in the Field, and at Africander's country, I handed over the command of the forces to Capt. Maclean, with instructions to follow up the enemy as far as Bloemfontein and Zwaart Modder, where Klaas Lucas and Pofadder are supposed to have fled to, the Special Commissioner and myself returning to head-quarter camp, with the prisoner J. Africander under escort, whom I intend to bring on to Cape Town.

Immediately on my arrival in camp, I despatched fifteen days rations to Capt. Maclean, for the forces under his command, to enable him to follow up and pursue Klaas Lucas, Pofadder, Donker Malgas, and Titus.

I hope to reach Cape Town about the 15th or 16th July.

I have, &c.,

(Signed) H. E. McTAGGART,
Commandant N. B. Forces.

The William Christian above alluded to is the man whose small stipend was recently disallowed by the Cape Parliament. Whether it is wise thus to reward faithful services is for the House "in its wisdom" to consider. What will the Bondelswartz say?

The popular and witty member of Government who

directed these northern border affairs tells a good story of a contemplative Boer burgher who was on active service. In one of the fights on the Islands, a very hot one, where the gun had, with herculean efforts, to be dragged through the bush, and the strong streams, breast high, with a rattling fire in the teeth of the attackers—in one of these fights, I say, the narrator was lying by the side of this burgher, while the firing was hot, and the wounded being carried in, when his Dutch friend, after long and due deliberation, heaved a great sigh and said "Ja; Allamagtig! maar oorlog is tog gevaarlijk!" This was the conclusion he had arrived at after protracted meditation. A free translation of his sapient remark being "By the Powers! but warfare is dangerous!"

In one of the deep and very rapid streams running amongst the numerous thicket-woven Islands, Mr. Upton was swept off his legs and hurled heels over head down stream, Mr. Maclean, however, at once pluckily plunged in, and after considerable difficulty, succeeded in saving the life of the indefatigable Director of Affairs.

The fate of my poor friend Maclean must be described by the following letter of Mr. John H. Scott to the Secretary for Native Affairs:—

Special Commissioner's Office.

Kimberley, May 13th, 1880.

SIR,—I have the honour to report for the information of Government that Inspector W. A. Maclean died at Kakamas on Tuesday, the 4th inst. The Surgeon in charge reports that death was the result of an attack of the malarial fever common to the neighbourhood of the Orange River, complicated with congestion of the lungs, and considers the fatal termination of the disease to a great extent attributable to the enfeeblement of an originally iron constitution by the severe fatigues and exposure undergone on this border by the late Inspector Maclean.

On Captain Maclean's return from the patrol into the desert (on which Donker Malgas was shot) it was very evident that his system had been subjected to a very severe strain, and seeing a great deal of him at that time, I was apprehensive that his health would break down. Captain Maclean had bargained that if he succeeded in capturing

Klaas Lucas, he was to be allowed to convey that Chief to Cape Town. He accordingly left this place on the 21st of October, 1879, and I hoped that the change and rest would re-establish his health.

In December, 1879, I met Capt. Maclean at Victoria West, on his way back to the Border, and found him very seriously ill. I found that his medical attendant had communicated with the Government on the subject of his illness, and that Government had authorised Capt. Maclean to take such leave of absence as should be necessary for recruiting his health. This he had almost decided to do, but feeling somewhat better at the last moment, he made up his mind to proceed to Kenhardt, fearing that it might be thought he had left his post for insufficient cause.

In February last the Orange River came down very suddenly, and overflowing its banks for a great distance, threatened to sweep off the Government boats, and to destroy the camp stores.

Capt. Maclean exerted himself very much to get the camp moved to higher ground, and spent most of the night on the water, securing the boats and warps. Owing to his exertions very little damage was sustained, but since that time he himself had been very unwell, suffering from debility and inflammation, and abscess of the ear.

On the 28th April he showed symptoms of fever, which rapidly developed itself, carrying him off in seven days.

I cannot conclude this report without referring to the services rendered by the late Capt. Maclean on this Border. Of his services in the Gaika and Gcaleka war it is for others to speak.

Captain Maclean arrived at Kenhardt in the end of March, 1879, a very few days before the forces marched to attack the Orange River Islands. He immediately took command of a Zulu levy raised at Kimberley for service here.

Arrived at the new Drift at the Orange River, it was found that the appliances available for putting a force of some 700 men, with some thirty or more wagons, across a swollen river nearly half a mile wide, were miserably inadequate. But Capt. Maclean at once volunteered his services, and bringing to bear the skill acquired in some years spent at sea, managed to ferry across the whole force and its impediments.

This was only accomplished by the severest exertion on his part. Night and day, for a week, he laboured at the steering oar, and it was very greatly attributable to his skill, courage and energy, that the crossing was accomplished without disaster.

The work on the Islands was of the most trying character. "The Islands" is really a tract of forest jungle some fifty miles long, and from two to six wide, intersected by innumerable streams, almost all unfordable, and many of them as swift as mill races. Not a man in the force knew anything accurately about these streams, nor how any particular island had to be reached.

The enemy had to be groped for, streams waded or swum, and that in the face of entrenchments held by the enemy, and our force was unprovided with light boats, lines, or any other appliances for such work.

The Korannas had retired to these fastnesses, scouting the idea that any white force could reach them. Our forces, however, taught them different, and that they were able to do so was very much owing to Capt. Maclean. He got his men across streams that seemed uncrossable, and by his cool contempt for danger inspired his men with courage, until at last the enemy, finding the cattle captured and their strongest position seized, fled for the desert.

At one of the attacks on the Islands, Capt. Maclean was struck by a partially spent bullet, and very seriously hurt. The surgeon in charge at one time thought fatally so.

When the force was moving off again to seek the enemy Capt. Maclean had himself, when hardly able to stand, lifted upon his horse, refusing to be left behind in inactivity.

In June, 1879, he took command of all the forces on the Border. Though he considered he had a grievance against the Government, which in his opinion would have justified him in refusing to serve them longer, he put that matter on one side, saying "that would be time enough to go into when the *work* was done." He at once organised flying patrols, and fell first upon Pofadder and his clan, coming upon them at day-dawn so suddenly that they surrendered without firing a shot, and subsequently followed up Donker Malgas and Klass Lucas right into the desert, taking his men, in the depth of winter, with just what

they could carry on their saddles, marching them thirty-six hours with only such water as they could carry with them, and entirely breaking up the last organised remnant of the enemy, brought back his force without losing a man or horse, thus *bringing to a close a war* which, but for his dash and energy, might have still been dragging on.

Capt. Maclean was eminently a fighting man, courageous and true-hearted, attaching his men and comrades to him, even more careful of them than of himself, and by his influence and example, inspiring all but abject cowards with courage and indurance.

For the special kind of work to which he was suited (and that sort of work became sometimes the most needful to get done) he had few equals.

I have, &c.,


Sgd. JOHN H. SCOTT,
Special Magistrate,
Northern Border.

Many years ago I was in the Civil Service in Natal with Lexie Maclean. He was then Secretary to the Chief Justice, and got a few months' leave of absence in order to visit his relations in England. His salary was limited, but not so his prompt resources. Lexie had insisted, in his youth, on going to sea, and to sea he went accordingly. Just before he sailed for England (with the leave so obtained) I saw him at D'Urban, in Natal, and hardly knew him. The spruce Secretary now appeared in sea-going oilskins, sou'wester, and space-pervading top-boots, a huge blanket on his back, and a tin pannikin in his hand. He had shipped for England as an A.B. before the mast. I don't know if he returned in the same manner, but by his pluck he had saved his passage money, and people said he had done a sensible thing. His widow is now at King William's Town, with, it is naturally to be hoped, a comfortable pension. Allan Maclean I never had the pleasure of knowing. Jack, (as I have said) and I were comrades in arms in the Ramelana affair. Another brother, Ronald, I lately met at East London. Colonel Maclean, the father of the above mentioned, was too well known in the

colony to need comment. He married Miss Kate O'Reilly, and the respected couple were very old friends of my parents—peace be to their ashes.

Such was the close of the attacks on the "Islands" or "The Border War." Truly a most difficult war to wage. At an absurd distance from its base; its scene dense jungle amid violent streams, and the enemy, good shots, swift in movement, and possessed of a marvellous power of dispersing at a moment's notice.

The indomitable Capt. W. A. Maclean followed the rebels some 80 miles into the desert—shot Donker Malgas, and captured Klaas Lucas and Pofadder. The former died on Robben Island, the latter at this date (24th March, 1888) is still on the said Robben Island.



CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FIGHTS IN GRIQUALAND WEST, &C.,

As the disturbances in Griqualand West and East, Sikukuni's affairs, and Tembuland, all occurred about the same time, I shall take the engagements as I find them noticed in the Blue Books for 1878-9 as I come across them.

In April, 1878, Sir Bartle Frere reports to Sir H. M. Hicks-Beach the rising of the Griquas in Griqualand East—and it afterwards appeared—many Pondos. Sir Bartle had acted upon the information of Capt. Blyth, Chief Magistrate of Griqualand East, sent on the 12th of April.

Sir Henry Bulwer immediately sent up 219 officers and men of the 3rd Buffs from Maritzburg in Natal, and fifty Mounted Police, whilst Mr. Donald Strachan, the Asst. Magistrate at the Umzimkulu River, moved up in support with 300 natives. The Griquas had made prisoners of Mr. Harold Acutt and his (European) boy, and looted the store of the former. The Griquas bound them and drove them before them with their cattle, but protected them from the Pondos who wanted to kill them. On the prisoners explaining that they belonged to Natal and not to the Cape, with which place the Griquas had a difference regarding land, they were released.

On the 17th of April, 1878, Capt. Spalding writes from King William's Town for the information of the Governor that "Details of Blyth's action have not yet arrived. But to judge from telegrams, his success has been complete, the rebel Chief Adam Muis having been slain."

On the 16th of April, 1878. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the Administrator of the Transvaal, reports to Sir M. Hicks-Beach that Sekukuni was getting troublesome. He had become infatuated in consequence of his late successful resistance to the Boers, and of the flattering manner in which Cetywayo had treated him. "No provocation," says Sir Theophilus, "whatever has been offered by this Govern-

ment to him, and I cannot account for his conduct on the supposition only that he has been led to adopt it by an exaggerated estimate of his own strength, and by encouragement from Cetywayo, who desired to embarrass H. M's. Government in the Transvaal."

On the 5th of April, 1878, Capt. Van Deventer, by order of Capt. Clark, the Commissioner for Lydenburg, attacked Sekukuni's sister Legolwana at her stronghold kraal Masselaroen. After sweeping off some hundreds of cattle, and counting twenty-seven dead bodies of the enemy, it was deemed advisable to withdraw, as the force was not strong enough to attack the enemy in his rifle pits. Lieut. Lloyd was twice wounded, and another volunteer was struck. Four Zulu police and six native contingent were killed on our side.

On the 12th of May, 1878, Colonel Lanyon reports an engagement with insurgent Griquas and Kafirs in the division of Hay in Griqualand West.

The cause of this war was the same as that urged in Griqualand East, the land question. Some people said Kreli and Cetywayo had a hand in it. It was pointed out that Sekukuni was paying his war indemnity to Sir Theo. Shepstone all right, until Cetywayo's messengers reached him, when he refused to pay up.

On the 3rd of May, 1878, Col. Lanyon marched against Donker Malgas near a place euphoniously called Blaamboschfontein, with Mr. McKenna and Mr. Roper. The party of the latter was suddenly fired upon, and "several killed" said some Boers who were flying away, and who the Colonel was unable to rally. The latter says: "I then went on and met Mr. Roper accompanied by the rest, save Walton and Essendwine, the former of whom had been killed and the latter wounded."

It appears that Mr. Roper had met and spoken to a native whom he knew, called Rooi Tys (the factotum of Jan Pienaar, *alias* Gamka). This man informed him that they were friendly, and offered to show him where Donker Malgas was. After pointing out the road to him, he went to a small hill close by, and immediately a heavy fire was opened upon the patrol from all sides. By this act of treachery Walton was shot through the thigh, and fell to the ground; the rest pluckily remained under a

heavy fire trying to save him. His companions were Mr. Roper, Sergt. McPherson, Tucker, Okeden, and Williams, a burgher. Tucker had caught a horse for the wounded man, but it was soon struck and broke away. As they were now about to be surrounded by the enemy they had to retire, the Sergt. putting Williams on his horse, up behind him. The end of poor Walton may be imagined. The fighting went on for two hours, Inspector Percy being severely wounded in the groin—the loss of the rebels was ten. As the light was failing the Colonel returned to camp.

Donker Malgas and Co. were Amaxona and Tembu refugees, commonly called Praamberg Kafirs, whose head quarters are at Scheitfontein. These refugees fled from Kafirland about 1828, before the invading Fetcani of the Amangwana tribe under Matiwane who had fled from Tshaka, as we have shown. So that we had actually saved these fellows when about to be exterminated by the terrible Mangwana warrior.

On the 24th of May, 1878, Col. Lanyon reports from Griqua Town an engagement which took place about three miles from there, called Jackals Vley, where the rebels had murdered Mr. Louw, the clerk to Mr. van Druten, the owner of a store there. The Colonel says :—Immediately in front of the position some natives were lying in a hole with some bushes round it, from which they were firing. To storm it would have entailed loss of life, so Lieutenant Doveton then mounted with five of his men, and pluckily galloped past the place, firing into it with revolvers, and at the same time we rushed in on foot from the other side, and took the place without any casualty. In this place we found the bodies of five men, two of whom were ringleaders of the rebels, *i.e.*, Moses Moos, a Griqua, and Piet Jonas, a Kaal Kafir. Only one man was living—the doctor took off his arm—but he died in the night.

Capt. McKenna now crept round the wall of the cattle kraal with the Diamond contingent, and some of the other corps, and gallantly took the kraal by storm. Twenty-five dead Korannas, Griquas, Bushmen, Kaal Kafirs, and one Bechuana were found. All the bodies clothed from Van Druten's store.

On the 12th June, 1878, Capt. Spalding reports the

discovery of the body of Sandilli, who was shot on the 29th of May, with Dukwana. The body was properly identified by Mr. Wright the Magistrate of the Gaika tribe, at the instigation of our jovial, gallant, and popular fellow-citizen the Honourable Col. Schermbrucker. The *post mortem* showing that he was shot "a little above the right loin, through the seventh and eight ribs, the bullet fracturing the ribs extensively—the wound being evidently caused by a Snider bullet."

On the 10th June, 1878, Col. Warren sent Col. Lanyon an account of an engagement that took place at "Withnis" Kloof the day before. He had seventy-five of the Diamond Field Horse and thirteen Hope Town burghers with him. He sent Capt. Rolleston with twenty Diamond Field Horse and thirteen burghers on the lower side of the range, and he himself with the head-quarters of the said Horse, followed the spoor of the enemy and cattle.

The Colonel took the rebels by surprise on the rear just as Capt. Rolleston's party was engaged with them—the Kafirs trying hard to remove their cattle. A hard fight ensued among the krantzes and kloofs, and the combined force completely routed the enemy and silenced their fire. Thirty-one miscellaneous miscreants were killed, and counted.

The enemy fought with extreme tenacity at close quarters, from fifteen to twenty yards, and some at rifle length, but their fire was very bad. About 1,000 cattle of all sorts were taken. The enemy were composed of "Colony Kafirs (Gaikas and Tambookies from Victoria West), Kaal Kafirs, (Gaikas), Korannas and Bushmen. Over a 100 in all."

On June 14th, 1878, Col. Lanyon reports to Sir Bartle Frere a fight that Inspector Nesbitt had on May the 30th with the enemy, who attacked his camp with about 800 men. After an engagement of an hour and a half they were driven back. Owing to the shelter trenches round the camp. Nesbitt had no casualties. He speaks in high terms of the way in which Capt. Maxwell (Thos.), Lieut. Parkins, and the men of the Artillery (Maxwell had brought Artillery from King William's Town) performed their duty under a heavy fire. The place was a very strong one owing to walls, &c., being built. In storming

one of these places Corporal Woodward of the Frontier Police was unfortunately killed—two other men wounded, and five horses shot..

On July 7th, 1878, Col. Lanyon reports that Mr. Ford, with a column of about 90 strong, met the enemy about 10 miles over the border ensconced in a small kopje, which was at once stormed and carried, but with considerable loss. Lieut. Paterson, Sergt. Rawstorne, Corporal H. Davis, Troopers Campbell and Williams were killed, and five wounded out of the 30 men of the column who were engaged in action.

On the 4th of July, 1878, Commandant Ford reports to the Acting Colonial Secretary the engagement above alluded to by Col. Warren and which took place on the 2nd inst. Mr. Ford says the kopje was a strong little one, and the fight was very hot. Early in the afternoon he received a bullet in his leg, and therefore directed Capt. D'Arcy, assisted by Lieut. Bradshaw and Sub-Lieut. Paterson, to lead the storming party.

Sub-Lieut. Paterson was killed whilst storming and cheering on his men. After he fell, he was carried out by Capt. D'Arcy under a heavy fire, Lieut. Paterson (Barkly Rangers) Sergeant Slade, and Trooper Dunne, Clifton, Cray, and Fraser of the Diamond Fields Horse, and Mr. S. Edwards, covering them, as well as other wounded who were being taken out. Other men who deserve special mention are Sergeant R. H. Brooks, Trooper A. C. Williams, and Corporal G. Ford, the former two of the Diamond Fields Horse, and the latter, Barkly Rangers.

On the 30th of July, 1878, Colonel Lanyon, from Kuruman, reports the most "important engagement of this war." The place had been considered for generations the stronghold of the Batlapin nation—it is named Litako or Takoon. Up to the time of this fight it had never been interfered with on account of its great strength. Over fifty years ago, says Lanyon, the fortifications had been raised by Mativo, the then paramount Chief, who then held undisturbed jurisdiction over the Batlapin nation. The Griqua and Bechuana nation were then allied to resist the fierce inroads of the Mantatees, who were then in immense numbers migrating southwards to secure land. Takoon was fortified to resist this inroad.

Some idea may be formed of the great strength of the above place from the following statement. The range of hills is about two miles long, and it is covered throughout with a network of walls. The town is situated about half a mile from the western end of the ridge (where the river runs) in a neck, and from it three kopjes on the ridge. In the first of these—about 150 feet above the river, there were 245 compartments, some round, some square, and others of all shapes, all being connected with each other. In the second kopje there were 88 compartments, and in the third, 175, making in all 508. The enemy obstinately defended these places, and fought to the last. Even after they were driven out of the place, they continued the fight and fired upon the colonial forces from every available spot. The force left Takoon on the 27th of July, 1878.

On the 2nd September, 1878, I may parenthetically remark (as a landmark in history) that General Thesiger reported to the High Commissioner that he had in H.M.'s name taken possession of the *left* bank of the St. John's River, and installed the Rev. Mr. Oxland as Resident in Pondoland. The right bank was taken possession of about a week later.

On the 24th August, 1878, Col. Lanyon reports a fight at Gomaperi against the enemy who were sheltering the murderers of Burness. The Colonel says five of the Colonial forces were killed at Takoon or Taku, alias Litako.

About the 10th August (Kafirs are not particular about dates) Mankoroane met Col. Lanyon at Matlabani town, and said that, acting in his (Lanyon's) aid, he had attacked Botlasitze's people in the valley of the Hart, had defeated them, and killed fifteen of the Kaal Kafirs, amongst whom were several of the murderers of Thompson, a trader.

On the 30th August, 1878, Colonel Lanyon forwards to Sir Bartle Frere copies of the numerous addresses presented to him and to the field force of Griqualand West on their return to Kimberley. The addresses are couched in terms of the warmest approval of the heroic actions of the Diamond Fields Horse, the Barkly Rangers and the rest of the force. Sir Bartle Frere in sending copies of the addresses to Sir Hicks-Beach dwells on the *voluntary* sacrifice endured by these patriotic men—he says that “the

duties performed by these forces have been of a very arduous nature, and the determination they have shown of remaining in the field, notwithstanding the sacrifice which was in many cases entailed by their so doing, is most creditable."

Col. Warren also points out the difference between fighting these dead shots of Griquas, &c., to the old colony Kafirs, where only about twenty per cent. are armed, whereas every Griqua, &c., carries a gun, and a gun of the best manufacture. As the Colonel says, "these natives are accustomed to fire with calmness in their hunts with wild beasts, and stick to their scantzes until they are killed—and won't be taken prisoners."

Col. Warren concludes by saying:—Although I was with my regiment longer actively in the field in the most serious conflicts which took place in the Colony, I cannot consider the fighting or danger there to be in any way comparable with that which had taken place in Griqualand West. In the latter war it was more like fighting experienced and desperate white troops." He says also:—I cannot help thinking that a time will come when the attacking party may suffer considerable losses from the firing of these people.

The following account of a fight at Paarde Kloof in the Langebergen is rather out of date owing to Sir Bartle Frere (as he explains to Sir Hicks-Beach) overlooking the matter.

On June 28th, 1878, Col. Warren, writing from "Potgieter's Farm" says that on the 18th of the above month he had a sharp engagement with the miscellaneous miscreants.

While we were effecting our movements, says he, the enemy commenced a hot cross fire upon us from the hill sides, and from scanzes erected across the valley at distances from 600 to 800 yards. Capt. Maxwell was the first to advance from the right.

I now sent Sergt.-Major Ling with his twenty-six Zulus to extend our line up the hill to the right of Lieut. Tyson, in order to dislodge the enemies' sharpshooters. In advancing, our line was about three quarters of a mile in length.

The Colonel goes on to say:—After an interchange

of heavy firing, I found it necessary to direct Lieut. Parkin to drop a shell into the scanze in front of us, from whence some excellent shooting was made by the enemy—among whom, we ascertained afterwards, was Sam Fortuin, a crack shot amongst the Griquas. The second shell burst on the scanze, and very much reduced the fire therefrom. I then ordered two shells to be thrown on the dyke at the foot of the right hand hill, and here again this second shell exploded precisely on the spot indicated, and considerably reduced the fire of the enemy from this point.

A message now arrived from Capt. Ward, stating that Rademan's Kloof was defended by about 100 armed Kafirs, and requiring reinforcements. I sent up ten men of the Star Brigade and Light Infantry, and also sent a party of eight men directly up the left hand hill. These latter, though they gallantly stood their ground, were unable to advance more than a short way up the hill on account of the heavy fire from the Kafirs lining the sides.

We continued to be hotly engaged with the enemy, advancing very slowly, when another message arrived from Capt. Ward, requiring Lieut. Parkin and his gun to secure his advance in Rademan's Kloof. I sent on the gun with an escort, but finding after a time that there was little hope of the left hand hill being taken by Rademan's Kloof, on account of the position of the enemy there, I decided to take the scanzes—at its foot—in front of us, by a rush. I therefore desired Lieut. Doveton with about fifteen men of Star Brigade and Diamond Field Horse, to mount and gallop up near the position, and then to dismount and rush up to the scanzes, and proceeded with them myself. On getting into them, we found that the enemy had retired before us, and that we had now effected a lodgment in their line.

We were here almost in line with the enemy both above us on the hill, and below us in the valley; we had therefore to keep a sharp look out that we were not surprised from above, while we poured in a cross fire upon those below, at from 400 to 1,000 yards. The enemy could not stand this fire in addition to the direct fire from Capt. Rolleston, Capt. Alexander and Lieut. Tyson's troops in the valley, and, though disputing their ground step by step, began reluctantly to retire. I now sent messages

to the A. C. and D. troops, and to the Zulus to advance quickly, and also to Capt. Ward to take the hill above us if possible.

The Zulus at this time were working well on the right hand hill, driving the enemy back step by step. The whole line now advanced and closed in on the enemy, who persistently clung to their scanzes and sluits, but who evidently could fire more accurately at long ranges than when under the excitement of the near approach of our men. In many cases they did not leave their cover until our troops had arrived within thirty to sixty yards of them; they then doubled on and took new positions.

I continued to keep up an enfilading fire upon the retiring enemy until our line had taken their positions, one by one, and were up with us, and then, finding the hill side above us still occupied by the enemy, I took up one party to dislodge them. These heights are cut by a slight valley, and we were obliged to ascend by the ridge to the east. Having driven the enemy over the crest of the hill they opened a hot fire on us from the other side of this valley, and I found it necessary to call up the reserve, who were with the artillery, to assist in dislodging them. While these men were ascending, clouds of dust appeared along the road in the distance, to the north, and having heard that an army under Gamka was expected to come to the assistance of the enemy, I sent directions to Lieut. Heintz, with the wagons, to prepare to resist an attack.

The party that made the dust was your Excellency's, and you kindly allowed me to continue in direction of the day's proceedings.

I now returned to the front and found our line rapidly advancing, the enemy having taken to flight all along the line on the storming of the hills.

Capt. Rolleston had taken the water that I had determined on seizing, as, failing that, we should have been many hours without it, and our troops were now proceeding up the kloof.

Thirty-five wagons were found about the water which the enemy had left. They had, in most cases, taken out the linch pins, but had no time to remove the contents. The kloof was full of cattle and goats, and as it was apparent the enemy were trying to drive them over the

mountains, Lieut. Parkin, whose gun was brought up to the water, was ordered to fire two shells at about 1,500 yards, over our heads into the kloof to check the enemy in their retreat. As soon as this was done our advance was continued, and the enemy driven up the kloof. I had now an addition to our strength, Lieut. Heintz and the baggage guard.

About 500 yards above the water, the kloof separated into two narrow gullies. Lieut. Bach took that to the left, and Lieut. Tyson that to the right, and fought the rebels till sundown, dislodging them from the summit of the ranges, from whence they were firing upon us. By sunset they were all driven over the summit, many of their sharpshooters being killed.

Having heard that Capt. Ward was not strong enough to take Rademan's Kloof, I sent word to Capt. Bellew to take a reinforcement to him over the hills, and by sunset he, Capt. Ward, was enabled to take the water of that kloof also, where about 10 wagons were found. In this operation Lieut. Barret of the Star Brigade and Orpen's burghers rendered great assistance.

Having completely scoured Paarde Kloof, I left a strong piquet of forty men to hold the water during the night, and brought the remainder of the column into camp at the wagons.

The results of the day were, thirty-five of the enemy killed, 100 women taken prisoners, 2,000 head of cattle, 2,000 goats and sheep, and 200 horses captured.

I recommend Capt. Rolleston to be Major, and Lieut. Parkin, Captain.

On the 28th of September, 1870, Capt. Back reports to Capt. Rolleston an engagement with the enemy on the 27th inst., he says :—I have the honour to report for your information that on the morning of the 27th September, at 4.30 a.m., the camp at Moosfontein was attacked by about 400 of the rebels headed by Gamka and Windwaai. The attack was made from three different points. The enemy managed to get into a sluit about 150 yards distant from the camp, south. They opened a very brisk fire upon the camp, but, fortunately their shooting being high. I myself being awake at the time, got the troop under arms in a very short time, and then made a charge at the sluit,

completely routing the enemy, killing three while in pursuit, but, unfortunately being a very bad light, could not see them, unless lying down, to fire a shot. After being out for about an hour one of the men came to me and asked me if I did not hear the enemy talking on the left. Turning round, I saw against the horizon a troop of about 300 on a small Kopje about 800 yards off. I then thought it advisable to withdraw the men from pursuing the enemy, so lined the sluic to the north west of the camp, thinking that the enemy would make a determined stand, being in force.

Completed the full complement of ammunition to the men, leaving me without a single round in the camp, so accordingly had to be very cautious. After following the enemy for about four miles on foot, shooting nine or thereabouts, returned to camp. Gave orders to have the horses saddled to go in pursuit, when just before starting Lient. Williams arrived with the army service corps, and eight burghers, twenty-two all told. Pursued the enemy as far as Droogfontein. They stopped and commenced to built scanzes, and opened fire on our approach, at 100 yards, but did no harm. We fired and killed several—the enemy were on all sides, but I could not follow up, as my total strength was only fifty-five.

The enemy had built their scanzes between thick patches of bush, it being impossible to see a scanze before coming right upon it. Here all the damage was done, Corporal Thornton being killed, and Troopers Cowley, Rogers, Slatter, and a burgher wounded. Finding that one scanze only was occupied, gave the order to charge, which was done, eight of the enemy being killed in this small place. The number of enemy killed was thirty-two (bodies counted) besides a number of blood spoors found in several parts, and in other scanzes. I myself estimate the loss of the enemy at fifty killed and wounded. After all was over, sent for the mule wagon for the dead and wounded, which were soon dispatched.

On the 13th of October, 1878, Capt. Stanley Lowe reports an engagement with the rebels the day before in a kloof of Makoloke's Mountain. He says:—In a branch kloof to the left we engaged the enemy, killing five of their number. Continuing the advance we were again fired at.

from a branch kloof on the right, when Trooper Niekerk, Diamond Field Horse, was severely wounded by men concealed in caves. In covering the wounded man and endeavouring to get a sight of enemy in the caves, I regret to state one man, Trooper Jubber was killed, and Trooper Wood slightly wounded. The Zulus and a company of light infantry having continued their advance over the side of the hill, there engaged the enemy. Capt. Back, with a troop of the Diamond Field Horse, went to their assistance. He also engaged the enemy, killing fifteen of them, and capturing a number of women and children, and two men prisoners, and returned down the kloof. We had to keep up a fire on the enemy in the caves to enable us to remove the killed and wounded, when several of the enemy were shot. We started for camp, destroying seven wagons not worth removing, bringing in the cattle and prisoners.

On the 16th of October, Colonel Warren says that he removed his forces to Gobatsie, and having, with great trouble, dragged a field piece on top of a high range, some 1,000 feet in height, engaged the rebels on the 14th. He puts down the enemy killed at thirty-six—having captured twenty-one wagons and about 600 head of cattle, besides a number of male and female prisoners. He says the enemy seemed very much puzzled and disheartened by finding the Colonial forces in the midst of their strongholds, and so made less pertinacious fighting, firing and flying at the same time. They had expected the Colonel to approach from the West and had fortified extensively accordingly. But the colonial forces attacked from the East, otherwise their loss would have been heavy.

On the 21st of October, 1878, Colonel Warren, continuing his report of the 16th says:—I have called the action of the 11th inst. Gamgagiana; of the 12th Mokoloque; and of 14th inst. Gobatsie Heights.

On the 13th of November, 1878, Colonel Lanyon, having beaten and dispersed the rebels everywhere (Malgas, Windwaai, and Gamka—fugitives in hiding) issued his Proclamation of Amnesty.

A venerable colonial authority, indubitably the best on this special subject, Mr. Francis H. Orpen, says, in his notes to Parliament regarding the causes of this outbreak: 'The first overt acts of rebellion near Prieska were com-


mitted by Colonial Kafirs, Tambookies and Gaikas from the district of Carnarvon, and were probably traceable to the influence of messengers among them from the tribes of the eastern Cape Frontier, who in the hope of creating a diversion, disseminated false reports of native successes against the Colonial forces.

“Thus our war at its commencement was merely a branch of the Colonial Kafir war, and the history and politics of Griqualand, with its land questions and native relations, has had nothing to do with the commencement of hostilities.

“It is true that, even at the commencement, the Kafirs were joined by those of their own nation, not very many in number, then resident in Griqualand ; but these men had always been looked upon as aliens by the Griquas, and their conduct is attributable merely to tribal sympathy.

“At the commencement, also, the Praamberg, Scheit Fontein, or, collectively, Carnarvon Kafirs, were also joined by a horde of those Springbok, Kat, Veldtschoendrager, Bitterbosch, Hartebeest, and other Korannas, who had fought with Sir Walter Currie in 1867-8, and who, being by nature and descent free-booters, cordially joined in *any* enterprise promising plunder ; but as these people have, time out of mind, roamed as predatory hordes along both banks of the Orange River below the western limit of Griqualand, and have often been at war with the Griquas, and always at enmity, their conduct is also not the result of any action of the British Government of the Province.”

NOTE.—Owing to the voracious printers being at my heels, I shall be obliged to leave other contemporaneous matter, such as the Sekukuni affair, &c., for insertion in the Appendix, and, in the meantime, proceed with prepared copy.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE TRANSVAAL.*

THE preceding chapter on the Griquas, &c., brings us down, it will be perceived, to 1878, and so to the subject of the Transvaal, which magnificent tract of land, remarkable for its salubrity, richness, and fertility, became a British possession on the 12th of April in the year 1877. Confining myself as much as possible to matter involved in the title of this book, and having in former chapters brought the history of the Dutch Boers down to about the time of their leaving Natal, after the British occupation thereof, I will now proceed with slight sketches of their history, having reference, however, to the Transvaal.

Before thus taking up the thread of the narrative it would doubtless be interesting to notice a record of the death in Zululand, in 1838, of Mr. Uys and his son, near relatives of the gallant old Piet Uys, who, joining Colonel Wood's column near Utrecht, was assailed by the Zulus whilst conducting a retreat of his men down the Zlobane Mountain. In the year alluded to, an army of Boers marched against Dingaan, headed by Uys, Maritz, and Potgieter, but were defeated with great loss. Mr. Noble thus tells the story :—"Uys and his son, a youth of about fourteen years of age, had as yet escaped unhurt ; but whilst the former stopped his horse to sharpen the flint of his gun, the enemy approached and threw an assegai at him, which wounded him mortally in the loins. He, however, pulled out the weapon, and even took up another man behind him, but he soon fainted with loss of blood. Recovering again, he was held on his horse for some distance by a man on each side of him. At last he declared that he felt his end approaching, and desired to be laid upon the ground. He then said to his son and to the other men about him, "Here I must die ; you cannot get me any further, and

* This account first appeared in the 1st Vol. of these works, and was written in Australia, early in 1879.

there is no use to try it. Save yourselves, but fight like brave fellows to the last, and hold God before your eyes." Upon this they left him, but not before they saw that to remain longer on the spot would be certain death. After galloping for a hundred yards, the younger Uys, on looking back, saw the enemy closing in numbers upon his dying father, and at the same time he saw him lifting his head. This was too much for the feelings of the lad ; he turned round his horse, and alone, rushing upon the enemy, shot three Zulus, and was killed.

In 1843 Natal was proclaimed British territory. Some Boers remained in Natal, but many others at once started north, saying they would go on, conquer the heathen, and possess the land—quoting the divine commands in the Pentateuch. The modern western man may smile at his self-righteousness and perfect faith, and deem the Boer a narrow fanatic ; but the Boer was not a modern western. He had been formed and fashioned in a mould of its own pattern, and criticism should consider the mould as well as the image. It should be remembered that the Trek-Boer of 1833-8 was the descendant of Dutch Calvinists and Huguenots of the seventeenth century, brought up in the wilderness of South Africa, in the midst of savage conditions and barbarous tribes ; separated from European influences by an ocean which no steamers traversed, over which letters, newspapers, or books never passed, shut up almost entirely by themselves, and governed in former days by their Batavian masters in the most despotic manner. Circumstances of this nature, acting upon that original stock, could not possibly have produced a progeny remarkable for largeness of view, wide sympathies, philosophic universalism, tender benevolence, and subtle self-questioning. The life of the Boer had narrowed and hardened him, as winter freezes and as tropical suns scorch. His circumstances tended to encourage within him a concentrating individualism. His religion made him one of the elect. He was the Lord's, and the Lord was his Lord in whom the heathen had no part. Character has in his case, as in all cases, to be accounted for before it is censured or ridiculed. If Pretorius, when he led his commando in wrath against Dingaan, sang psalms instead of national anthems, and prayed instead of huzzaed, it is

enough to say that it was not from affectation, but from inherited habit. At all events, the six hundred marched only between matins and evensong, and when they came nigh to the enemy they vowed a vow to the Most High, "that should the Lord be pleased to grant them the victory they would raise a house to the memory of His great name, wherever it should please Him, and note the day in a book to make it known to their latest posterity." The victory was theirs, and the Dutch Reformed Church at this day standing in Pietermaritzburg is the fulfilment of the vow.

The Transvaal was first taken possession of by the Boers in 1835, who (or their ancestors), fleeing, as we have seen, from the continent from religious persecution after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had at first settled at the Cape, but, amongst other reasons getting disgusted, as stated, with the emancipation of their slaves under British rule, and maddened by the depreciation of the paper currency of the time, and by the frequent and disastrous raids of bands of warlike Kafirs, from whom the Government afforded them no protection, sought out pastures new, and like Lot and Abraham, gathered their flocks and their herds, and their household gods, fought their way through lions and savages, and many of them settled down on the grassy, diamondiferous, and sunny slopes of the Likwa or Vaal River. Necessarily, the life of these "Voor-trekkers" was rough. It was hard work for men, women, and children. Every day did not bring its daily bread; water was now and then not to be had; and the lions roared the camp or laager awake every morning. It is said that the Boers slew two hundred lions between the Orange and Vaal Rivers in this trek. The culture of the grape and the production of wine, taught to the Dutch at the Cape by the French refugees, is to this day carried on in the districts about Pretoria, where the grape thrives wonderfully, and has, I believe, no insect enemy.

Many French names are still among the Boers, such as Labuschagne, Du Plessis, Joubert, Du Pree, Villiers, and Silliers, &c., &c.

Many Boer families, after the British occupation of Natal, remained, as I have before said, in Natal, but the

great majority struck their tents, yoked their fine oxen to the "trektouw," hung their pots and water kegs to the wagon-sides, placed wife and child within, cracked their long whips, turned their backs upon Natal as they had done upon the Cape, and again manfully struck out for the wilderness. (Alas, when we again followed them up in 1877 they again repeated the above process, and tried to penetrate to the region about the Great Lake, but owing to severe suffering from drought they had to abandon their wagons, household goods, and even their cattle, to predatory tribes, and endeavour to find their way back to the confines of comparative civilization. The majority roamed about for a while in the Transvaal, and finally made it their home. They were not alone; other bands had preceded them. Potgieter and his company had already marked out a township, now known as Mooi River Dorp, or Potchefstroom, from Potgieter and the first magistrate, Vander Chef; "Stroom," *i.e.*, "Stream." At last a resting-place had been found. The land from the Vaal to the Limpopo was in possession of no dangerous native tribes, and, over wide regions, was without inhabitants but the lion, the antelope, the zebra, the rhinoceros, and the elephant, and the British Government had never claimed an inch of it. So up went the flag once more, and again cannon and roer belched forth their hoarse salutes. A Government was formed upon the republican principle; the laws of the old Dutch Colony of the Cape were revived; the natives were placed in what was considered their "proper place" of subjection, disability, and servitude. Huge areas were selected for farms. Beacons were set up far and wide. Pleasant spots by the side of streams and near the eyes of fountains were chosen for homesteads; the flocks and herds were driven out by day on rich pastures and folded at night in safe kraals. The oxen were at last loosened from the yoke and bent their galled necks to the grazing. The peach, the fig, and the vine were planted in sheltered nooks; the furrow was let into the gardens where the mealie and pumpkin grew. The farmer sharpened the flint of his gun for a Jay's sport; the women sat, as they loved to do, in the chair in the best room's best place; the children played in the sun without dread of Zulu war-whoop, and

the psalms of David were sung, not as battle cries, but as thanksgivings and the purrings of fireside content. And yet, even then, the inevitable hand overtook them. One day a proclamation from Governor Napier reached Potchefstroom, declaring that the emigrant farmers were not released from allegiance to the British Crown, and that as British subjects they were under law, especially for offences against the natives, as long as they were south of the 25th degree of south latitude. This induced some to go north towards the Limpopo and east towards the Drakensberg. But there was no further interference of importance from Cape Town with the emigrants over the Vaal, and on the 17th January, 1852, the British Commissioners in the Free State signed the Convention of Sand River, by which the Transvaal was virtually declared to be an independent State, by the subsequent approval of Sir George Cathcart, Governor of the Cape.

This convention relieved the Boers of all doubts. After nearly twenty years of marching and counter-marching, privation, war, and suspicion, they had not only found a country, but an acknowledged right to dwell in it and to govern themselves. At that time it was very likely supposed by them that they had at last escaped the hand which had so frequently overtaken them. It was not anticipated that, twenty-five years afterwards, the British power would be once more extended over them, and their land taken from river to river. But to put it shortly, the Boers broke two of the clauses of the Sand River Convention, which set forth that no slavery was to be carried on, and that there should be no interference with the surrounding tribes; the result of which was the self-preserving exercise of British power being carried to the extreme length of annexation.

After the signing of the Convention, the Boers, however, broke up into as many little republics as there were villages. Andreas Pretorius, on his death-bed, had exhorted them to cause strife and ambition to cease, and to cherish love and union; and on his death on the 23rd July, 1853, his son, Martinus Wessels Pretorius, was appointed first President of the Transvaal. In 1871 he resigned, and Mr. Burgers, a Dutch colonist of note, born at the Cape and educated in Holland, reigned in his stead. He set his

mind upon a railway, which should open out the heart of his country and its secret hoard of mineral wealth to the near port of Delagoa Bay. In this enterprise he was warmly aided by Mr. G. P. Moodie, a member of his Government, and a surveyor, and a brother of the present writer. Mr. Burgers, having made a large concession of land to the Portugese, who hold Delagoa Bay and the adjacent strip of territory, Mr. Moodie working in concert with him, went to Lisbon and Amsterdam to carry out necessary arrangements ; but the first British Government after the annexation broke their promises as to respecting treaties made under the Dutch Government, and wishing, perhaps naturally, that the projected railway should run to the borders of the British colony of Natal, instead of to the foreign port of Delagoa, caused the project to fall to the ground. Delagoa Bay was offered to a British Cabinet, under Gladstone I believe, for a monetary consideration by the Portugese Government, and it is certainly a thousand pities that the offer was not taken advantage of. However, a difficulty afterwards arose between England and Portugal as to the possession of the place, and the matter was referred to the arbitration of Marshal McMahon, and as usual John Bull was cast and had to pay the piper and all hands. As hopelessly bad as is the port of Natal, is the harbour of Delagoa unparelled in every way—deep, roomy, and wind-locked, and a magnificent outlet for the countless treasures of the splendid region of the Transvaal. Mr. Moodie undertook the perilous task of finding out and surveying a route for a railway through the unhealthy and broad strip of country lying between the Transvaal and the bay spoken of, and which is infested with lions, savage tribes, &c. He was successful in finding a healthy route all along a line of gentle hills, which gradually sloped to the seaboard. He walked the distance on foot, with an escort of ten Kafirs, making scientific observations by the way. The Royal Geographical Society in London made him a member for his trouble. The “gront wet,” or “fundamental law” of the Boers, which sanctioned wars of extermination with natives, was the deathblow of Mr. Burgers, and the cause of the extinction of the independence of the Boers. The latter forced him into the Sekukuni War, but the natives were not to be beaten down.

"The Treasury was empty ; Government fell into hopeless disrepute ; faith with the foreign creditor could not be kept ; and whilst this was the case the Zulus and other tribes began to show signs of a terrible excitement, which threatened to extend itself sympathetically throughout the great mass of South African natives. Is it to be wondered at, then, that at this moment the hand of the paramount power should once more make itself felt ?

On the 12th of April, 1877, the territory up to that time known as "The South African Transvaal Republic" became a British possession by the act of Special Commissioner Sir Theophilus Shepstone.

It is impossible to avoid looking forward to the effect which the annexation of this fine tract will have upon the Government and people of England.* Will the immense wealth of the prize dropped into the mouth of old England be appreciated ? Will the people of England be ready to open their purse-strings and take military possession of the country in such a manner that it can be held against all comers, black or white ? Will the capitalists of England be ready to see in this wonderfully rich country one of the grandest fields that ever was presented to man for the investment of capital ? And will they be ready to let flow into the Transvaal at least a portion of the incalculable wealth now pent up at home, idle, useless, and uninvested.

Capital and immigration are the only two great requirements there now. By a judicious investment of capital in opening up the country with roads, and by settling it with immigrants, it will soon be found out that the acquisition of the Transvaal is the richest prize that has ever yet fallen to the lot of our mother country. The mineral wealth is inexhaustible. For an extent of over 100 miles good coal crops up on the road side, on the banks of rivers—everywhere in fact—and it is the customary fuel of the inhabitants. Seams of coal thirty feet in thickness exist, and wagons are backed into it and filled with first-class coal with the same ease that a wagon might be filled with rock from an ordinary mountain. This coal the Boer delivers even at considerable distances at about 15s. a ton, and iron

* As before remarked, this was written in 1879, and appeared in the first Edition of the 1st Vol. of these works, in Australia

ore of singularly rich quality lies side by side with this great coal field as though to invite the capitalist to come and utilise both. Lead, gold, cobalt, and sundry other minerals exist in prolific abundance. The soil is inferior to none in the world—not even the vast western plains of America—the fertility of which is beyond all description.

The climate permits the potato and pine apple, the turnip and the banana, the apple and the orange, all to flourish side by side.

In recording the events and pointing out the causes which have terminated in annexation, it has been necessary to give prominence to the public faults and errors of the Boers. Let it however be acknowledged that they are of noble stock ; and those qualities of character in which they differ from the English temper are not necessarily to their disadvantage. Some passages of their history are heroic ; many of their leaders were rich in manhood ; their faults are to be traced back to a time when they were considered to be either virtues or stern necessities. They never had the guidance or restraint from a watchful Imperial power ; while long before the British set foot on South Africa they (the Boers) had to struggle unaided with savage hordes and rude conditions, their life and character receiving form from the rough mould. All this should be perceived, and should beget respect as well as forbearance. It must also be recognised by the British power that, in this day, over two hundred years since the first settlement, there are other natives in South Africa besides the blacks, and that in order to secure successful colonization the special aptitudes and characteristics of all classes must be liberally considered.

While closing these sheets we notice the following home telegram of June 12, 1879 :—"The latest advices from Cape Town up to May 24 state that, in order to meet the demands of the Boers, a temporary Constitution has been granted to the Transvaal, with which concession the leading Boers express themselves satisfied."*

* This "temporary constitution was promised by the late Sir Bartle Frere, and when the Gladstone Government ensued it did not fulfil this promise, Sir Bartle frequently warned the home Government that danger would ensue. His words were not heeded. The result is known.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE TRANSVAAL.

THE exodus of the Boers from the Cape Colony, their occupation of the present Orange Free State, their conquest of Natal and the Transvaal, and establishment of the former South African Republic, their hardships and warfare with the powerful native races under Dingaan and Mosilikatze, their struggles for freedom and independence, but utter failure in self-government, form a chapter of peculiar interest in the annals of modern history, and, as Mr. Froude remarked, deserved a clearer record than has as yet been given. "The character of one of their leaders, Pieter Retief, who was murdered by Dingaan," Mr. Froude speaks of as "really grand and epic." "The establishment of the Dutch in these countries," Mr. Froude says, "was not at its outset at the cost of the natives, from whom they had previously obtained territories by purchase or grant. The natives broke faith with them, stole their cattle, set upon their camps, and murdered their women and little ones. The immigrants, though enormously outnumbered, defended themselves with extraordinary courage. They maintained their position, punished the savages for their treachery, and compelled them to respect their treaties. Their conduct received scanty justice from British opinion. Powerful races never come in contact with barbarous races without events occurring which must be both regretted and condemned. These Dutch farmers were no exception to the universal rule; but if their conduct is compared with that of ourselves or any other people under similar trials, they will not be found to have deserved exceptional censure."

It is assumed that about the year 1820, the first Boers crossed the Orange River in search of "fresh fields and pastures new," but it appears that they were mere squatters, and that they returned to the Cape Colony at certain seasons of the year to attend to their extensive farms.

But their number increased every year, and they began to settle in the territory north of the Orange River in strong parties, until, in August, 1836, a general exodus took place under Hendrik Potgieter, which was soon followed by a numerous *trek* under Gert Maritz, Karl Landman, and others, from Graaff-Reinet, Albany, and Uitenhage. The principal reasons for this desertion of their farms and homesteads in the Cape Colony, the land of their birth, are stated to be the "unrestrained vagrancy of the natives, pecuniary losses sustained by the slave emancipation, wholesale plunder by Kafirs and Hottentots, desolating and ruining the frontier divisions, and the unjustifiable odium cast upon the inhabitants by interested persons, whose testimony was believed in England to the exclusion of all evidence in their favour.* Cloete† also gave the following reasons for the migration of the Boers, viz :—

1. The Hottentot question.
2. The Slave question ; and
3. The Kafir question ; which he explained at great length in his lectures.

In the early days, the present Orange Free State was not inhabited by any definite race, but was only periodically occupied by marauding bands of Kafirs, Bushmen, or Corannas, who infested these regions, with a view of securing pastures for their flocks, or escaping destruction at the hands of some stronger and inimical race. Not satisfied with the vast territory the Boers occupied, and following the impulse of their nomadic nature, which Providence has given to these people, they commenced gradually to spread over the whole of South Eastern Africa, from the banks of the Orange River to the Limpopo, and even to the unhealthy swamps on the East Coast, while a numerous party under the leadership of Jacobus Uys, Gert Maritz, Hendrik Potgieter, and the celebrated Piet Retief, crossed the Drakensberg and descended into Natal by a central pass, discovered by Retief. They found their way to the Bay, and were

* Wilmot's History of the Cape Colony, pp. 342-3.

† "Three Lectures on the Emigration of the Dutch Farmers from the Cape Colony," by Henry Cloete, Chief Justice of Natal. Pietermaritzburg, 1852.

welcomed there by a small party of English settlers under Capt. Gardiner. Natal was then in possession of Dingaan, who killed his brother Chaka and succeeded him as Chief of the Zulus in 1828. As we have stated, Retief was delegated by his party to proceed to the head-kraal of Dingaan at Umgungunhlovu, for the purpose of negotiating with him for a cession of territory in Natal, and he succeeded in obtaining a large tract of country, embracing the greatest part of the present Colony of Natal, by a formal cession, dated 4th Feb., 1838, drawn up and prepared by the Rev. F. Owen, an English missionary resident at the head-kraal. But before he could carry out this treaty, Retief and his party, consisting of some seventy white men and thirty coloured servants, were invited by the perfidious chief to take a parting cup at his kraal. They left their arms outside the enclosure, and were suddenly, at a sign from the treacherous chief, set upon by an overwhelming number of Zulus, and butchered to a man. The bodies of these unfortunate men were then drawn out of the kraal to a neighbouring hill, and left there to be devoured by birds of prey ! Not satisfied with this, and intending to follow up success, Dingaan sent an army across the Tugela to attack the settlers in the Northern districts of Natal. They succeeded in surprising a laager formed by the Dutch in the neighbourhood of the present township of Weenen, and killed "two hundred innocent children, ninety-five women, and thirty-three men."* Other parties near the Blaauwkrantz River were killed at the same time. After being reinforced by their friends from beyond the Drakensberg, the Boers found themselves strong enough in December, 1838, to cross the Tugela, and to attack the forces of Dingaan near the Umslatoos. After a severe engagement, they defeated the natives, some 12,000 to 15,000 strong, killed more than 3,000 of the enemy, burnt the head-kraal of Dingaan, and carried 6,000 head of cattle away with them. Dingaan fled and concealed himself in the bush. Panda, Dingaan's younger brother, was then living in Natal. He made overtures to the Boers, and formed alliance with them against his brother. This led

* "Tae Journal of a Voor Trekker," *C. M. Magazine*, September, 1876.

to a combined expedition, in which 400 Boers, under Pretorius, and 4,000 of Panda's men, took part. Dingaan was again attacked and defeated by this force, and soon after fell beneath the assegais of a hostile tribe, while seeking concealment near Delagoa Bay.* Panda was proclaimed King by the Boers, and as compensation for the war expenses caused by the former commandos, amounting to more than £9,000, which could not be obtained from Dingaan or demanded from his successor, Andries Pretorius annexed a great portion of Zululand from the Tugela to the Black Umfolozi, including the sea-coast and St. Lucia Bay, by Proclamation dated 14th February, 1840.†

Some years before matters came to this crisis, another party of Boers under Potgieter had crossed the Vaal River and taken possession of the fertile regions north of this river, then inhabited by the Kafir chief Umziligazi. He had been an under-captain of Tshaka, and one of his bravest and most cunning warriors; but he roused the anger of his chief, as he was in the habit of keeping for himself the best part of the spoil taken in war. When Tshaka came out with an *impi* to punish him, he fled with his followers into the regions beyond the Drakensberg, where the first Boers found him in possession. Mosilikatse found the country thickly inhabited by Betchuanos, Basutos, Balaka, Bapedi, Makatees, and other tribes, who proved no match for the warlike Zulus. The men were killed in battle, the kraals burned, the women and children murdered, and the flocks captured. After clearing the southern portion of the country of his enemies, he settled down at Mosiga, in the present district of Marico. On the 2nd September, 1836, he perpetrated the cruel massacre of a small party of men, women, and children, under the leadership of Taljaard, but the Boers attacked him in force and defeated him at Mosiga, under the command of Gert Maritz, in the commencement of the year 1837. The Boers remained now for some time in free and undisturbed possession of the territory, and began to settle

* "The Colony of Natal," by Dr. R. J. Mann. 1859.

† "De Hollandsche Afrikanen en hunne Republiek in Zuid Afrika," door Jacob Stuart. Amsterdam, 1854.



Murray & St. Leger.

THE BOERS' METHOD OF FIGHTING

Cape Town.

along the slopes of the Magalies Range, while Umziligazi crossed the Limpopo and took possession of the present Matabele country. He died sixteen years ago, and was succeeded in 1870 by Lo-Bengula, the present Paramount Chief of the Matabele.

During the year 1834 some twenty-seven families, under van Rensburg and Carl Trichard, tried to reach the Portuguese possessions on the coast, for the purpose of opening commercial communications. Without any knowledge of the country, or the character of the native tribes by which those parts were inhabited, they entered the unknown regions, and commenced their perilous journey, from which few were destined to return. They passed along the Olifants River, and crossed the Drakensberg with great difficulty. Here the two parties separated. Rensburg's proceeded in a north-easterly direction towards Sofala, while Trichard's went south-east to Delagoa Bay. It is supposed that the Rensburgs had several engagements with the natives, but they were ultimately surrounded and killed by the chief Manikos.* Trichard's party reached Delagoa Bay after great difficulties and hardships. All the oxen were killed by the tsetse, and Trichard himself and most of his party died from fever. The small remnant who managed to reach Delagoa Bay were kindly received by the Portuguese Governor, and sent on to Natal.†

After the defeat and death of Dingaan, the Boers began to settle in different localities in Natal. They appointed Andries Pretorius as their head commandant, established a Republic and a Legislative body, laid out the township of Pietermaritzburg, and lived in comparative peace and happiness with the surrounding tribes. Having conquered

* In September, 1867, four white human beings (man, wife, and two children), were delivered up by Letonga, the late Amaswazi chief, to the Landdrost of Lydenburg. The adults were reported to have lived since their second year among the native tribes, and were believed to be the only survivors of the Rensburg party of 1835. They were almost naked, and spoke only the Kafir language. Arrangements were immediately made to supply them with clothing and food, and to provide the necessary tuition at the expense of the State.

† *Beitrage zur Kenntniss Sud Afrika's*, by A. Merensky. Berlin, 1875.

the territory from the natives, they considered it their own, but this fond dream was doomed to be dispelled very soon. Dr. Mann tells us that the policy of the British Government seems to have been very undecided at this time with reference to Natal. He says "immediately after the first victory of the Dutch emigrants over Dingaan, at the close of the year 1838, a small detachment of British troops was landed at the Bay, under the command of Major Charteris. This detachment was sent to Natal by Sir George Napier, who had just succeeded Sir Benjamin D'Urban in the Government of the Cape, to prevent the emigrants from the Cape Colony who were held to be still British subjects, from acquiring independent territory from the natives. By the judicious management of Captain Jervis, who remained in command of this detachment, the Dutch emigrants were soon brought to feel its presence a benefit rather than an injury, and cordial relations were established between the British soldiers and the settlers. In the following year the British troops were withdrawn from Durban, in consequence of the disinclination of the Home Government of that time to take any decided steps for the retention of the territory under its own rule. On leaving, Captain Jervis addressed a letter to the Dutch Landdrost at the Bay, expressing the most friendly feeling towards the young community, and the best wishes for its ultimate prosperity and success. The Dutch settlers, considering the departure of Captain Jervis in the light of an abandonment of all claims to the territory on the part of the British Government, immediately hoisted the colours of what they thenceforth called the *Republic of Natalia*."^{*}

But, when the British authorities were informed of the proceedings of the Boers in Natal, they refused to acknowledge their independence, and informed them that they still claimed their obedience and fealty, although the military force had been withdrawn. The Dutch maintained the position which they had assumed, and the upshot was that two hundred soldiers and two field-pieces, under the command of Captain Smith, arrived in the Bay on the 6th

* This slight repletion is necessary to a coherent account of the Transvaal.

establish himself in an entrenched camp at the Congella, close to the Boer position under the command of Pretorius. When the Dutch seized about sixty oxen belonging to the troops, and refused to disperse, Captain Smith, with his small band, resolved to attack them in their camp. On the night of the 23rd May, 1842, he left his encampment, and came along the shores of the inner Bay, with one hundred men and two guns, but after a severe conflict he was repulsed by the Dutch, with the loss of several men and both the guns. Some days afterwards the Dutch seized the "Point" and two small vessels lying in the inner Bay. Cut off from the sea, and surrounded by the Boers, Captain Smith, with his small force, was now completely blockaded within his camp; but he managed to send a messenger to the Cape Colony, in the person of R. King, who accomplished a journey of six hundred miles, through a wild country, inhabited by natives, in eight days. Sixteen days after this the *Mazeppa*, one of the vessels seized by the Dutch, managed to slip her cable, and made her way out to sea under the fire of the Boers at the Point, to seek for British cruisers near Delagoa Bay.*

On the 24th June the schooner *Conch*, from Algoa Bay, and on the following day the flag-ship *Southampton*, arrived with reinforcements from the Cape, which were landed on the 26th June, under the command of Lieut-Colonel Cloete; a junction was effected with Captain Smith, and the Dutch retired towards Maritzburg. On the 5th July the Boers submitted, and an amnesty was granted. The greater portion of the troops were re-embarked, and Captain Smith remained in undisputed possession of the Port.

In May, 1843, Mr. Henry Cloete, brother of the Lieut.-Colonel, was sent to Natal by the British Government to come to terms with the Boers, and after long negotiations he succeeded in making an agreement, by which the Dutch recognised the Colony of Natal as a British dependency, on the 8th August, 1843. The majority of the Boers were, however, dissatisfied with this agreement, and would not submit to British rule. They abandoned their farms, crossed the Drakensberg, and joined their countrymen

* Dr. Mann's "Natal."

May, 1842, and the Boers, receiving the forces with demonstrations of intended hostility, Captain Smith had to beyond the Vaal. But, before doing so, they determined to make one more and final effort to obtain their freedom by negotiations with the Government of the Cape Colony. Andries Pretorius was elected to proceed to Graham's Town, where the Governor, Sir H. Pottinger, resided at the time. He started on his mission, travelling overland, chiefly on horseback, for roads scarcely then existed through what is now the Orange Free State, and upon arrival at Graham's Town, after a very fatiguing journey of some 800 miles, at once opened up communications with the Governor, and solicited an interview. But His Excellency refused to receive him, or hold any communication with him upon the subject about which he had undertaken so long a journey. This was a bitter disappointment, and Pretorius returned to Natal, more determined than ever, if possible, to secure the desired object.* On his return to Natal, with the tidings of the failure of his mission, the people at once prepared to trek. A small party, under Spies and others, settled in the upland districts, between the Tugela and the Buffalo Rivers, and advanced an independent claim, on the strength of a cession from Panda, but ultimately they all crossed the Buffalo and took possession of the present district of Utrecht.

While these events were taking place in Natal, a number of settlers had abandoned the Cape Colony and followed their countrymen across the Orange River. They formed themselves into a community, after the model of the old Dutch Government of the Cape Colony, and lived in peace and harmony for a number of years, having but one desire, to remain free and independent. But to this the Cape Government would not agree, and matters were brought to a crisis when a dispute arose between the Griquas, inhabiting a narrow strip of country along the right bank of the Orange River, and the emigrants, in which the British Government interfered by assisting the Griquas with troops. This led to the battle of Zwaart Koppies, on the 30th April, 1845, in which the Boers lost a number of wagons, guns, some thousands of cattle and sheep, and had three

* "The Battle of Boomplaats, and what led to it!"—*C. M. Magazine* October, 1871.

men killed. The principal leader of the emigrants in this affair was a certain Jan Kock, who fled with his followers across the Vaal, and took up his residence on a farm between the Vaal River and Potchefstroom. To prevent a repetition of such collisions, Major Warden was appointed British Resident at Bloemfontein, and a small force was given him to support his authority. But on account of a certain Treaty, entered into between the British Government and Adam Kok, the chief of the Griquas, which affected the land titles of the Boers, great dissatisfaction and discontent prevailed among the Dutch. Andries Pretorius used every endeavour to procure an amelioration of the terms, but without success. After Sir Harry Smith's Proclamation of Her Majesty's Sovereignty over the territory, in February, 1848, discontent broke out into hostilities. Pretorius called a commando, and marched on Bloemfontein. The British authorities were driven across the Orange River; but Sir Harry Smith came up in person with a strong force, which met the Boer commando at Boomplaats, and defeated it after a short but sharp encounter, whereby British authority became once more established in the Orange River Sovereignty.* In this engagement, which took place on the 29th August, 1848, twenty-five men (including one officer, Capt. Murray) belonging to the 45th and 91st Regiments, were killed, and the same number wounded, while the loss of the Boers has never been ascertained. After reinstating Major Warden in his office at Bloemfontein, Sir H. Smith proceeded to Winburg, where the Boers were supposed to make another stand; but they had no intention of doing so, and after a stay of three or four days the Governor returned to the Colony. Among other proclamations there was one issued at the time, in which, rewards of various amounts, from £2,000 downwards, were offered for the apprehension of Andries Pretorius, Andrian Stander,† Jan Kock, and other prominent leaders. But these were all safely across the Vaal, and busy forming a new Republic.

Owing to continual difficulties with the Basutos under

* *Orange Free State Almanack for 1876* —p. 19.

† Now Member of the Legislative Assembly.

Moshesh, and the cost of keeping up a military force, the British Government resolved to abandon the Sovereignty, on the recommendation of Sir George Clark, and the act was carried out on the 23rd February, 1854. From that time up to the present day the Orange Free State has maintained its independence.

We will now return to our friends beyond the Vaal, and give an outline of the development of the young Republic, and the further troubles and difficulties which beset the path of the hardy pioneers.

We have mentioned already that whilst the Boers were fighting their way in Natal, and gradually took possession of the whole of that Colony, under the leadership of Andries Pretorius, Potgieter had crossed the Vaal River and found Umziligazi in possession of the Transvaal. In 1839, Potgieter established the village of Potchefstroom, called partly after him, partly after Van der Chef, and partly after the beautiful river on the banks of which the village was laid out, with that eye for the practical which distinguished the Dutch pioneers, when selecting a site for their homesteads. But in 1844, Potgieter left Potchefstroom, and trekking to the north, founded the village of Origstad. This place appeared to be unhealthy, and was abandoned again in 1847, when some of the inhabitants, under Potgieter, went further north to Zoutpansberg, while another party settled more to the south, and established the village of Lydenburg, which for many years was the capital of a separate Republic, until it was united with the general Republic, together with Utrecht,* in April, 1860.†

After the defeat of Mosilikatze, affairs went on swimmingly for some years. The whole territory, up to the Limpopo, was open to the Boers, and was gradually occupied by new-comers from the Cape Colony and Orange

* Utrecht was also a separate district, independent of Lydenburg and the other Republic, until it joined Lydenburg by Treaty on May 8th, 1858.

† In 1869 Mr. G. P. Moodie fixed, on a map issued by him in London, the true longitude of Lydenburg. Herr Mauch had previously determined it, but subsequently, in a letter to Professor Petermann, he acknowledged that he was a degree out in his calculation.

Territory. The country was well watered, and admirably adapted for the growth of all kinds of cereals, and the cultivation of coffee and sugar cane, while the plains and uplands afforded splendid pasturage for cattle and all kinds of stock. The cultivation of their fertile soil, stock-breeding, and the proceeds of their hunting trips into the interior, from which they returned heavily laden with ivory and valuable skins, made the Boers rich, and as they were free from British rule, their happiness ought to have been complete from their point of view. But all these advantages did not render them happy, for peace and unity did not prevail amongst them. Jealousy and party feeling existed between the two principal leaders, Potgieter and Pretorius, and that spirit of disaffection and disobedience germinated, which caused the ultimate ruin and untimely end of the young Republic. Stuart* says that the Cape Government was partly the cause of the commencement of this evil, for Potgieter was indirectly acknowledged as the chief of the emigrants, and left to do what he liked with the natives, while Pretorius, with his best officers, were considered rebels by the same Government. By Proclamations of July and September, 1848, awards were promised, as we have mentioned already, for the apprehension of Andries Pretorius, N. Jacobs, A. Spies, L. Pretorius, F. Bezuidenhout, Adriaan Standers, and other men who had taken part in the battle of Boomplaats, while Potgieter was quietly living on his farm near Lydenburg. The latter claimed to have been the first who took possession of the territory north of the Vaal—he had conquered the country from south to north, and Pretorius came on his ground. Pretorius, on the other hand, had conquered the mighty Dingaan, made Panda King and subject, fought the English in Natal at Boomplaats, and would not submit to British rule. He reproached Potgieter with acknowledging England's sovereignty over their country, while Potgieter blamed Pretorius for having lost the battles against the English. Potgieter was anxious to open communication with Delagoa Bay, while Pretorius had no faith in the undertaking on account of Trichard's misfortunes.

* "De Hollandsche Africanen, &c.," door Jacob Stuart. Amsterdam, 1854.

The first Volksraad, which was properly established, and held its sitting at Kruger's Post, in 1848, endeavoured to smooth over the difficulty existing in the animosity between Potgieter and Pretorius by appointing *four* Commandants-General, namely Pretorius, Potgieter, Joubert, and Ensel, but the two rivals were dissatisfied with this act, and would not submit to the laws made by the Volksraad, nor would agree to take the oath prescribed by the Secretary of the Volksraad.*

Matters went on until January, 1852, when Pretorius succeeded in closing the memorable Treaty at Sand River, in which the independence of the Republic was acknowledged by the British Crown. The emigrants were declared free to manage their own affairs, and to govern themselves according to their own laws, without interference on the part of the British Government, and no encroachments were to be made by the said Government on the territory beyond the Vaal. This river was defined as the southern boundary up to its source, and all alliances with the coloured races north of the Vaal were disclaimed. It was also agreed that no slavery should be permitted or practised in the Transvaal Territory, and other arrangements specified, which are unnecessary to mention here. This convention, brought before the Volksraad in March, 1852, at Rustenburg, was the cause of a new quarrel between Potgieter and Pretorius. Potgieter's party charged Pretorius with having overstepped the limits of his instruction, that the conventions might be the cause of new wars, that Pretorius was too ambitious, and wanted to rule over them, but finally a reconciliation took place, and they parted the best of friends. They both recognised the Volksraad as the highest authority, and were sworn in

* This gentleman, H. T. Buhrman, was a Hollander, who arrived about the middle of 1848 at Delagoa Bay, by a Dutch ship, with a cargo of goods specially intended for the trade with the Boers. Potgieter went to Delagoa Bay to fetch the goods, lost hundreds of oxen and many of his men from fever, while he was greatly disappointed in the quality and price of the goods. The gentleman referred to returned with Potgieter to Zoutspansberg, and when the Volksraad was established he was appointed Secretary, as he was a good penman. He afterwards married into a Boer family, and took prominent part in the political agitations of the young commonwealth.

before that body. But in the beginning of the following year Potgieter died, and on 23rd July, 1853, Andries Pretorius died also. On his death-bed the latter urged upon those who stood around him to cause strife and ambition to cease, and to live henceforth in peace and unity—a lesson which they did not take to heart, as will be seen by the sequel of our story.

Free from British intervention, the young Republic commenced a new era of self-government and legislative enactments. Some of the latter were of a most curious kind ; such as the prohibition that no Englishman or German should be allowed to possess landed property ; an act forbidding the discovery and working of minerals at a fine of Rds. 500 ; a law that nobody was allowed to declare himself insolvent ; and the obligation to accept office as an official at the age of twenty-five years.*

In September, 1853, the title of the Republic which it had hitherto enjoyed, namely, that of the *Hollandsche Afrikaansche Republiek*, was altered into the “South African Republic.” The eldest son of Andries Pretorius, Marthinus Wessels, was chosen to fill his father’s place, and in July, 1855, he was elected first President of the South African Republic. The village of Pretoria, the present seat of Government, was laid out and called after him, and in 1858 the *Grondwet* or *Fundamental Law*, and the *Coat of Arms* of the State, were sanctioned by the Volksraad in Rustenburg.

One of the most characteristic stipulations in this remarkable Code of Laws, which to a great extent is the law of the country up to this very day, a feature “racy of the soil,” is, that “the people will admit of no equality of persons of colour with white inhabitants, neither in State nor Church,” and this law was strictly carried out. The deep-rooted feeling of abhorrence and aversion to be brought in contact, on a footing of equality, with natives of all colours and shades, the Boers inherited from their

* Even as late as May, 1866, a Government Notice appeared in the *Staats Courant*, signed by the Acting President and the Government Secretary, prohibiting the marriage of a certain fair widow with anybody else but a Portuguese gentleman who had filed a pretest against her marriage.

forefathers, who passed through all the horrors of the Kafir wars in the Cape Colony, and their battles with Dingaan and Umziligazi did not tend to soften their feelings towards the black races. Their aversion to the missionaries, who inculcate ideas of equality into the native mind, arose from the same cause, although ready admission was granted to all missionaries, particularly those sent out by the *German Societies*. If we carefully view the history of these pioneers, and their low standard of education, we cannot judge so severely the distinction made by them between White and Black in their code of laws, but at the same time it is not surprising that the pursuance of such a principle should ultimately bring the emigrants into collision with the British Government, who have made the suppression of slavery and advancement of the native races their special study. That many atrocities were perpetrated by the Boers, of which they ought to be, and are, no doubt, ashamed, is true; but in some cases we are inclined to believe that these acts were committed either in self-defence, or in retaliation for atrocities committed by the natives, such as the murder of the Potgieter family.

At the close of 1854, Hermanus Potgieter, with his family and a party of emigrants, consisting of several families, who were on a hunting expedition, were barbarously murdered by a tribe under the chief Mapela. When the reports reached Potchefstroom a commando was formed by Pretorius, and proceeded to Makapanspoort to punish the savages. It is said that Potgieter was pinned to the ground, while his savage foes actually skinned him alive. A letter written by Pretorius says:—"With my own eyes I saw what had been told me by letter. The bodies were mostly females. One body, that of a tall man, was sadly mutilated; all the fingers, from the tops to the palms of the hand, were cut open, the head was cut off, and the body thrown into the water. Evidently every possible means of torture was practised upon the victims. At one of the kraals was found melted human fat in which the hands had been baked on spits. In addition to this we recovered some other tokens of unbridled cruelty, which decency prevents me from naming. Whether the people were subjected to these barbarities before or after

death I cannot say. This abominable spectacle, which filled my soul with disgust, induced me to adopt the firm resolution to chastise the barbarians though I should sacrifice my life in the act."

That slavery existed in the Transvaal, and was practised under the disguise of the "Apprentice Law," passed in 1856, cannot be denied says Jeppe. The Government issued strict laws on slavery in conformity with the Sand River Treaty, and some Boers were severely punished under the stipulations of this law, but the Government was too weak to enforce compliance, and many transgressions were committed which perhaps never came to the knowledge of the authorities. The children of the natives killed on the commando were "*booked*" for a number of years, until they had reached a certain age, but they were seldom released when they reached that period. In some cases it may be that they became so accustomed to their masters that they preferred to stay with them rather than look for a new master, but there is no doubt that they received little or no wages besides their food and scanty clothing.

In his memorial addressed to Sir John Pakington, dated 12th December, 1852, the great explorer, the late Dr. Livingstone, animadverts in the following terms on the conduct of the Boers on the occasion of a commando sent to Secheli in August, 1852:—

"Frequent attempts were made by the Transvaal Boers to induce the chief Secheli to prevent the English from passing him in their way north; and, because he refused to comply with this policy, a commando was sent against him by Mr. Pretorius, which, on the 30th September last, attacked and destroyed his town, killed sixty of his people, and carried off upwards of 200 women and children. I can declare most positively that, except in the matter of refusing to throw obstacles in the way of English traders, Secheli never offended the Boers by either word or deed. They wished to divert the trade into their own hands. They also plundered my house of property which would cost in England at least £335. They smashed all the bottles containing medicines, and tore all the books of my library, scattering the leaves to the winds; and, besides my personal property, they carried off or destroyed a large amount of property belonging to English gentlemen

and traders. Of the women and children captured, many of the former will escape, but the latter are reduced to a state of hopeless slavery. They are sold and bought as slaves; and I have myself seen and conversed with such taken from other tribes, and living as slaves in the houses of the Boers. One of Secheli's children is amongst the number captured, and the Boer who owns him can, if necessary, be pointed out.*

Mr. Chesson says that Livingstone received "no redress, Governor Cathcart being of opinion that the losses and inconveniences he had sustained did not amount to more than the ordinary occurrences incidental to a state of war."

The Boers, on their part, aver that the commando to Secheli was caused by continual depredations and stock-lifting committed by a chief named Mossilele, on the border, who was encouraged and protected by Secheli, and that the commando was resolved upon when the thieves fled to Secheli's and the latter refused to deliver them up, in terms not calculated for repetition to ears polite. In defence of their conduct in relation to Livingstone's property, the official report of Acting-Commanding General Scholtz, published in the *Natal and Z. O. Afrikaan*, of 30th April, 1853, states that some of the natives taken prisoner declared that Livingstone's house contained ammunition, and that only a short time ago he had sold thirteen guns to Secheli. When his house was opened, the Boers found several guns half finished, and a complete gunsmith's shop, with all the requisite tools. The report says they found more guns than Bibles, and the place looked more like the shop of a gunsmith than the residence of a missionary.

Let us now for a moment turn to the emigrants who settled in the far north of the Transvaal, in the district of Zoutpansberg, where a village had been laid out on the southern slopes of Zoutpansberg, which was called Schoemansdal, after Commandant-General S. Schoeman, who became the leader of the settlers in those regions after the death of Potgieter. The whole district was then

* "The Dutch Boers, and Slavery in the Transvaal," by P. W. Chesson. London, 1869.

in a flourishing state. Besides their agricultural pursuits and stock-farming, the Boers carried on a lucrative trade in ivory, skins, leather, and ostrich feathers with the southern districts and Natal. The larger game, such as elephants, giraffes, sea-cows, &c., was abundant in the territory between the Limpopo and the Zambesi, but on account of the tsetse the Boers had to go on foot, accompanied by a number of Kafirs carrying guns and provisions. Some of the Boers went as far as the Zambesi and the neighbourhood of Sofala, from where they had to carry the ivory and other products of their hunting expedition all the way to Zoutpansberg. By-and-by, when they got tired of going themselves, the Boers sent the Kafirs alone, providing them with guns, ammunition, and food. In course of time, the natives became accustomed to use firearms, and refused to give up the guns on their return from the hunting field, which was the first cause of the subsequent war between the white inhabitants and the natives of Zoutpansberg.

A traveller,* who visited the district a few years ago, gives vent to his feelings in the following terms :—

“Suppose we stand upon the heights of Zoutpansberg, in the north-eastern corner of the Transvaal, and turn our face to the south, what is the country before us? It is as fair and grand as any realm which basks beneath the sun! It possesses everything: all the rich stores of Nature are unfolded in its lap. It has a climate, compared with which no portion of the earth can boast a better. It has plains and mountains, forests and rivers, minerals of every sort, and a flora and fauna which equal, if they do not surpass, those of any other country. It is the Fatherland of the Afrikaner, and he should be proud of it.

“But what is the country immediately around us, say within a radius of 500 miles from where we now stand upon the topmost peak of Zoutpansberg? It is the borderland between emigrant Boers and Kafirs. It is a land literally flowing with milk and honey—rich in every sense of the word but in that one important sense—a population either industrious or civilised.

“Its mountains teem with ores of all the precious

* “The Far North.”—*Cape Monthly Magazine*, October, 1875.

metals, its forests abound in magnificent timber, its plains and uplands are covered with splendid pasturage, all the crops grown by its rude inhabitants show the wonderful fertility of the soil, cotton grows wild, sugar cane and the coffee shrub exhibit the utmost luxuriance, the vine flourishes, and wheat yields returns from the virgin soil which are exceeded in no part of the world."

In August, 1855, an embassy was sent by the Portuguese Governor of Inhambane to the settlement of the Boers at Zoutpansberg, for the purpose of negotiating a treaty of peace and commerce. The leader of this expedition, Rita Montanha, a Roman Catholic clergyman, describes the village as follows :—*

"Zoutpansberg, or Salt Mountain, is so called from the quantity of salt that is found on it. Many rivulets descend from it. The population is industrious, and everyone labours with his or her own hands. The females perform all the domestic work, and are also seamstresses and tailors. They make all the clothes for the males. The men are carpenters, masons, shoemakers, tanners, blacksmiths, saddlers, and some of them servants. The streets of the town are at right angles, and are of a good breadth. They are kept clean, and have rills of water running in them. There is a neat church, with considerable accommodation; it is covered with straw. The Sabbath is strictly and religiously observed. The population consume flesh and bread, and coffee is taken at all hours of the day. The number of dwellings is 278, accommodating a population of about 1,800 souls, of which 300 or more are fit to bear arms, and liable to serve in defence of the country, from 17 to 20 years of age. They consume nearly 25,000 lbs. of gunpowder, 40,000 lbs. lead, 4,000 to 5,000 lbs. of coffee, and 10,000 lbs. sugar. Little tea is used. They export 200,000 lbs. of ivory. They produce and export wheat, barley, rye, French beans, broad beans, maize, manna, &c.; also spirits, honey, dried fruits, tanned skins, dry salt, rhinoceros horns, sea-cow teeth, ox and buffalo horns, boards and planks, butter, cheese,

* "Journey from Inhambane to Zoutpansberg by J. de Santa Rita Montanha," by James Macqneen, F.R.G.S.—*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, Vol. XXXII., 1862.

orchilla weed, garden parsley, sawed timber, &c. They have peach trees, figs, apples of all kinds, limes, oranges, walnuts, almonds, quinces, chestnuts, apricots, bananas, grapes, and palm trees. They have one Judge (Schoeman), with a salary of only £100 per annum, and some income from fees !”

But the Boers did not deserve to be in possession of such an El Dorado. Instead of enjoying the gifts which Providence had bestowed upon them, and living in peace and plenty, some of them carried on an abominable system of trading in children, obtained from friendly Kafir tribes, whom they attacked and plundered for the purpose of obtaining *black ivory*, and enriching themselves with cattle. The report of a Commission of Inquiry, made to the Volksraad in 1867, sets forth that these illegal raids were set on foot by some of the Field-cornets, on their own authority, or under the orders of Superintendent Albasini, under some pretext or other. Even the Landdrost of Schoemansdal (Vercuil) was accused of encouraging and aiding these illegal acts. It was proved that some Kafir chiefs, Magor and Tabana, were treacherously murdered, their tribes destroyed by a Commando of Knobknoses, under the control of Albasini, their kraals laid waste, and women and children carried off; and Tabana was said to be a friendly chief who annually paid his taxes to the Government. Some of the officials had been heavily fined for these illegal raids, but the sentences of the Court could not be executed on account of the divisions among the people and the weakness of the Government to enforce compliance with its orders. At last there was a general rise among the natives, and the Commando sent to Zoutpansberg, under the command of Commandant-General Paul Kruger, had been obliged, for want of ammunition, to abandon the village of Schoemansdal, and abandon for a time the northern part of the district. As soon as the Commando had left, the Kafirs came down from the mountains, destroyed the village, and took possession of such articles as the people had been obliged to leave behind. The inhabitants retired to the southern portion of the district, and another Commando had to be sent to Makapanspoort to check the advance of the natives. This Commando made an attempt to storm

Mapela's mountain, but failed, and had to retreat, but a number of women and children came again into the possession of the Boers, and were divided as apprentices among the people taking part in the Commando.

During these years negotiations were carried on for a union between the Orange Free State and the Republic, which led to open hostilities between the two Republics. It appears that Pretorius claimed the whole of the Free State territory as part of the Republic established beyond the Vaal, and that he would not acknowledge its independence as a separate Republic since the British Government had withdrawn from the country. At all events he proceeded to Bloemfontein in August, 1856, and appeared before the Free State Volksraad on September 5th, 1856, claiming certain documents written to his father by the Governor of the Cape Colony during the time of the Sovereignty, the repayment of certain monies expended by his father for the purchase of ammunition before the battle of Boomplaats, and finally declaring that he came as son of Andries Pretorius to take possession of the country.*

In reply to this he received notice to leave Bloemfontein within 24 hours on the penalty of being placed in prison. He did so, and returned to the Transvaal, but in May, 1857, he invaded the Free State with a Commando, with the intention of marching on Bloemfontein and taking forcible possession of the country. But Boshoff, who was then President of the Free State, collected eight hundred men, and met Pretorius at Rhenoster River; and as none of the two armies would take upon itself the responsibility of firing the first shot they resolved to make peace. The Transvaal army retired to Vaal River, accompanied by the Free State army, and a treaty of peace was finally agreed upon and concluded on an island in the middle of the river on June 1st, 1857.

In this treaty the independence of the two Republics was mutually recognised, and agreed upon, and the attempt of President Pretorius to claim the Orange River territory declared "laakbaar" (censurable). This treaty, framed by a committee chosen from both sides, was ratified and

* "Geschiedenis van den Orange Vrystaat, door H. J. Hoofstede, jun.; Gravenhage, 1876.

approved by the two Presidents and Executive Councils on the spot, and both armies went home rejoicing.

But the negotiations for a union of the two States were again renewed in September, 1857, when a Transvaal Commission was sent to Winburg, which returned without coming to any definite terms, although Pretorius received a memorial, signed by more than 500 people from the Free State, asking him to become the Protector of their country. It is stated by some authority that the British Government did not look with a favourable eye on the probability of such a union, and opposed the same. We only know from the official records that Sir George Grey, who visited Bloemfontein in September, 1858, refused to interfere in the matter, being, as he maintained, a contingency in which the British Government had no concern.

In the early part of 1858, the Republic sent, at the urgent request of the Free State Government, a Commando across the Vaal River, to join the Free State in its war against the Basutos, which terminated in the Preliminary Treaty of Peace, signed at Thaba Bosigo, in June, 1858, and the final Treaty of Aliwal North, in September 1858, effected through the intervention of Sir George Grey. In April, 1858, a Commando under Commandant-General Schoeman, was sent to Mapela, the murderer of the Potgieters, and in July another Commando was sent against Mahura and Gasibone, when Gasibone was killed, and his head sent to Mahura as a warning. The latter sued for peace, and a treaty was concluded on the 19th August, 1858, by which, for some time at least, peace was restored on the south-western border. During the latter part of this year Secheli paid a friendly visit to President Pretorius, at Potchefstroom, and applied for land nearer to the Republic, on account of the frequent droughts prevailing in his territory. Mahura also sent a deputation, asking for the settlement of boundaries, and signifying his wish to open friendly relations.

In November, 1852, the Treaty for Union with Lydenburg was agreed upon by a Commission, at Rustenburg, and during the Volksraad sitting at Pretoria, in April, 1860, this Convention was finally ratified. By this treaty the local laws and regulations enacted by the former Republic of Lydenburg were recognised, and some are still

in force, to the detriment of the other inhabitants of the State. Several attempts were made in later years to set aside this treaty, but without success. But without being formally cancelled, most of the provisions of the treaty have elapsed in course of time, being set aside by later laws enacted by the general Republic.

When the Raad assembled at Pretoria, in January, 1860, President Pretorius asked leave of absence for six months, which was granted him, J. H. Grobler, member of the Executive Council, being elected Acting-President during his absence. Pretorius proceeded to the Free State, and, when the Raad met again in April, a letter was received from him, informing the Acting-President that he (Pretorius) had taken the oath as President of the Free State. This step of President Pretorius caused a great deal of dissatisfaction among his followers, and gave rise to dissatisfaction and strife, which terminated in bloodshed. The resignation of President Pretorius was not accepted by the Volksraad in April, but he was suspended, and summoned to appear in the next September sitting, to render an account of his office during his reign. He complied with this request, and obtained his release in September, 1860. The seat of Government, which had hitherto been at Potchefstroom, was removed to Pretoria in May, and the Government was carried on by Acting-President Grobler until the end of the year, when he resigned, and Commandant-General Schoeman, member of the Executive, took the reins of Government as Acting-President, W. C. Janse van Rensburg, another member of the Executive, taking his place as Commandant-General. Pretorius's party, which was dissatisfied with the Volksraad for accepting his resignation, would not acknowledge Schoeman. There was another party who would not hear of any of the two, and wanted an election to be opened for a new President. To settle all disputes Schoeman called a meeting, to be held in Pretoria, in January, 1861; but as some of the contending parties were not present, another meeting was convened in Potchefstroom in April. This meeting declared the action of the last Volksraad, with reference to Pretorius, illegal. The sentences of a High Court, held at Pretoria in February, were also condemned, and parties

referred to a new Court to be established. Schoeman then called a new meeting, to be held in Pretoria, in November, 1861, when all the grievances were to be rectified. At this meeting it was resolved to establish a new Volksraad, to which none were eligible who had taken part in the disturbances.

But, before going on further, we must mention an incident that happened at Potchefstroom and caused great sensation. In February, 1862, Gideon Steyn, an agent and attorney, living at Potchefstroom, who had made himself obnoxious to the authorities by reporting the existence of slavery to Sir P. Wodehouse, was fired upon while going home one night. He was only slightly wounded, but, reaching his dwelling, he found the door closed and sealed by order of Landdrost Steyn. In the excitement of the moment he pushed open the door and remained in his house during the night. G. R. Blanch, a friend of Steyn, was also ill-treated by a black servant of Landdrost Steyn, and when the boy received no punishment from the Field-cornet to whom Blanch had complained, Blanch charged the Field-cornet with neglect of duty, and lodged a complaint against him with the State Attorney, Advocate Proes. On the following day, Steyn and Blanch were summoned to appear before the Landdrost, and, when they refused to comply, a warrant was issued for their apprehension, "dead or alive." The Field-cornet was sent to execute the warrant, and the "Commandant of Artillery" received orders to assist him. But the two "delinquents" had blockaded themselves in a small room of a house belonging to Jules Franck, and refused to surrender, threatening to shoot every man who came near them. The Field-cornet and his men retired, and shortly after returned with a small "Commando" of twenty men and a cannon, which was loaded and placed in position to fire at the door. But Franck would not allow his house to be fired at, and the life of his wife and children placed in jeopardy; and, when the men would not desist, Franck rushed out of the house with a small bottle in his hand, and told the men that they would all be killed as soon as he opened the bottle, threatening to do so if they did not retire at once, *which they did* after mature consideration.

The following day Steyn and Blanch resolved, on the

advice of friends, to surrender. They were both put in prison and placed in the stocks, but Blanch managed to effect his escape. He went to Cape Town to represent his case to Sir P. Wodehouse, who declined to interfere. Steyn was condemned to pay a fine of Rds. 500, and was banished from the country for seven years. He was escorted to the Cape Colony, and delivered to the first magistrate on the border; but he soon afterwards returned and followed his profession unmolested. In March, 1866, he wrote again to the Free State paper regarding the practice of slavery, which correspondence Mr. Chesson has made use of in his pamphlet quoted above.

We will now take up the thread of our story. The new Volksraad assembled at Pretoria on the 2nd April, 1861, and declared Schoeman guilty of having "wilfully neglected his duty." He was suspended, and W. C. Janse van Rensburg appointed in his place as Acting President, while T. Snyman was chosen Commandant-General. When Schoeman was officially informed of his dismissal he refused to receive the notice and to hand over his office, which latter had to be opened by force. The next session of the Raad was appointed for October 13, 1862, and a High Court was to sit in August, but the members of the Legislature had hardly reached their homes when Schoeman, supported by a party in the town of Pretoria, turned Rensburg out of office, closed the doors, and gave him notice to quit the town. He also prevented the High Court from taking session, and assumed the title of Acting President and Commandant-General. Rensburg called on his Commandant-General for protection, but when Snyman told him that the people would not come up, Rensburg was obliged to leave the seat of Government and retire to his farm in the neighbourhood of Rustenberg. However, in September, 1862, a Court-Martial was called together, the Government Office was opened, and given back to Rensburg. Then Schoeman refused to give up the flag which he had taken from the Government Office, and a cannon belonging to the Government. When summoned to appear before the Court-Martial he fled to Potchefstroom, where, with the assistance of Landdrost Steyn, one of his supporters, he got up a Commando. Being informed of this, Snyman proclaimed Martial Law, and moved with his

men to Potchefstroom, where he was reinforced by another Commando, under Paul Kruger. A laager was formed outside the town, and fortifications thrown up, behind which the artillery was placed in position to bombard the town, which was defended by Schoeman and Steyn's men. The bombardment commenced on the 6th October, and lasted for three days, but as the guns were about a thousand yards from the place, and were of very small calibre, no damage whatever was done to the town.* On the morning of the 9th October, Schoeman made a sortie, and brought out his cannon with the intention of firing on the laager of the besiegers, but Paul Kruger and Snyman attacked him in gallant style, and took the gun. One man was killed, nine wounded, and all those taken prisoners that could not manage to escape on horseback. The same night Schoeman, Steyn, and all the other chief rebels, (including President Pretorius, who happened to be in town, having arrived from Bloemfontein during the siege) fled across the Vaal River, and on the following morning Snyman and Kruger entered and took possession of the town. Through the intervention of President Pretorius, who returned from the Vaal River, an agreement was entered into between the contending parties according to which a High Court, for the adjudication of the questions in dispute, should be held at Pretoria on January 12, 1863. On this occasion some of the rebels were condemned and fined, but as Schoeman, Steyn, and other ringleaders did not put in an appearance, they were declared *vogelvry*, and their property confiscated.

In April, 1863, Van Rensburg was elected President by a majority of votes, but a new election was resolved upon, as the number of votes obtained was not considered sufficient. In October, 1863, he again obtained the majority, and was sworn in by the Volksraad, Paul Kruger being elected Commandant-General at the same time. But Schoeman would not acknowledge Rensburg, and was supported in his opposition by the Landdrosts of Potchefstroom (Steyn) and Wakkerstroom (Badenhorst). He issued a manifesto (Aug. 17, 1863), addressed to the

* It is said that children were playing about the streets with the cannon balls, which, for want of proper material, were made of pieces of lead knocked into a round shape with a hammer.

Executive Council and Court-Martial, demanding a withdrawal of the Proclamation by which he and others were outlawed, and the establishment of an *impartial* High Court, before which he declared his willingness to appear. Martial Law was again proclaimed, and Paul Kruger, who happened to be in Pretoria, on the road to Wakkerstroom, for the purpose of meeting the Free State Boundary Commission, was ordered to proceed to Potchefstroom to subdue the rebellion. But Schoeman's party had been strengthened by a Commando from Marico, under Jan Viljoen, which was further increased by a strong party from Wakkerstroom, under Badenhorst. Paul Kruger went out to meet the men from Wakkerstroom, but lost 140 of his men, who were surrounded and taken prisoners. Kruger saw that the rebels were too strong, and retired with his people to Rustenburg, where he collected his forces and took up a strong position on the Crocodile River. He was followed by the secessionists, who, flushed with their former success, and misjudging Kruger's strength, attacked him on the 4th January, 1864. The rebels were beaten back and completely routed, with the loss of eight killed and a large number of wounded. A treaty of peace was then agreed upon, and concluded on the 14th January, 1864. According to the stipulations of this treaty, an impartial High Court, to be formed by judges from the Free State and Natal, was to be established, and a new election for President to be opened forthwith; the Government was acknowledged by the rebels, and all confiscations of property suspended for the time being.

Pretorius resigned as President of the Free State, and was again elected and sworn in as President by the Volksraad in May, 1864. Peace was restored to the country and has been maintained ever since, but it is no wonder that the expense of the continual Kafir wars and the quarrels among themselves exhausted the meagre exchequer of the Government, which was not replenished by the disaffected burghers, who were only too glad to have some pretext for not paying their taxes. To provide for the payment of immediate debts connected with the purchase of ammunition, and for the payment of the salaries of the badly-paid officials, cheques or orders called *Mandaten* were issued by the Government, until, in September 1857,

the question was mooted at the Volksraad session in Potchefstroom to issue Government Notes, but it was not before June, 1865, that the measure was really carried out. The first issue of paper money, printed on blue foolscap, had a very primitive appearance, and consisted of Rds. 5 and Rds. 10 notes to the amount of Rds. 140,000 (£10,500), payable eighteen months after date in hard cash, with six per cent. interest. The notes were declared a legal tender, except for old debts. It is hardly necessary to say that they were not paid on maturity, but another batch of £12,000 (in £1, 5s., and 2s. 6d. notes) were ordered to be issued in April, 1866, which were payable in five years, without interest. These not being found sufficient, a third issue of £20,000 was authorised by the Volksraad in May, 1867, to replace the Mandaten (£9,510 16s.) still in circulation, and to pay arrear salaries to officials and other debts. A Finance Commission was appointed in December, 1867, for the supervision of the Treasury and issue of notes, when it was found that the country was still deeply involved in debt, and that more notes had been issued by the Government than were authorised by the Volksraad. However, to cut the matter short, another issue to the amount of £45,000 in Bluebacks, payable in ten years, was authorised in March, 1868, and another and final issue of new notes, made in England, was authorised in June, 1870, when it was found that there was still an amount of £73,826 in circulation.

That this paper money was worthless, as there was no prospect that it would ever be paid out in coin, need hardly be said. The officials suffered most, as they had to receive their salaries in this paper currency, which could only be disposed of at a discount of from fifty to seventy-five per cent., while the merchants raised the prices of their goods, and the workmen the price of their labour, in proportion to the value of the paper received by them. Disaffection and discontent prevailed all over the land, for the Government, who could not raise a revenue without continually increasing the debt of the country and ruining its credit, could look for neither submission nor respect.

In October, 1864, an agreement was made with a certain A. M'Corkindale for the purchase of two hundred farms in

the name of a company to be formed in England. A Bank Charter was also granted to this embryo company, which promised a loan of £20,000, and agreements were made for the delivery of ammunition; but the company was never born, and, as the Volksraad considered that the principal conditions of the agreement had not been fulfilled, the title deeds issued were cancelled by the Legislature in 1868.*

In consequence of five Transvaal Boers coming from Natal and passing through the Free State being murdered by Basutos in June, 1865, in the neighbourhood of Harrismith, another Commando was sent against the Basutos, who were again at war with the Orange Free State. This Commando was attacked at Naauwpoort in September, 1865, and lost several men, but entered Basutoland, joined the Free State Commando and returned with a large number of cattle taken from the natives. A treaty of peace was subsequently concluded, in September, 1867.

The year 1867 was a memorable one in the history of South Africa. In October, the first diamond was discovered, and in December of that year Carl Mauch, the intrepid German explorer and naturalist, returned with Mr. H. Hartley, the well-known elephant hunter, from the interior, reporting the discovery of extensive gold fields in the neighbourhood of the Tatin, which soon brought a number of diggers from Australia, and caused a *rush* from the Cape Colony and Natal. It was also the cause of bringing out a number of travellers and *savants*, such as Baines, Mohr, Hübner, Sir John Swinbourne, Dr. Cohen, &c.

In April, 1868, President Pretorius issued the famous Proclamation defining the boundaries of the Republic, which included part of Delagoa Bay in the east and Lake Ngami in the north. Viscount Duprat, the Portuguese Consul-General at Cape Town, at once protested against this annexation of Portuguese territory, which he maintained belonged to Portugal since 1546, and Sir P. Wodehouse, Governor of the Cape Colony, also signified his disapproval, in a letter addressed to President Pretorius.

* A compromise was afterwards entered into between the Government and the Executors in the Estate of the late McCorkindale by which the Estate kept the farms and paid a compensation of £13,000.

This proclamation led to the first treaty* concluded with Portugal in July, 1869, and to the arbitration between England and Portugal concerning the southern portion of Delagoa Bay and the Island of Inyack, which was decided in favour of Portugal by Marshal MacMahon, in July 1875. When President Pretorius' term of office expired he was again elected by majority of votes, and was sworn in again on the 19th May, 1869.

In February, 1870, the award of Governor Keate, concerning the tedious Free State Boundary Question between the two Republics, was received, which decided in favour of the Transvaal. The discovery and increase of the Diamond Fields began now to engage the attention of the whole world, and soon assumed special importance for the two Republics, owing to the discovery of diamonds on both sides of the Vaal River, near Pniel, a Mission Station of the Berlin Society. On the 17th May, 1870, the President of the Orange Free State issued a Proclamation in which he laid claim to the so-called Campbell Grounds, north of the Vaal River, which the Republic had considered part of its dominion from the commencement of its existence. President Pretorius went to meet President Brand, at Nooitgedacht, in August, 1870, and an explanation took place between the two chiefs, which ended in the withdrawal of all claims to the territory between the Vaal and Hart Rivers on the part of the Free State. Pretorius then issued a Proclamation, dated 10th September, 1870, in which he declared the above-mentioned territory part of the Transvaal, and gave certain concessions to the diggers who were busy on the northern banks of the river. On account of some clauses contained in this Proclamation, it was not approved by the Executive, and was afterwards repudiated by the Volksraad in December. The mining monopoly, granted by the Government to Messrs. Munich, Posno, and Webb, in the Bloemhof district, suffered the same fate.

General Hay, then Acting Governor of the Cape Colony, protested against the claim set up by the Republics, and met President Pretorius at Klipdrift. An

* A second Treaty was concluded in 1870, between a Portuguese Deputation, under the presidency of the Governor of Quilimane, but it was objected to by the Volksraad, and repudiated by the Portuguese Government.

agreement was entered into to refer the matter to arbitration of Governor Keate, which terminated in the Award of 25th November, 1871. Our limited space does not allow us to go more fully into the controversy that ensued upon the repudiation of the Keate Award, which led to the voluminous correspondence between Sir H. Barkly and President Burgers.* Suffice it to say that the Republic averred that the Award could not be maintained in "honour, law and equity," on the following grounds:—1st. Want of authority on the part of President Pretorius. 2nd. Want of precision in the Deed of Submission. 3rd. Partiality on the part of one of the arbitrators (Mr. Campbell), and of the umpire, (Governor Keate). 4th. Want of parties to the Deed of Submission; and 5th. Want of finality in the Award." But this award brought about a great change in the Government of the Republic. President Pretorius was obliged to resign in November, 1871; Erasmus took his place as Acting President; a new election was opened, and the Rev. T. F. Burgers, a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church, in the Cape Colony, was elected by majority of votes. Mr. Burgers belonged to the Liberal Church party, and had gained a great name by a successful lawsuit against the Cape Synod. He was a man of great talents, a man of progress, and an eloquent speaker, but he was too much of an enthusiast, and totally deficient in practical knowledge of men and things. He did not succeed in gaining the confidence of the Boers, and made himself particularly obnoxious to the orthodox party of the community by the law prohibiting religious instruction in school. Hundreds of Boers sold their farms and trekked into the wilderness rather than to submit to his rule.† He concluded a loan with the C. C. Bank for

* One letter of President Burgers to Sir H. Barkly, of August, 1874, formed a volume of 116 pages in print.

† They intended to go to Damaraland, on the West Coast, but very few reached their destination. They were attacked by the natives, and had to form a laager to defend themselves; their cattle were taken away by the natives or lost in the bush, and sickness considerably diminished their number. A few have returned by sea to Cape Town, but the remnant have formed a settlement on the Cunene River.

the redemption of the paper currency—a contingency nobody would have believed possible six months previously ; but the country derived no benefit from this otherwise praiseworthy act, for, at the end of his term of office, the exchequer was empty, the country deeply involved in debt, and its credit worse than it was at the commencement of his rule. He introduced a new educational system, based on the best and most approved European principles, but it could not be carried out for want of funds, and for want of pupils sufficiently advanced to attend the higher classes. He went to Europe to contract a loan of £300,000 for the railway to Delagoa Bay, and stated on his return that he had succeeded in obtaining the money, but it was afterwards found out that he obtained only a small portion of the amount at a great sacrifice of public money, in the shape of commissions, &c. He designed a new coat of arms and flag, and insisted on its acceptance although the people were opposed to the innovation, and the Volksraad refused it. He had some gold coins struck with his own likeness, but they cost more than their value, and instead of creating a new coinage for the country, they were only destined to adorn watch chains and to be looked upon as a curiosity. His idea of a United South Africa under the Republican Flag, with a Dutch-speaking population, was grand—“*even epic*,” as Mr. Froude would say—but it could not be carried out, as the majority of the population would object to such a scheme.

In December, 1870, a concession was granted to Messrs. Levert and Moodie,* for the construction of a road to Delagoa Bay. In August, 1871, Button discovered gold near Marabastad, which led to a concession being granted to a company in January, 1873. During the same month Mr. Moodie obtained another concession for the construction of a railway to Delagoa Bay, based on the former contract granted to him and Levert. About this time, the first gold was discovered near Lydenburg, and in May, 1873, the ward Ohrigstad, in the Lydenburg district, was proclaimed a payable gold field. Diggers flocked to the new El Dorado

* Mr. George Pigot Moodie, now of Westbrook near Rondebosch, Cape Town.

from all parts of the world, and several camps were formed, of which *Pilgrim's Rest*, *MacMac*, and others, are still worked to some extent.

During President Burgers' absence in Europe, in 1875, for the purpose of the Railway Loan, Sekukuni, the principal chief of the Bapedi, who inhabited a mountainous tract of country to the south of the Olifant's River, became rebellious. He refused to pay taxes, and molested the farmers in his neighbourhood. Cattle-lifting and acts of violence were committed. When President Burgers returned from Europe, in April, 1876, Sekukuni received a message from him to restrain the subordinate chiefs and return the cattle stolen; he replied that he would do so, but at the same time he laid claim to the greatest part of the Lydenburg and Pretoria districts. The Volksraad, then in session, resolved to declare war, and a large Commando was called out. After the taking of Mathebi's Kop, the *Gibraltar* of South Africa, as it was termed by President Burgers, the Commando moved on to Sekukuni's head kraal, situated between ranges of steep and rugged mountains, difficult of access or assault. The attack was made on the 1st August, 1876, but totally failed on account of the cowardice of some of the Boers, who refused to advance. The result was that the Commando had to retreat, the Volksraad was summoned, and, as a temporary measure, the prosecution of the war was entrusted to volunteers. A Treaty of Peace was soon afterwards concluded, according to which Sekukuni agreed to pay 2,000 head of cattle, and acknowledge the supremacy of the Republic; but soon afterwards Sekukuni repudiated the Treaty, and the cattle were never delivered.

While these matters were going on Sir Theophilus Shepstone had been sent out from England as a Special Commissioner from Her Majesty the Queen. He was deputed to confer with the Transvaal Government in regard to the Sekukuni rebellion and native affairs in general, which it was considered might unfavourably affect the peace of the neighbouring British colonies and the whole of this part of South Africa.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone arrived in Pretoria on the 22nd of January, and was well received by the townspeople. He received memorials and petitions for annex-

ation or interference from all parts of the country, and the President was compelled to call up the Volksraad in extraordinary session in February, 1877, when the alternative was put before the members: a radical reform of the whole Constitution, legislative, executive, and judicial; that the burghers must loyally, promptly, and vigorously act up to their legal obligations, and support the Government of their own choosing; or else accept Confederation with the South African States and Colonies under the British flag.*

The Raad agreed very reluctantly to a reform of the Constitution rather than to lose its so-called independence. A new Constitution was sanctioned, arrear taxes were to be paid summarily, on penalty of execution; and a Ministry was formed. But it was too late. President Burgers himself stated in the Volksraad that "he did not believe that a new Constitution would save them, for as little as the old Constitution had brought them to ruin, so little would a new Constitution bring them salvation." On the 8th of March the Raad broke up, and the members went home from a session which was destined to be the last one of the many that had been held during the twenty-five years of the Republic's existence.

On the 12th of April, 1877, Sir Theophilus Shepstone annexed the territory, and the Boers were once more compelled to submit to British rule. Mr. Burgers retired under protest, and returned to the Cape Colony to enjoy for the remainder of his life the pension granted him by the British Government. The Annexation Proclamation refers to the abandonment to the natives of the Northern territory, which was followed by a similar process in the South under yet more dangerous circumstances. It states that the Government was powerless to vindicate its assumed rights, or to resist the declension that was threatening its existence; that all confidence in its stability once felt by surrounding and distant European communities had been withdrawn; that commerce was well-nigh destroyed, and that the country was in a state of bankruptcy; that the white inhabitants were divided into factions; that the Government had fallen into helpless

* Noble's South Africa, Past and Present, 1877.

paralysis from causes it had been and was unable to control or counteract ; and the prospect of the election of a new President was looked forward to by all parties most likely to result in civil war, with its attendant anarchy and bloodshed. Mr. Jeppe, whose account of the Transvaal I avail myself of, says—in 1880 :—In closing this short sketch of the origin, rise, and fall of the Republic, we must say that a great deal of dissatisfaction still prevails among the Boers at the manner in which the government of the country had slipped out of their hands, and at the ill-success which had attended their deputations to Europe. The wish for independence and self-government, encouraged and supported by designing agitators, is, however, gradually subsiding. The taxes are paid better than they were under the old Government, as will be seen by our financial statistics, published elsewhere. The Sekukuni rebellion has been quelled, the Natives are made to pay taxes, labour is more plentiful, and now that all former obstacles are removed, the Transvaal enters upon a career of prosperity it has never before known, and which it never could have attained under the old *régime*. As part of the future South African Confederation, it must prosper and flourish. Great postal facilities have been instituted, and the telegraph connects us with the outer world. The railway from Delagoa Bay will soon be commenced, and its completion is only a question of time. With peace and security on our borders, a strong, liberal, and enlightened Government and Legislature to guide and rule this infant State, confidence will at once be originated, and enterprise will launch its capital, where so large and varied a field offers itself for yielding highly remunerative returns, either in mining operations for the precious metals, with which this country abounds, or in agricultural or stock-breeding pursuits, for which this highly-favoured country is so eminently suitable.

THE DELAGOA BAY RAILWAY.

From the earliest time when the first Boers trekked into the Transvaal they fostered the wish and desire to establish communications with Delagoa Bay, in order to be able to

import goods at cheaper rates than could be obtained through the seaports of Natal and the Cape Colony, and to establish an outlet for those products of the country which distance prohibited them from bringing to the colonial markets. The idea of thus becoming independent of the British Colonies, and free from the control which British officials exercised in reference to the importation of gunpowder and ammunition, has no doubt also greatly influenced the Boers in their endeavours to open communication and establish trading relations with the Portuguese, who always showed friendly feeling towards them, and who did all they possibly could to encourage a desire which promised to become very advantageous to themselves in course of time.

In the Historical Sketch I have shown how, in 1834, some families under the leadership of van Rensburg and Carl Trieckhard tried to reach the Portuguese possessions on the East Coast, and how miserably they failed. With the exception of two children, who, I have related, were found in the Amazwasi country and delivered up to the authorities in Lydenburg, in 1867, Rensburg's party appear to have been all killed by the natives, whilst only a few of Trieckhard's managed to reach Delagoa Bay. But they were not discouraged by these failures, and several trading expeditions were made in later years, although great losses were sustained owing to the cattle being killed by the tsetse.

During the year 1840 the Dutch ship *De Brazilië* landed at Durban, and as Natal was then in possession of the Boers, the supercargo of this vessel—J. A. Smellekamp—was received with great rejoicings by them, as he represented himself specially sent out by the King of Holland to promise them protection against the British Government. He concluded a treaty with the Volksraad, at Pietermaritzburg, which he signed in the name of his King, and promised soon to return with troops, ammunition, ministers, schoolmasters, &c., but when he returned in May, 1843, with one minister and several schoolmasters, and, I need hardly add, without troops and ammunition, Durban was in possession of the British Government; and Captain Smith, in command of the garrison, informed Mr. Smellekamp that his instructions prohibited the landing from any ships of

passengers without the permission of the English Government or the Governor of the Cape Colony. The *Brazilië* then took sail and landed her passengers at Lourenço Marques, as also a small consignment of Bibles, school-books, and stationery, sent as a present by some people in Holland. During the time that the *Brazilië* took a trip to Java, Mr. Smellekamp, who remained at Lourenço Marques, placed himself in communication with Potgieter, who then lived at Lydenburg. A conference took place between Potgieter, as Chairman of a deputation sent from the Republic, and the Governor of Delagoa Bay, which resulted in a treaty of commerce being concluded on August 14th, 1855. About the same time an embassy was sent by the Portuguese Government from Inhambane to Zoutpansberg, for the purpose of negotiating a treaty of peace and commerce with Schoeman, who was then the chief of a separate party of Boers at Zoutpansberg. Smellekamp returned to Holland, and in the early part of 1848 he arrived again at Lourenço Marques, as supercargo of the Dutch ship *De Animo*, loaded with merchandise for the "Dutch Africans." On hearing of the arrival of the ship, Potgieter came to Delagoa Bay with a strong party of Boers, but they lost nearly all their cattle, and many men died of fever. The Dutch goods were not satisfactory, the prices too high, and the quality much below that of the goods brought up by the traders of Natal.* Stuart says that as the merchants in Holland lost between 85 and 86 per cent. of the capital invested, and as the Boers were losers to a still greater extent, it was mutually agreed upon that this should be the last attempt to establish direct commercial relations with Holland. Another ship, the *Vasco de Gama*, left Holland in December, 1850, but it appears that she only landed a fresh supply of schoolmasters at Delagoa Bay, of which some are still in the country.

From this time the trade with the Boers seems to have passed into the hands of the Portuguese, and was kept up principally by Portuguese merchants at Mozambique, who shipped their merchandize to Delagoa Bay, and received

* *De Hollandsche Africanen, en hunne Republiek in Zuid Africa*, by J. Stuart, Amsterdam, 1854.

produce in return. A Natal firm, Messrs. Kotze and Bresler, also established itself at Lourenço Marques in August, 1855, for the special purpose of trading with the Boers. A Portuguese Consul was appointed at Zoutpansberg, and Portuguese traders kept up a lively trade with the Boers settled at Lydenburg and Zoutpansberg. In 1859 the Portuguese Government, noticing the growth and progress of the Republic, opened correspondence with regard to a treaty, which was, however, not concluded before July, 1869. In Sept., 1860, one of the principal Delagoa merchants submitted a scheme for running traction engines from Delagoa Bay to Zoutpansberg; but a new impetus was given to the idea of opening up Delagoa Bay when Alexander McCorkindale visited the Transvaal in 1864, and purchased a large tract of country bordering on the Amaswazi country. As the Maputa River, running into the Southern portion of Delagoa Bay, is navigable for some eighty miles, McCorkindale proposed to convey merchandise in flat-bottomed boats from the Bay to the Lebombo mountains, where a depôt was to be established, and from where goods were to be conveyed inland by bullock-wagon without danger of the tsetse fly.

In April, 1868, President Pretorius issued a proclamation in which the Maputa River, with one mile of river boundary on each side, from its junction with the Pongola up to its embouchure into the Southern portion of Delagoa Bay, were declared Transvaal territory. The Portuguese Government protested at once, and so did the Governor of the Cape Colony, which led to the arbitration between England and Portugal terminating in the award of Marshal McMahon, given in 1875, declaring the Southern portion of the Bay, including the Maputa River up to the Lebombo, as belonging to Portugal.

When McCorkindale's navigation and harbour scheme failed, concessions were applied for and granted to various persons for constructing roads suitable for running traction engines between the Portuguese boundary to some point on the High Veldt. In 1873 the Government expended an amount of nearly £1,000 for the construction of a wagon road from the Gold Fields to Delagoa Bay, a distance of 173 miles, of which the Portuguese Government engaged to do their portion from the Bay to the

Lebombo, a distance of forty-six and a half miles ; but it was afterwards found that the road was a mere track that could only be traced where cut through the bush. In 1875 a concession was granted to Mr. Nellmapius, Portuguese Vice-Consul at the Gold Fields, for the establishment of a Transport Company for the conveyance of goods by native carriers between the Gold Fields and the Bay, and the Government granted eight farms of 3,000 morgen each for the establishment of trading stations at distances of fifteen miles apart ; but when the Kafir War broke out, and some white men who lived on these stations were killed by natives, the conveyance of goods had to cease, and the Company was dissolved. But previous to this, in June, 1870, an application was made by Messrs. Forssman and Munnich for making a road suitable for traction engines, followed in February, 1871, by a similar concession being granted to Messrs. Moodie and Levert, which was altered in August, 1872, into the first railway concession granted to Mr. Moodie alone. This concession Mr. Moodie ceded to A. Guzman, who intended to form a company in England, and who obtained transfer of the concession which Moodie had obtained from the Portuguese Government for the Portuguese portion of the line ; but when Guzman failed to carry out the concession, Moodie obtained a new concession for a railway from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria, in January, 1873, together with a grant of 850 farms of 6,000 acres each, in case the Company should be floated. But Moodie also failed to raise the money and commenced work within the time stipulated in his agreement with the Transvaal Government. President Burgers then proposed to the Volksraad to grant no more concessions to Companies or private persons, but to raise a loan of half-a-million in Europe to enable the Government to construct a narrow-gauge line from Lourenço Marques to the Drakensberg. This amount was subsequently reduced to £300,000, and in 1875 President Burgers proceeded to Europe for the purpose of obtaining the loan. For the payment of the interest due on this loan to be raised, a railway tax of £1 10s. was enacted by the Volksraad in June, 1876, on all quit-rent farms, and all persons not being owners of a quit-rent farm, which tax has been levied up to date. After having failed to raise the loan in

England, the President proceeded to Portugal, where he arranged a treaty of commerce, in which it was stipulated that should the revenue of the railway not be sufficient to cover the expenses of harbour works, &c., the import duty should be 3 per cent., but might, if necessary, be raised to 6 per cent. It was further agreed upon that the King of Portugal should grant a subsidy equivalent to half the cost of the works, the land required for the construction of the railway, free import during fifteen years of all the fixed and rolling stock necessary for construction, preference for the construction of the branches to be undertaken afterwards, and the exclusive exploitation of that railway and electric telegraph during the ninety-nine years, whilst the Transvaal Government undertook to carry the railway to a centre of production and consumption, granted the requisite land, and a guarantee of 5 per cent. on the borrowed capital, or, if necessary, a subsidy equal to that given by the Portuguese Government. President Burgers then proceeded to Holland, and although he failed to borrow the £300,000 required, and only obtained an amount of £79,136, he entered into contracts with the Société Anonyme des Ateliers de la Dyle, in Belgium, for the supply of railway material to the value of £63,200. Of this about the half was shipped to Delagoa Bay, while the other half remained stored in different harbours in Holland and Belgium, until taken over by the British Government in 1879. As the Portuguese Government could not grant a concession to the Transvaal Government, a contract was entered into in 1876 between the Portuguese Government and Mr. Moodie by which the Government conceded to him the right of constructing and exploring the Portuguese portion of the railway from Delagoa Bay to the Lebombo. Moodie was to form a Company within six months to carry out the concession, the works were to be commenced within a year, and to be completed within three years from the date of contract, on the penalty of a rescission of the agreement. This concession was again taken over by the Transvaal Government, on payment to Moodie of an honorarium of £3,000, and £2,000 for his expenses incurred, and transferred to the "Lebombo Railway Company (Limited)," constituted in Pretoria. The nominal capital of this

Company was £110,000, divided into 4,400 shares of £25 each, of which 3,300 were taken by the Transvaal Government, 24 by certain private individuals, leaving 1,076 shares unappropriated. The 24 individuals took one share each, on which they are reputed to have paid 50s. each.* In November, 1876, President Burgers entered into a provisional contract with the representatives of the Cockerill Company at Seraing, in Belgium, by which the Portuguese concession ceded to the Lebombo Company was transferred to this Company, which undertook to carry on the line as far as Klipstapel, a distance of about 210 miles from Lourenço Marques, of which about 40 miles were on Portuguese territory. According to Mr. Hall's flying survey, made in 1875 by order of the Transvaal Government, the line was to skirt the northern and afterwards the southern banks of the Umbolosi River, and was to ascend the Drakensberg to the north-east of New Scotland to an altitude of 3,620 feet above sea level, the steepest gradients being 1 in 45 and 1 in 50.† The cost was estimated at £423,704 for the 108 miles from Delagoa Bay to the first terminus, at the 2 feet 6 inch gauge; and £531,740 for 106 miles at the 3 feet 6 inch gauge. This would amount to £3,923 and £5,016 per mile respectively.

The before-mentioned provisional agreement with the Cockerill Company contained the reservation that it had to be confirmed both by the Volksraad of the Republic and the Company in Belgium. The first was attained on the 8th March, 1877, when the Volksraad approved of the above-mentioned agreement in principle, and directed "the Government," in conjunction with the Directors of the Lebombo Company, to enter into a final contract with the Cockerill Company as should be most conducive to the interests of the Republic; but as the Cockerill Company have not confirmed the preliminary agreement, and as no final agreement has been entered into since March, 1877, it must be taken for granted that this important agreement fell to the ground.

In the meantime the Lebombo Railway Company came

* Blue Book C.—2,144, 1878.

† Mr. Farrell says in his report, referred to hereafter, that the steepest gradients adopted by Mr. Hall were 1 in 30.

to a deadlock for want of funds; the company owed about £5,598, and there was no money to pay for the freight of the railway material sent out to Delagoa Bay. The bills passed by the Government on Holland were returned dishonoured, and the credit of the Government was so low that it was only with the greatest difficulty that a loan of £400 could be obtained from a Boer by the mortgage of a saltpan near Pretoria. In this extremity the Company resolved to sell or mortgage part of the railway material stored at Delagoa Bay, but succeeded in obtaining the promise of £2,000 only. The Portuguese Government was then applied to for an advance on subsidy, and promised to furnish £6,000; but in the meantime the Transvaal was annexed by the British Government, and the new Government gave notice to the Lebombo Company "That all payments of salaries and other current expenses, except such as are absolutely necessary for the safe custody of the material at Delagoa Bay, must now, as far as the payment of them by this Government is concerned, cease, pending the decision of the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies.*" The Company was hereupon dissolved, and nothing appears to have been done until May, 1879, when the new Government issued instructions to Mr. Farrell, the railway engineer, for a new survey of the line. At the same time (30th May, 1879), a treaty was agreed upon at Lisbon, between Mr. Morier, the British Ambassador at Lisbon, and the Portuguese Minister for Foreign Affairs, Senhor João de Andrade Corvo. I here close this matter, as the subsequent proceedings in connection with this railway are known to the public through the press.

* Report of Directors of the Lebombo Railway Company, 2nd July, 1877.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE ZULU POWER.

AT the commencement of the present century close upon a million Kafirs were living happily and peacefully in the fair and fertile Colony of Natal. Very old men belonging to these people expressively say, "The sun that saw the tribes fight never set until their quarrel was ended." But about the year 1812 all this was changed. In, or close upon, that year a predatory chieftain with an organised scheme of spoliation and conquest, came down from the North and burst down upon the land, and within a few short years the aboriginal tribes (the names of which will be found in the appendix) of the district were swept from their homes, and the smiling garden, which had so recently been teeming with happy and prosperous life, became a desert and a depopulated wilderness. This state of things was brought about by Tshaka.

Tshaka, the Attila of South Africa, was, as we have seen, the founder of the Zulu power. Before his reign and career, the Zulus, as a tribe, were almost entirely unknown. They were virtually overshadowed and eclipsed by the more important clans which were immediately around them, and the most considerable of these was the tribe of the Umtetwas, which was under the chieftainship of Jobe. These Umtetwas dwelt in what is now the heart of Zululand, and some few miles north of the Tugela River, and the old chief of the tribe had two sons, who were named Tana and Godongwana, of whom the elder, Tana, had been recognized as the proper successor to his father's place. Jobe, however, seemed to be in no hurry to get out of the way, and the young men, becoming impatient at the delay, are said to have entered into some scheme of conspiracy to hasten his removal. The plot reached the old chief's ears, and he gave secret orders that both the young men should be summarily placed beyond the sphere of temptation. The hut in which the two brothers were sleeping was accordingly surrounded by an armed band in the dead of

night, and a sudden onset was made upon it, and nearly all whom it contained, the elder brother Tana amongst them, were killed. The younger, Godongwana, however, who was an active and powerful man, made a sudden rush through his assailants and leapt the outer fence. But he did not escape quite scatheless. He was struck by a barbed assegai as he disappeared into the darkness, and carried away the weapon with him in his back.

A sister of the wounded man, aware of what had occurred in the night, managed secretly to discover the place of his retreat in the bush, extracted the spear from his wound, ministered to his immediate needs, and then gave him her own kaross (skin rug), and sent him privately some young men to attend upon him. At first Godongwana lingered among the neighbouring tribes, but they were all too much under Jobe's influence to be safe places of sojourn for him; and so at last he went further away and disappeared; and for some years nothing more was heard of him.

In the fulness of time, however, old Jobe died, a younger brother of Godongwana of another house (or hut) assumed the government of the tribe, and events moved on quietly for some time, until all at once strange rumours began to circulate amongst the people, to the effect that Godongwana was still alive, and would return to claim his inheritance; and at last it was said that he was actually on his way for this purpose, and that he was coming with might and mysterious power, for no one could say whether he was a man or an animal. Then it was reported that he who was coming was certainly a man, but marvellous to say, he was seated upon an "Injomani." This did not make the explanation very clear, as no one in the tribe knew what an "Injomani" was. What "Injomani" meant no one could tell, as a horse was as much an object of curiosity to the natives of these parts in those days as a live Unicorn would be to us.

To give you some idea of the notion these people had of a horse, I will relate an incident which occurred 20 years after the time of which I am now speaking. One of the tribes now in this colony had met an expeditionary force from the Cape frontier to the South of the St. John's River. Part of that force was mounted. During the

engagement that followed one of the horsemen got separated from his horse, and it ran wildly away. The Chief immediately gave orders for every exertion to be made to destroy it. He thought that letting the animal loose was one of the modes of warfare used by the enemy ; that it tore men to pieces with its teeth, and stung them to death with its tail. It seemed to them so active an animal that the sooner it was despatched the better. The poor innocent victim of this calumny was of course easily despatched amidst triumphant yells from the valiant warriors.

At length, however, both Godongwana and the Injomani appeared to clear up the mystery, and the Injomani turned out to be a white horse which the young chieftain had procured from some of the tribes in the far West, near to the frontiers of the civilized settlements at the Cape. When he put in his claim to the chieftainship his younger brother offered a futile resistance, and lost his life for his pains. The new chief proved his identity and his right by the scar which he carried on his back. The Umtetwas said that his "wound was his witness." Between the scar and the horse his claim was very speedily established, and he became the acknowledged chief of the Umtetwas in old Jobe's place. But in honour of his strange adventures his name was changed. He ceased to be "Godongwana" and he became "Dingiswayo," which meant "Wanderer," and as "Dingiswayo" he reigned.

It appears that after he had got well off from the tribes in the old neighbourhood, Godongwana had at last made his way to the Cape Colony in the far west, and had lived there in some fashion or other amongst white men, and learnt very much concerning their habits and doings. He had certainly procured his horse from this source. But whether or not he had come by it honestly was never known. In common with his skill in horsemanship, he had, however, acquired some other attainments, which he was able to turn to good account. *He had seen the power of organisation and discipline*, and had especially marked how the white men banded their soldiers into companies and regiments, under duly appointed officers. As soon, therefore, as he was firmly settled in the chieftainship of

his tribe, he set to work to organise his own people upon a similar plan. He formed all the young men into regiments, and appointed officers in due subordination to each other, and he very soon had an army at his command exceedingly more powerful than any force that had ever been seen before among the neighbouring tribes. It was but natural that he should then find himself tempted to put to proof this new organisation, and when he did so he found that none of the surrounding chiefs could stand against him for an instant. He accordingly reduced many of them to subservience to his own authority. But it is universally admitted that he was neither cruel nor avaricious. He fought to conquer and to show his own superior ability and power, but he cared nothing about capturing the cattle, and he forbade the destruction of women and children. His great idea was to feed his own army on the grain stores of the vanquished, and to occupy the territory of an antagonist until his corn was exhausted. On this account his opponents generally tendered their submission as soon as they were beaten, and reoccupied their country as the acknowledged vassals of the conqueror the instant his forces were withdrawn. Dingiswayo never destroyed or permanently dispersed any tribe he had attacked.

At the time that Dingiswayo was thus occupied in introducing his new system of military organisation and aggressive war, it so chanced, however, that one of the small adjacent tribes that he had conquered was ruled over by a chief named Senzangakona, who had an illegitimate son called Tshaka. This young man was of a turbulent and ambitious spirit, and made himself so obnoxious to some influential members of his father's family that at last he and his mother had to flee for their lives. Tshaka took refuge with Dingiswayo, enlisted in one of his crack regiments, and took part in several of his military expeditions. The gallant conduct of the young recruit in some of these won for him a great reputation as a soldier. The fact was that he had accidentally been placed in a position which was congenial to his tastes and to his genius, for he was a man of remarkable ability and power. He studied the policy and the proceedings of Dingiswayo with an attentive eye, and he soon convinced himself that he had

discovered the one weak point in the new strategy. He saw clearly that Dingiswayo's generosity and forbearance was a dangerous mistake, because it left the conquered chiefs in a position to combine together at some future time against their conqueror. In his own mind he was satisfied that the only safe way to carry out such a scheme of aggression as Dingiswayo had entered upon was to inflict such an injury upon the conquered as left them no power to rise again, and he resolved that whenever he had the chance he would carry out the great system of Dingiswayo to its full and legitimate conclusion.

Tshaka had not long to wait for his opportunity. By the time that he had served in the army of Dingiswayo sufficiently long to become familiar with the system of its chief, and to make his own observations upon its defects, his father Senzangakona died; and Dingiswayo, conceiving that his brave subordinate would be a more serviceable tributary and ally than the legitimate sons of the deceased chief, induced the tribe to accept Tshaka at his hands as their head. In this way the young Tshaka succeeded to the chieftainship of the weak, tributary, and insignificant tribe of the Zulus.

Tshaka continued faithful to his old master, and fought in alliance with him in several campaigns. But he was altogether right in the opinions he had formed of the danger of the position. Some of the neighbouring chiefs, who had been victims of Dingiswayo's raids, had at length taken a lesson out of his book, and having prepared their plans, combined against him. Dingiswayo was finally caught in advance of the main body of his army with only a small party of followers, and was taken prisoner and slain by a chief he had twice taken prisoner and generously spared. Tshaka was with the main army on this occasion, and led the combined tribes of the Umtetwas and Zulus so skilfully out of the fight that he was forthwith accepted by both as their common chief. This was the first step made by the Zulu tribe towards an enlargement of its influence and power. It was the result of a combined movement by these two chiefs that drove the powerful tribe in its retreat to enter the present division of Newcastle about 1812 as already mentioned. *And thus was caused the first shock felt by the doomed but unsuspecting inhabitants of Natal.*

Tshaka had thus a clear path open to his ambition. He was now free to adopt his own plan of operations, and to act upon his own ideas without let or hindrance. He at once set himself to the work of establishing the Zulu supremacy, and attacked tribe after tribe of his neighbours, absorbing all the young men as he did so into his own following, and destroying the old men and old women and children. In the pursuance of this object he introduced several innovations into the art of native South African warfare, which were very remarkable indications of his genius and originality. He distributed his young warriors into regiments, which were distinguished from each other by the colour and pattern of their ox-hide shields; and he trained them to the discipline of serried and solid advance, and of attack at close quarters with the short stabbing assegai. Above all things he instituted an invariable law, that any young soldier who returned from the fight without shield and assegai, or with the disgraceful stamp of a wound upon his back, should pay the forfeit of his life. The young soldiers were now for the first time forbidden to take wives, in order that they might not be enervated by domestic influences, and distracted from their military duties by domestic ties and habits. But after a certain period of service old regiments were superannuated as veterans, and rewarded with wives, and new levies were raised to take their place in the van of the tribal armament. Whenever an expedition was sent out on active service its destination was kept secret from the warriors themselves until they were far on their way. The immediate attack was always made by a sudden onset of a compact phalanx, supported on either hand by advanced horns or troops of skirmishers.

With such a system of carefully planned organization, wielded by a large measure of ability and sustained by a ruthless purpose and will, and with only divided and scattered tribes that fought as an undisciplined rabble in the regions which were to be overrun, it is by no means surprising that the name of Tshaka (or Chaka as it is erroneously spelt) soon became a terror and a power. Wherever there were cattle to be seized or young men to be amalgamated, the ruthless hosts of the Zulu despot appeared, until every tribe between St. John's River in

the South, and Delagoa Bay in the north, a distance of full 500 miles, had either been "eaten up" and dispersed or reduced into subjection ; and this was how it had come to pass that when Lieut. Farewell and Mr. Fynn formed their first settlement in Natal the region was an unpeopled wilderness. The earliest burst of the tempest fell upon Natal about the year 1812. At that time great crowds of the Northern tribes, who had borne the first brunt of the Zulu aggression, entered the Natal district from the North, retreating before the advance of the invaders ; and as they passed through Natal gave the tribes a foretaste of what was so quickly to follow by the robbery and spoliation that they were compelled to practice in their own first struggle for existence. Wave after wave of desolation from that time traversed the land, as tribe after tribe of the vanquished and retiring hosts passed through, sweeping all before them as they hastened to place as wide a space as possible between themselves and their terrific assailant ; so that when the actual hordes of Tshaka himself arrived there was little left for them to do. It is hardly possible to realise the demoralising and destructive influence that was thus brought into play. The mere instinct of preservation, stimulated by terror, turned friends into foes, lifted every man's hand against his neighbour, and caused acts of treachery and atrocity of the most dreadful character. When Tshaka had cleared away or subjugated all the scattered tribes on the northern side of the Tugela, his armies advanced into the already desolated district on the Natal side of that river, and pursued their work of destruction and conquest there. True to his own keener insight into the necessities of his position, the Zulu conqueror at this time ordained that neither man, woman, or child should be spared. Every hut was to be burned. All food that could not be consumed by his own warriors was to be destroyed. Some of the weaker of the Natal tribes made a ready submission, and were received into Zululand as vassals and recruits (Amangkenkane) ; but this only made the position of those who attempted to hold out more desperate and dreadful, because the knowledge these recruits had of persons and places enabled them to give the most valuable and efficient information to the armies of the exterminating despot. When the Zulus had at length

passed through Natal and advanced through Amapondo Land to the south, the last wave of the fugitives, who were retreating before them, overflowed into the Cape Territory beyond the Kei River, and were there seized by the Gealekas, to whom they became a sort of slave property under the name of Amafengu or Fingoes. (*Apropos*—One of the tribes of British Kaffraria was named the Ama Gawler after Colonel Gawler, a commissioner placed over them after subjection, and brother of Mr. Henry Gawler, of the Government service in Adelaide, South Australia). Mr., now (1879) Sir Theophilus, Shepstone, (whose valuable writings of the early history of the Zulus, I here thankfully make use of) states that he was himself with Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the Governor of the Cape Colony, when, at the end of the Kafir war of 1836, these Fingoe slaves were emancipated by the Governor himself at the head of a division of the British army.

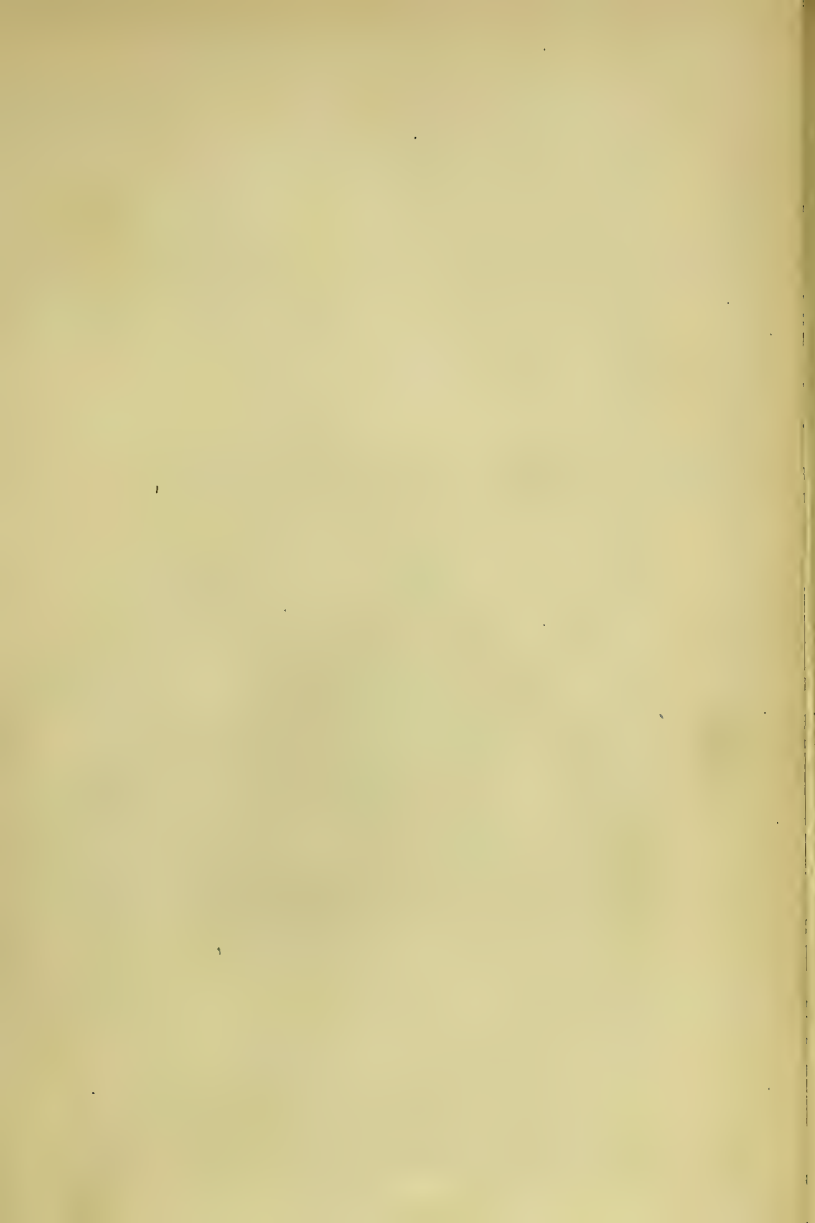
Within ten years of the first burst into Natal of the tribes retreating before the advance of the Zulus the desolation of the country was complete. A few thousands of miserable wretches were still scattered about the colony, making the most desperate efforts to cling to their old homes; but their cattle and their grain stores were gone, and they dared not to cultivate the ground, because to have given such a sign of their presence would have been to have brought down the hand of the destroyer upon their last hopes. They lived concealed in the bushy kloofs and glens, and had literally nothing else to subsist upon but the wild roots which they could dig out of the ground. The whole country at last was filled with the dead, which were left by the emaciated and spiritless survivors to be consumed by the hyænas. Some miserable men, in the extremity of despair, actually crawled towards the Tugela that they might be "picked up" by the dreaded soldiers of Tshaka. At the present day the old Kafirs, who tell the tale of this period of desolation, expressively say—"The assegai killed people, but hunger killed the country."

In the year 1824, when the *Julia* brought its freight of English adventurers to commence their rôle in the land where this terrific tragedy had so recently been performed, Tshaka was in the zenith of his power, and the Zulus had

become a formidable tribe, made up in the main of the pith and sinew of the tribes that had been broken up by its raids. They held at that time as the centre of their dominion a vast stretch of territory on each bank of the Tugela, but they claimed, and virtually possessed, the land from Delagoa Bay to the St. John's River. Their chief military station was near the White Umfolosi River, which runs down to the sea at St. Lucia Bay. But there was also a large and important military kraal, serving as an advanced post, between the Umhlali and Tongati Rivers, in what is now Natal, and it was at this advanced post of Tshaka's that the negotiations of the English settlers for permission to settle and trade were principally carried on. After some prolonged preliminaries, in which presents to the chief played an important part, this permission was at last secured, and three distinct stations were occupied.

In the first part of this work I have already stated how these stations became the nucleus round which the scattered tribes rallied, and which, after Dingaan had murdered Tshaka, were led on by John Cane, etc., to fight the former, with the result before stated. And I have also endeavoured to make clear how at last Tshaka's full brother and Dingaan's half-brother Um Pande, joined his forces with those of the Boers, which action ended in the defeat and death of Dingaan, and the installation of Um Pande as king, under the patronage of the Boers, commanded by Andreas Pretorius. As soon as the news of the death of Dingaan was satisfactorily authenticated, Andreas Pretorius assembled his forces on the banks of the Umfolosi River, and there on the 14th of February, 1840, proclaimed Um Pande paramount chief of the Zulus, with the important reservation, however, for himself and his friends, of the sovereignty over the land from the Black Umfolosi and St. Lucia Bay to the St. John's River. They also charged Um Pande, for the little service rendered, a small fee of 36,000 head of cattle, which was immediately paid.

The Zulu despotism and power were thus broken within six years of the first descent of the Dutch Boers into Natal, and, in the main, was unquestionably so broken by the courage, gallantry, and hardness of this very remarkable body of men. Whatever may be the future of Natal, there





Murray & St. Lejer.

CETYWAYO.

Cape Town.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE CASTLE AT CAPE TOWN BY J. E. BRUTON

must ever remain one clear page in its early history, for the record of the memorable occurrences of Sunday, December 16th, 1838, when Andreas Pretorius and Carl Landman, with 460 Dutch emigrant farmers, encountered in their own stronghold the 12,000 savages of Dingaan, who were the finished outcome of the military system of Tshaka, clothed in all the prestige of long continued triumph and success, and, nevertheless, gallantly scattered them to the winds with the strength of their own right arms.

So much for the origin and growth of the Zulu power until the death of Um Pande, who, after a long and peaceful reign, bequeathed his power to Cetywayo, the present ruler.

Before entering on the Zulu War, and the causes which led to it, it may be as well to give a slight sketch of the character of Cetywayo. The impression which he made on the mind of Sir Theophilus Shepstone in August, 1873, was that he was immeasurably superior to any other native chief he had ever come into communication with. He had a dignified bearing, and was unquestionably possessed of considerable ability and much force of character. He was entirely frank and straightforward in all his personal communications. At one part of the interview with him some of the old men were fencing subtly with an important point; he stopped them with the exclamation, "Silence, all of you. You are like the wind which says nothing when it speaks. Don't you see what my father means? He means so and so," putting down before them clearly and openly the exact point. He is naturally proud of the military traditions of his family, and especially so of the policy and deeds of his uncle Tshaka. His great difficulty has hitherto been that he has of necessity had to preserve the belief of his people that he is a worthy descendant of Tshaka, at the very time that he has been shaping his course so as to justify the new condition of affairs. This is probably the true explanation of much of his shiftiness and reserve, and of his bearing in all that related to Natal.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE ZULUS AND NATAL.

IN the foregoing account of the origin of the Zulu power the remarks of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, as well as those of other early writers, have been condensed. It will, however, add to the value of this record, and be, further, interesting, to give the words of the same writer delivered as explained below.

The following valuable paper entitled "The Zulus" was read a few years ago at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute in London. It is the production of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, (as he now is) than whom, with the exception perhaps of The Hon. J. W. Shepstone, his brother, Mr. John Dunn, and Mr. Brownlee, there is not a better living authority on Zulu matters :—*

The last eighty years of the history of the Colony of Natal shows more wonderful changes than we could well imagine, if we tried to invent a probable, or even a possible story for our own amusement.

The ups and downs in the fortunes, not of individuals only, but of whole communities and populations, and the revolution in the social, as well as in the political condition, which each change caused, are so wonderfully strange, as well as complete, that it would be difficult to find a country which could furnish a true story of itself so full of vicissitudes as Natal.

Ten, or at most twenty years more, will deprive us of the testimony of nearly all the few remaining eye witnesses of the earlier of those exciting scenes which thus revolutionized the country. The particulars of the short sketch I propose to give you have been gathered from those eye-witnesses, and I believe them to be almost as correct as, in the nature of the case, it is now possible to make them.

* The Hon. J. W. Shepstone's first wife was a sister of the present writer.

It is necessary that I should first describe, as shortly as possible, the different phases of condition through which the inhabitants of this country have passed since 1812, for it was about that year that the great disturbances of their ancient comfortable mode of life commenced.

I shall endeavour to trace the causes which led to that disturbance, and its consequences, and in doing this I shall be obliged to take a glance at what is now called Zululand, for it was there, towards the close of the last century, that domestic events in a chief's family gave the *first small impulse to the movement*, and it is one of the most curious points in our wild story that this impulse was to receive its strength and direction from such civilization as then existed in this Cape Colony, before it could so rudely influence, as it afterwards did, the destiny, not of Natal only, but of the whole of South Eastern Africa.

Up to about the year 1812, then, and for how many centuries before we cannot now tell, this country was thickly populated by numerous tribes, under independent chiefs. These tribes lived so close together that tribal change of residence was difficult, if not impossible. They intermarried with each other—possessed flocks and herds—lived in ease and plenty themselves, and at peace with their neighbours; until this luxury occasionally culminated in a periodical quarrel (as is the natural tendency, the natives say, in all that grows fat) and this quarrel was settled by a periodical fight, but then those fights were by no means such serious matters as they afterwards became. In those days armies never slept in the open, *i.e.*, away from their homes. The day was fixed beforehand, the men of the rival tribes met in battle on that day, and the result of the single encounter decided the quarrel. The few old men still living, who lived then, delight to tell how that in these good old times, they did not fight to shed blood, or burn houses, or capture cattle, or destroy each other, but to settle a quarrel, and see who was the strongest; how the women looked on while the men fought; that prisoners taken in battle were not killed, but kept till ransomed; and especially how that many a young warrior, when the day's strife was over, would hand his shield and assegai to a companion to take home for him

that he might accompany his late foes, to renew his vows to some daughter of the rival tribe.

But although the relations of these people with each other, as tribes, were so simple, and the opposite of aggressive, there was always imminent danger of one ground of quarrel arising, which aroused every feeling of animosity, occasionally split up tribes, and caused more bloodshed, and the exhibition of more ferocity, in one year than all their punctilious tribal battles did, perhaps, in ten. I mean quarrels between relations for succession to the chieftainship, in which sections of the tribe took opposite sides. This is certainly not changed in our experience of human nature, exhibited either in clans or families, but from the account of these quarrels, they seem to have been kept up with such preserving malevolence as to suggest an explanation as to what we ourselves experienced in our contact with these people, *i.e.*, that strong attachment to individuals and families which make them earnest partisans, and that wonderful respect for, and devotion to, any person of whose duly constituted authority they are sufficiently convinced, which makes them obedient subjects.

We see, then, with the exception of family quarrels, these people were unwarlike and harmless, and lived in happiness and contentment with each other. Then, as now, the seasons favoured the high lands one year and the low lands the next, and interchange of commodities for wood went on, as it still continues to do, between the inhabitants of the two different classes of the country, and friendly relations between tribes was the rule.

Such was the general condition of perhaps a million souls in what is now the Colony of Natal, up to the year 1812, when the first, or quiet phase of their history closes. Time will not permit of my entering into the detail of their social condition, such as their belief in witchcraft and its effects, and other matters, which, although sufficiently interesting, are not necessary in so short a sketch as this of their general history.

In this year—1812—these people saw the first fruits of a single seed of knowledge, sown in the mind of a lonely fugitive, perhaps twenty years before; although sown to the westward of the Great Fish River in the Cape Colony.

it germinated to the north of the Tugela. And the fruit of this first lesson in civilization was sad enough, for it inaugurated the second or turbulent phase of their history. It inspired one among the many tribes in that region (north of the Tugela) which were then living in almost the same circumstances and conditions as those in this country, with a military spirit, and caused it to introduce a military organization.

This change soon developed itself still further, and became aggressive, so that the neighbouring tribes were compelled to adopt the new system also. But for some time wars, although more frequent, were carried on under more or less observance of the old rules. Tribes were not at first destroyed, although conquered. It was not until these new mode of warfare was directed by the sanguinary genius of Tshaka that extermination, as far as possible, followed every conquest. So great was the terror caused by this policy that tribe after tribe gave way before him, and forced themselves through their weaker neighbours, whose feeble resistance they easily overcame. Several powerful tribes were driven in this way to force their retreat through what is now Natal. In vain did the inhabitants combine to resist; although numerous enough, they were undisciplined, and unused to earnest fighting, so they were easily defeated, and some of them carried to the South by the tribes they had attempted to oppose.

I have mentioned the year 1812 as the date when the second, or turbulent phase, of their history commenced, because it was about that year that the first of these large tribes entered this country on their retreat from Zululand through the present division of Newcastle, whose inhabitants were not only defeated, but plundered and scattered, and became in turn aggressors upon their weaker neighbours.

This was the first actual experience they had of the great coming change.

But it was not by fugitive tribes only that such effects were caused—Tshaka himself had to finish what they had merely begun. And after clearing away and subjugating the population north of the Great Tugela, he sent his armies periodically to this side to ravage a country whose inhabitants were already sufficiently demoralized and

spiritless, but who nevertheless possessed an abundance of the means of subsistence.

Tshaka's orders were to spare neither man, woman, or child, to burn all houses and destroy all food, and faithfully enough did his men execute those orders. The object was, of course, to render existence impossible within the reach of his arms, except under his rule. He aimed at universal sovereignty. And it was only during the last years of his life that he expressed his willingness to share the world with the white man.

Several tribes offered themselves to Tshaka as vassals, and were accepted. Year by year did the despot's armies extend the sphere of their operations, until at length they reached the tribes which had retreated through Natal, and established themselves to the south. These were either destroyed, or for the most part incorporated by Tshaka, or driven upon the Kafirs on the frontier of the Cape Colony.

It is a strange coincidence that a recent Acting Lieut.-Governor, General Bisset, and I were both present when Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the Governor of the Cape, at the head of a division of the British army, emancipated the Fingoes (*i.e.*, the Natal Kafirs driven southward) from their slavery, in the Kafir war 1835-36; and that, in the course of our respective duties we have both had much to do with the measure.

But to return to the population of Natal. Those who still remained in the country—and there were many thousands who did so remain—were by this time reduced to a condition absolutely hopeless and wretched. Naturally the means of subsistence furnished by their cattle, and other smaller domestic animals had failed first; for they were eagerly sought after by Tshaka's soldiers. Their stores of grain held out longer, but in time they were exhausted also, and as hopeless as the cattle, for their granaries could not be replenished by cultivation, because cultivation attracted attention, and had therefore to be abandoned.

The position of the tribes of Natal was indeed deplorable. Their dogs had been too weak to capture any game, and lean and hungry as they were, had been eaten by their masters, and so they had to live on roots.

No wonder then that the country was filled with the

dead, and that, as the natives express it, "the assegai killed people, but hunger killed the country." No wonder that these victims were left unburied by their emaciated friends, to feed wild animals, and still less that these animals became as much an object of dread as Tshaka's warriors. Many poor wretches who could, crawled towards the Tugela to be *picked up*, as they termed it, by Tshaka's haughty vassals. There they could at least get food, whatever the Government might be. Others refused to leave their country, and preferred meeting the death that seemed to stare them in the face to submitting to those who had caused them so much misery, and whom they had such small cause to trust.

It seems impossible that in a cup so brim full of sorrow, space could be found for one additional drop. But it was possible, and that drop was the bitterest of all.

In terror of wild beasts; in still greater terror of Tshaka's ruthless soldiers and vassals, maddened by hunger and altogether demoralised by the circumstances which surrounded him, a man conceived the horrible idea of feeding on his fellowman, and at once put it into practice. Starving wretches in misery equal to his own rallied round him, and a band of cannibals was soon formed, to be increased by two or three in other parts of the country.

These cannibal bands hunted for human beings as men hunted for game. Driven first by necessity, they acquired a taste for this revolting practice, and continued it long after the necessity ceased.

The Natal cannibals had become so formidable that it was not until about the arrival of the first Dutch Emigrants in Natal that the last of them was dislodged from the Biggarsberg, and driven over the Drakensberg Mountains by Dingaan.

I have heard many a stirring story of escape from the cannibals from the lips of those who were captured, and who had themselves listened to discussions as to whether they would eat tender or tough when they were killed. I have myself conversed with several men who escaped after having been captured by these "man-eaters," and after having been told off to furnish the next feast for their captors, and with one—a chief still living in this Colony—who was compelled to carry the vessel in which he was

told he would himself be cooked. The scene of his escape is not five miles from the spot on which this paper is written (Pietermaritzburg), and at present forms part of the episcopal property held by the Bishop of Natal.

To such a state of things, then, was Natal reduced in the course of less than ten years after the first fugitive tribe entered the division of Newcastle, and it continued, with little amelioration, until Tshaka's policy had absorbed, with few exceptions, the whole of the survivors, and the Zulus actually occupied one-third of what we now know as Natal.

All the troubles which followed, and which I have very imperfectly described, were caused by Tshaka alone. His genius overbore all opposition, and he died within the territory which now constitutes the Colony of Natal, on the *23rd of September, 1828*, undisputed Sovereign of all South Eastern Africa, from the St. John's River on the south to King George's River on the north; including a large portion of what now forms the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic, as well as the tribe and territory of his old master and patron, Dingiswayo.

This brings us to times to ascertain the history of which we have more or less of documentary evidence to refer to. I shall not, therefore, trespass upon them. I have selected the period embraced in this sketch because it is of necessity less known than that upon which books have been published, and because the tale of its occurrences, however imperfectly I have told it, may teach us valuable lessons.

I wish, in conclusion, to present a kind of analysis of this history; and you must be good enough to bear in mind that it relates to a period scarcely extending back sixty years from this date. It shows three phases, representing three conditions as opposite, each to the other two, in most respects as it is possible for any nation to be.

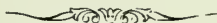
In the first, we have simple, primitive, unalloyed barbarism, unmitigated, *as well as untainted by any trace of civilization*, under this condition, which probably had lasted for centuries, the people enjoyed peace, prosperity, and plenty.

In the second we have the same barbarism, the same people and the same country, but we have also, added to these, a dash of civilization, a stray, but not incorrect,

notion of one of its practices, which poisoned all enjoyment, cut off all that sustains life, turned thousands of square miles into, literally, howling wildernesses, shed rivers of blood, annihilated whole communities, turned the members of others into cannibals, and caused miseries and sufferings, the full extent of which can now never be known, and which, if even known, could not be told.

In the third, we see civilization no longer represented by a mere notion or idea, but in its living bodily form protecting and ameliorating the condition and remnants of this wreck. Where, a few years ago, so dreadful a storm of human passion and violence raged, we now see a British Colony, with its quiet farms, its representative institutions, its Christianity, its electric telegraphs, and its little railroads; and we see also its inhabitants occasionally discussing the most advanced topics of the most enlightened civilization of the age.

When we realise the idea that these three great changes have all taken place in the country we live in during the short compass of less than a man's life-time we shall understand and wonder at the fearful rapidity with which revolutions sometimes overwhelm a people; and we shall wonder still more when we contemplate the apparently trivial events from which such monstrous consequences have sprung, events which, if calculated according to the ordinary doctrine of chances, would have stood at a hundred to one against occurring at all. But trivial as they were in themselves, they have already influenced the destiny of thousands, and have, in my opinion, contributed in no small degree to the planting of civilization in Natal for some wise and beneficent purpose, which I sincerely hope may be faithfully fulfilled.



CHAPTER XXXVII.

JOURNAL OF THE TREK BOERS TO MOSSAMEDES.
(COMPILED BY W. W. JORDAN.)

THE writer of these pages was engaged on a trading and hunting expedition in the Ovampo Country in the year 1879, and while there came across the Trek Boers, whose adventures are here related. He remained in their company some time, and had every opportunity of testing the correctness of the following story of their travels, which he gathered from information given by the members of the party themselves, and partly from his own personal knowledge.

No attempt has been made to do more than offer a simple narrative of events as they occurred. The manuscript was forwarded to Cape Town in the early part of 1880, when it was hoped the publication would assist those who were generously exerting themselves to forward relief to the sufferers. Unfortunately it was sent on to Europe, and, when returned to the Colony, it was too late to serve the immediate purpose for which it was drawn up. But as so many have expressed a wish that the history of this expedition should be preserved, the writer now submits his notes to the public, reminding readers that they were written down on the spot, and have not been altered since. He believes they possess one recommendation, and that is, they form a true and faithful record of events they profess to relate.

In the beginning of the year 1874 a number of farmers in the Transvaal Republic determined to put into execution a plan which for some considerable time they had been discussing. They believed that by travelling further into the interior in a north-westerly direction they would find a country better suited to their wants, and one in which they would be able to make a permanent settlement. After due consideration, it was resolved to trek.

About the 27th of May, 1874, a move was made by Messrs. Alberts, Ochuise, senior, and Ochuise, junior,

with their families, trekking away as far as the district of Rustenburg.

On the 6th February, 1875, they were joined by six other families. On the 2nd and 3rd of April, the party proceeded to a place called Beerkraal, where their number was again increased by the addition of four families.

From this place they forwarded a request to their minister, the Rev. Mr. Du Plessis, inviting him to visit them for the purpose of holding service and administering the rite of confirmation, which request he at once complied with, and held service for two consecutive days in that month.

On the 14th they proceeded on their journey, and reached Witfontein, at which place they found no water, and were compelled to travel on to Holfontein, where they found water indeed, but very little of it, there being barely sufficient for their personal use and that of their horses.

They remained at this place for a short time, and then made a trek for 12 hours, outspanning in the veldt. Their cattle were now suffering very much from thirst, having had no water for 48 hours.

They proceeded from this spot to the Limpopo River, where they remained some time. While there Mr. Ochuisen lost two valuable salted horses, which were killed by lions. The farmers occupied their time by hunting game, which they found in vast abundance, especially the sea cow, buffalo, rhinoceros, and giraffe. The region abounded in lions, tigers, wolves, jackals, &c., and to keep these from attacking their cattle they had to erect strong kraals, and keep good night watches.

On the 28th of April they continued their journey, travelling along the banks of the Limpopo, the scenery of which they describe as very beautiful. On the 6th of May they despatched a deputation to Bamangwato to visit the chief of that place, and to obtain his permission to pass through his country. The deputation consisted of Messrs. G. R. Alberts, P. G. van der Merwe, and J. van Niekerk. Their mission was successful, the chief not only consenting to their passing through his country, but promising his protection while doing so. This promise he faithfully fulfilled.

On the 15th of May (1875) they left the Limpopo.

River, and after travelling for three days, arrived at a small well of water, but again found only sufficient for themselves and horses.

They proceeded to Bamangwato, at which place they presented the chief with two heifers, one bull, and several merino sheep. The chief granted them permission to remain for one or two months to recruit themselves and their cattle. Here one of the party left with four wagons, and returned to the Transvaal. The remainder then proceeded on their journey, and in one day's march reached a place named Matotse. They were now on the borders of the Kalihari Desert.

At the end of May five of the party started from the camp, and travelled three days, during which time they found no water, until they arrived at a place called Inteavan, where they obtained a sufficient supply for themselves and horses. They sent their cattle to Klickama to drink, and there they were joined by the rest of the company. Five of the wagons started for a place named Meer, a station on the banks of the Okovango River, taking with them the whole of their loose cattle, numbering 1,400. These travelled on for three days, suffering much for want of water. At the end of the third day the cattle smelt the water and broke loose, rushing towards the river in a frantic state. Many stuck fast in the mud and thus perished. Others, by very great exertions, were recovered.

The Bechuanas had kraals all along the river, and slaughtered fifteen head of cattle which had strayed; the rest, after several days search, were recovered. All the members of the expedition met at this spot; the last six wagons arriving on the 6th of June (1875).

On the 20th of that month the travellers proceeded on their journey and reached Lake N'Gami. Here they set apart to Almighty God a day of thanksgiving for having preserved them through so many dangers in safety and with such a comparatively small loss of property.

Up to this time they had appointed no Commandant, although Mr. G. Alberts acted in that capacity.

A demand was now made on the Bechuana Chief, Moreymi for payment for the oxen his people had stolen. With this demand he at first refused to comply, but, after

much talking, he agreed to return the same number, viz., fifteen.

The party now trekked along the banks of the Okovango River, and, while outspanned, were visited by one of Moreymi's under captains, who endeavoured to pick a quarrel with them, going so far as to kick out their fires, and carry away the wood they had collected. The Boers exercised a considerable amount of forbearance, seeing clearly that the object was to embroil them in some way with the natives, so that the Chief Moreymi might have an excuse for fining them.

While at the same place, some of the party went out for a hunt and shot an eland. By the time that this was cut up and packed on their horses it was quite dark, and a strange thing happened. One of the horses, after being packed, strayed away, and was not found until the following morning, when he was discovered tied to a tree with his load of meat untouched, but by whom tied no one could tell. The whole of the district is swarming with wild animals of all descriptions, and that particular spot covered with pitfalls for trapping wild animals of the larger growth. His escape was a little short of miraculous!

They received several letters from the Chief Moreymi forbidding them to trek further into his country, and ordering them to turn back while they were friends. He also desired them to send a deputation to meet him, for the purpose of coming to some understanding. Mr. G. Alberts visited the Chief in compliance with his message, and explained matters in a manner satisfactory to both parties.

Before arriving at Moreymi's station they had to travel through a part of the country infested by the tsetse fly. Here they lost several oxen and three valuable horses.

On the 28th of September (1875) the first six wagons left the Okovango River, and in due time reached a place named Ghanse, which place had been taken possession of by a Mr. Van Zyl, by authority of the Chief Moreymi. This spot is situated on the main road from Damaraland to the lake N'Gami. Mr. Van Zyl asserts his right to a monopoly of the whole of his hunting grounds in the district, and has turned many white people back who were on their way to these grounds. At one time he went so

far as to turn some of the Boers away. The writer of these notes were present at the time. As this is the only place where water is to be obtained for a trek of three days and nights on either side, much inconvenience and loss is occasioned by the continuance of this state of affairs.

On the 30th September the remainder of the party reached Ghanse, without any mishap, with the exception of an accident to a son of Mr. Gert van de Meyer, who, while travelling by night, seated on the front box, fell asleep, and fell under the wheels, which passed over his body, bruising him very much but without breaking any bones.

On the 6th January, 1876, they left Ghanse, *en route* for Rietfontein, where they arrived safely without any losses, but having suffered much from want of water. From this place they sent a commission to Gobabis, to visit the Chief Andries Lambert, for the purpose of ascertaining from him to whom Rietfontein belonged, as they were desirous of remaining there some time. Andries Lambert informed them that the Hottentots were the rightful owners of Rietfontein, and he gave them permission to remain there for some time to rest themselves and cattle, of which permission they gladly availed themselves.

While at Rietfontein several parties were sent out to explore the country to the North, in the direction of the Okovango River. The reports brought back were very unfavourable, the country being found to be without water and also very unhealthy.

After some time they again visited Gobabis with a request that the Hottentots would consent to their remaining at Rietfontein for a longer period than was at first intended. This request was granted, and they remained there until 1878.

On the 28th July, 1877, they received a letter from Mr. Kreling, the Commandant of the second party of Trek-Boers, whose adventures will presently be told, asking them to send all the cattle they could spare to enable his party to get on, as they were in the middle of the thirst veldt, enduring great privations and hardships. This application was at once responded to, and 183 head of cattle were sent to them. They were met at a place called Sibbiton's Drift. The joy with which this relief was received exceeded all bounds. It was easy to see that a

great weight had been lifted from the hearts of all. With this assistance the wagons of the laager were brought on to Lake N'Gami. The cattle borrowed from the party in advance were then sent back to Rietfontein, where they arrived on the 4th October, together with ten families of the main body, who now joined those who were encamped at that spot.

From this place letters were sent on to the main laager to inform them of the expedition made to the Okovango River, giving them all particulars and soliciting them to abandon all their plans of trekking along that river.

In December a party again started for the Okovango River, to visit the company under Kreling. Unfortunately they did not meet them, but were informed by Bushmen of their whereabouts. They returned to Rietfontein and reported this to Mr. G. Alberts.

They now made preparations for leaving Rietfontein *en route* for the Okovango. Fortune favoured them, as they found plenty of rain-water in a veldt usually parched and dry. After travelling several days they arrived at Debra, a fountain some distance from the river. At this place they met a party belonging to Kreling's company. They found these unfortunate people in a wretched state, the majority of them ill with fever, with their cattle lying dead in heaps all around them, having died from the effects of eating poisonous herbs. Every assistance was rendered to them with a view of relieving their sufferings. These unfortunate people were without any kind of provisions, and had preserved life by eating the carcasses of the dead oxen and such wild roots as they could find. Instead of coffee they used the root of the tree called Witghaat Boom, which, when prepared, wonderfully resembles that article in flavour.

While lying at Debra, Mr. Alberts received a letter from Mr. Kreling requesting him to visit him, as he was desirous of amalgamating the two parties into one. Mr. Alberts complied with his request, but for some time they could not come to any satisfactory arrangement. However, in February, 1878, the difficulties being overcome, the parties amalgamated, and bound themselves to assist each other, as very many of their number were by this time nearly destitute.

In July, while lying at Lecuw Pan, a meeting was convened for the purpose of electing a new leader, and Mr. G. Botha was appointed.

Eighteen families here decided to return to the Transvaal, and left the laager for Rietfontein.

On the 14th a party left to explore the Okovango River to see if it would be advisable to settle in that vicinity. During their absence the main body of the laager shifted up the river to procure better grazing veldt. Mr. Charles Thomas, a Damaraland trader, who was with the laager, remained behind, as he had made arrangements with the native chiefs to allow him to hunt in their country, and had paid the chief two valuable guns and one ox for allowing him the privilege of doing so. On the evening of the 19th inst., Mr. Thomas sent a wagon loaded with goods across the river, unloaded the same, and left three men in charge, he himself returning with the empty wagon. On the following morning, in company with five farmers, he began to cross the river, but as the party neared the opposite bank, Mr. Thomas, leading on horseback, was fired at by the natives and received a shot in his thigh, the ball passing through the thigh and killing his horse on the spot. Mr. Thomas took to the water and endeavoured to make his escape by swimming back to his wagon, which was about the centre of the river, but the natives plunged in and killed him with their assegais. The men on the wagon were unable to render him any assistance as they were without their guns. These five men then returned to their own side of the river, from which they observed three white men making signs to them. They at once saddled their horses, and rode to their assistance. On reaching them they noticed a large body of natives approaching fully armed, and with the evident intention of killing the three stragglers, but before they could accomplish their object the rescuing party opened fire, killing seven of their number. Mr. R. Lewis, who was in the vicinity, arrived a few days after, and Mr. Kreling proposed sending a patrol of Boers across the river to avenge the death of Mr. Thomas. This was done with success. Five more of the natives fell, but the majority fled, abandoning their kraals, in which were found 100 muids of corn, which proved a great boon to the farmers, many of them at that

time being reduced to a state bordering on starvation. Two days after this messengers were sent to a party who had left to explore the river to inform them of the death of Mr. Thomas, and to warn them to be on their guard. The messengers, however, returned without meeting the explorers, and with the loss of one horse.

Mr. G. Alberts and his son, and Mr. G. van der Merwe, went up the river to obtain the permission of a chief named Bambacantu to travel through his country. While at the kraal of this chief they were seized and threatened with death, unless they agreed to pay the chief a salted horse and a breechloading gun as ransom. It was only by a stratagem that they escaped. They induced the chief to send ten of his men with them to pick out a horse which was at some distance from the kraal. When the Boers reached the place where they had off-saddled, they made a fire and filled a small kettle with water, leading the natives to suppose that they were about to make coffee. In the meantime one of the party caught and quietly saddled the horses, and at a given signal the whole party mounted as one man and galloped away.

The exploring party had now returned, and reported that they had found a safe and excellent route. A move was at once made from this spot. They travelled along the banks of the Okovango River, and proceeded for several days without anything particular taking place. After proceeding for some distance, the Commandant and Field-cornet left the wagons and went on to an Ovambo kraal, from which place a Damara named Snook had sent a message, stating that he wished to see them, for the purpose of pointing out to them a route by which they would avoid encroaching on the Damaras' territory.

After the meeting had taken place, the rest of the party came up to this kraal.

Here the ex-Commandant Kreling left for the purpose of hunting. He took with him four families, and promised to rejoin the main body, but this he has not done up to the present time.*

The emigrants now continued their course along the river, following the route given by Snook, until they

* January, 1880.

arrived at a place where the roads branched off to Damara-land. The rains having fallen at this point the rivers were very much flooded, and they were compelled to remain there for some time. During this compulsory detention nineteen of their cattle were stolen, but fourteen were eventually recovered.

The natives at this place showed fight, but did not attempt to cross the river. They were therefore allowed to amuse themselves to their hearts' content without interruption, as they were only wasting powder, and doing no harm. The party now trekked to a place named Wolvelaagter, where they were compelled to divide into two parties, owing to the scarcity of water. While lying at this place some Damaras brought a message that their chief Snook had been killed, and his goods taken by the Ovambos. At this time the laager was near the river, but the farmers did not wish to mix themselves up in any native quarrels, so they continued their trek to a place called Klein Boongo. Here they met G. A. and C. Erikson, E. Sabatta, Emil Tretow, and Axel Wedberg, to whom they communicated the news of the murder of Snook. A party of the laager then left, in company with the abovenamed gentlemen, with the object of recovering the wagons belonging to Snook, in which they were successful. The Ovambos fired upon them, but without effect. A few shots were fired in return, with what result is unknown.

From Boongo exploring parties were sent out in all directions in search of water, but did not succeed in finding any. They were compelled, therefore, to remain at this spot until January, 1879, depending entirely upon rain water. On the 8th January they again proceeded on their journey. They were now beset with many serious difficulties. The people suffered greatly from thirst, having trekked six days without water, and their stock of food had been exhausted long before. At last they arrived at a place called Witwater, and here fever broke out among them, lasting from January to March, during which time eight deaths took place. A great many recovered, but their sufferings were very great, as they were the whole of this time without medicine. A party went on from Witwater to Amutunie, from which place they sent back oxen

to help those who were behind, viz., thirteen families, thence they proceeded on to some salt pans.

Here exploring parties were sent out, under the guidance of Mr. G. Alberts. They first explored the country north-west of Ovamboland, but after two and a half days' ride were compelled to return, having found no water. They then took a south-west course and pushed on until they reached the sea, exploring the whole of the Koako Veldt. They reported that part of the country as being totally unsuitable for traffic, that it was mountainous and stony, badly supplied with water, and the little there was being more or less impregnated with poisonous matter, whether from natural or artificial means could not be ascertained. The discovery was made one day upon returning from opening a new pit. The party noticed some birds drinking at the pits they had at first cleaned out. To their surprise, almost immediately after some of the birds had drank, they simply fluttered their wings and dropped down dead.*

On the 10th of May this exploring party rejoined the laager.

They reported that they had thoroughly explored the Veldt known as the Koako Veldt, but found it a country wholly unfitted for agricultural purposes, or stock-raising. At Six Fountains they found plenty of water, but the land was not at all fertile, in fact not suitable for farming. On returning they had found a small tract of land, west of Ovamboland, within a few days of the Cunene River, where they could make a halt for a short time to rest themselves and their cattle, pending the discovery of a suitable place for final settlement.

On the 18th May the laager made a move, dividing into five parties, on the understanding that they should re-unite at the resting place described by the exploring party. Their object for so dividing was that in the country through which they had to travel there was a scarcity of water, which is found only in wells and pits at long intervals. They were now trekking through the Damaras' country, and were charged by them an exorbitant price for

* Not very long after, Mr. A. W. Erikson lost nineteen horses at the same spot—poisoned by drinking the water of this well.

water for their cattle, whenever it was to be obtained. This continued through the whole of their journey, they having to pay at many places an ewe sheep and half the game they had shot on the road.

On the 24th June the entire expedition proceeded and reached the resting place without a mishap, and at the present are lying there.*

On 8th July, 1879, a company of Boers started from this place *en route* for the Cunene River, with the view of exploring the country on its northern banks. They made but slow progress, having to cut roads through the bush, and did not reach the river until the first of August. On arriving at the south-east bank they heard of a large kraal of Ovambo, and sent Messrs. G. van der Merwe, G. Alberts, and J. Redelinghausen to visit the chief, and explain to him their intention of crossing the River. The chief informed them that Portuguese were living on the northern banks. He agreed to give them guides to conduct them thither. They then formed their wagon into a laager, and chose eleven men to cross the river, with Mr. P. J. Botha as spokesman. This party on arriving at the opposite bank, after proceeding some distance, came to a large kraal, the captain of which informed them that they could proceed no further until he had obtained the consent of a greater chief than himself, who lived with the Portuguese. He promised to send on messengers to obtain this permission, and by the same messengers Mr. Botha addressed a letter to the Portuguese, to inform them of their intentions. In the meantime they were invited by the captain to off-saddle and remain at his kraal until such time as an answer could be received. They consented, and the captain gave them two men to point out the place at which he advised them to off-saddle. On arriving at the spot, they found themselves on a piece of land nearly surrounded by a tributary of the Cunene River, there being in fact only one narrow outlet. This aroused their suspicions, and they kept watch by turns the whole of the night. As nothing happened, they relaxed somewhat in their vigilance; but at an early hour some of the party went out to gather wild fruit, which abounds there.

* January, 1880.

While up in a tree gathering the fruit, this party noticed several large bodies of natives, fully armed, approaching from all directions. They quickly descended to put their companions on the alert, but, upon arriving, found that the natives had seized all their saddles, &c., and were firing upon the rest. The farmers now found themselves surrounded on three sides by water and the fourth blocked by armed natives. Their position at the time was anything but pleasant. The river swarmed with crocodiles and hippopotami, rendering escape by that source very dangerous, if not impossible, while the natives far outnumbered them and were armed. They now placed themselves strictly upon the defensive, firing only upon those who approached too near, as their supply of ammunition was very limited. While this was going on some of their party managed to catch the horses, which had fortunately strayed down to the water. Mounting upon these bare-backed, they resolved to cut their way through the enemy. Charging furiously, and suddenly and rapidly firing at the same time, they so astonished the natives that they opened up and gave way for them to dash through, thus enabling them to reach a place of safety. On halting they missed Mr. P. J. Botha, whose horse it appears, after proceeding a short distance made a dead stop, and commenced bucking and rearing,—Mr. Botha had taken up behind him the son of the captain, who had been sent as a guide. After considerable difficulty he dismounted, as his horse would not take to the water; he then swam across holding the bridle, the native holding fast to the tail of the horse. When about half way across the unfortunate native was seized by a crocodile, and carried away; Mr. Botha, however, succeeded in reaching the opposite bank, though thoroughly exhausted.

The party who had managed to force their way through the natives, in the manner just related, on reaching their wagons, which had been left on the south side of the river, reported the death of Mr. P. J. Botha, under the impression that he had been killed. With a view of avenging his death, a commando was at once formed, and proceeded to the place where the first party had been attacked. They there gave battle to the natives, killing twenty-five of them, burning their kraals and a great quantity of corn, and

giving them a lesson they are not likely to forget for some time to come.

While in that locality they were visited by five Portuguese, with whom they were not able to have much conversation owing to the difficulty of understanding each other. The Portuguese invited them to their station, where they were received with their usual hospitality, and, upon leaving, the farmers were presented with a barrel of wine, a barrel of brandy, a cask of white sugar, and various sweetmeats. The Portuguese accompanied them a short distance, taking them to the Chief of the people who had been engaged in the attack, and told him that he would have to pay the farmers 140 head of cattle as compensation, as the Portuguese had heard that it was the intention of his people to drive these men into the river, knowing they would be certain to meet their deaths from crocodiles or hippopotami, and then they would appropriate their horses, saddles, &c., &c. The Chief admitted this, and agreed to pay one hundred head of cattle, but these the farmers would not receive, as it was less than the amount awarded, and gave him time to consider the matter. They then recrossed the river and joined their friends. Their astonishment was great at finding on their arrival that Mr. Botha had returned, having escaped as before described. They then left the river and proceeded to rejoin the main laager, which they reached on the 25th September.

The names of the party who made the expedition to the north bank of the Cunene River are as follows:—Mr. P. J. Botha, E. Jordaan, J. du Plessis, P. du Plessis, J. Labuschagnia, G. van der Merwe, F. C. P van der Merwe, G. Alberts, A. Alberts, L. du Plessis, J. Grobler.

On the 17th October a message was received at the laager, from the native Captain on the north side of the Cunene River, informing the Commandant that he and his people were in fault, and that he agreed to pay 120 head of cattle. To this the farmers replied that the white man's word is his bond, that a decision once given must be upheld, that they would not take less than 140 head as originally demanded, and that until that number was paid they could not be friends.

When the writer left the Boers it was still their intention to remain at this resting place until May. At this

time they were enjoying pretty good health, and the comforts of the poorer ones were studied by those better off. In fact all seemed to go on like a piece of machinery, and notwithstanding all the trials they had gone through they did not seem to regret having left the Transvaal as they were under the belief that they, like their forefathers, were destined to be the pioneers of Africa.

A circumstance took place while this party was at the river which is worthy of mention. A Mrs. Bouwer and four Boer girls went to bathe, and while in the water one of the girls called out "Help me! help me! a crocodile has got me," at the same time disappearing under the water. She was a splendid swimmer and rose to the surface again, when her companions rushed in, and caught her by the hair of the head and one hand. After a great struggle, they succeeded in drawing her out, together with a young crocodile fastened to her thigh, which released its hold when on land and got back to the water, there being no one near at hand to kill it. The wound on the leg was very severe, and when the writer last saw the young girl it was still far from being well.

This journal must now be taken back to the 29th April, 1875, upon which day the second party of Boers started from the Transvaal. They proceeded for some distance with six wagons, when they were joined by eight more, and also on the 15th May by thirty-three wagons; 25th May by seven; 5th June by eight; 15th June by eight; 20th June by ten; in July by thirty-six; and in August by twelve; making a total of 128 wagons and 1,958 trek oxen, with as near as we can estimate 480 human beings. They were now upon the banks of the Limpopo River, on reaching which the advance party sent a commission to the chief Khama to gain his permission to trek through his country. To this he consented, but upon the arrival of the last party at the river the chief withdrew his consent, sending them a letter to that effect. The Boers, however, held him to his promise, and determined to continue their journey.

A large body of people being now assembled, the party saw the necessity of choosing a commandant and making trek laws and regulations. Mr. Kreling was elected as Commandant, and Mr. Low du Plessis as Field-cornet.

They remained at the river nearly two years, and were casually visited by the Rev. Messrs. Du Plessis and Leon Cachet, during which visit baptismal and confirmation services were held.

During this period they sustained great losses ; both young and old dying of fever. Numbers of their horses and cattle were killed by lions, and many of the cattle were stolen by the natives, but for the latter they received compensation from the captain, Sitscheli.

Preparations were now made for trekking to join the first party that had left the Transvaal, whose adventures we have just narrated. But upon asking the chief Khama at Bamaugwato for guides, he replied : " The first time you sent to me I gave my consent for you to travel through the thirst veldt, but upon considering the matter I have thought better of it, and would strongly advise you not to do so, for you are sure to die in the attempt, and I do not wish to be held responsible for so many deaths as will undoubtedly take place." They continued their journey, however, sustaining losses the whole of the time.

The Laager now became dissatisfied with their Commandant for special reasons, and called for a re-election, when Mr. Du Plessis was elected head and Mr. Erasmus as Field-cornet.

They now trekked along the Limpopo, following a northerly course, eventually arriving at Motlotse. While here they received notice from Khama that they were not to travel through his country. The Rev. Hebbes also paid them a visit, and endeavoured to persuade them to abandon the idea of trekking through the thirst veldt. But it was considered absolutely necessary to travel on, owing to the general sickness prevailing, and it was decided to make a move at once. They then divided themselves into three parties, and trekked to a place called Motlatse, where they re-united. From this place they decided to send forward all their loose cattle, horses, sheep, goats, &c., &c., numbering as follows : 7,536 oxen and cows, 483 horses, 1,034 sheep and bucks, thirty-two donkeys, 213 dogs, 486 fowls, ducks and geese. After having started off the aforesaid loose stock, they again divided themselves into three parties, arranging that they should travel to the first watering place, named Inkavan, allowing an interval of three days.

to elapse between each party. On the arrival of the first of this party at Inkavan, they found to their dismay that there was no water. Up to that time the loose cattle, &c., &c., had been three days and three nights without water, and were beyond all control, rushing about the veldt in a frantic state. The bellowing of the cattle, and the various noises made by the domestic animals, is said to have been simply indescribable. The trek oxen now got mixed with the loose cattle, and with great difficulty were caught. The loose cattle, however, made off in search of water, and strayed in every direction. They succeeded in recovering only 326 of them at this place, but eventually they got 600 more which had fallen into the hands of Europeans. The remainder have not been heard of up to the present day.

They then commenced to clean out the pits to see if they could obtain water, as their casks were all nearly empty. They succeeded in obtaining a small quantity, enough to give their people four tablespoonsful each. The trek oxen during this time had to be kept tied fast. Through some misunderstanding, the whole of the remainder of the expedition joined them at this place, in endeavouring to reach which they had suffered great hardships. They had thrown away a quantity of goods, furniture, and even provisions, to lighten their wagons, as the roads were very heavy and sandy, and their cattle knocked up, the veld being devoid of all vegetation.

After a few hours' rest they inspanned and continued their journey, trekking for three days and three nights without water. During this time the people were compelled to drink the blood of any stray animal they could catch and slaughter, also the water contained in the stomach, and even this disgusting supply had to be served out by tablespoonsful. No pen can describe the horrors and painful scenes that took place during this trek. At one wagon you would see a family, who had by chance caught a stray sheep or buck which they had slaughtered, eagerly drinking the warm blood; while others were fighting for the possession of the paunch, for the sake of the water contained therein. The noises made by the various animals in their agony of thirst had a most unearthly sound, the memories of which will never be forgotten by those who heard them. The unfortunate men

could do nothing to relieve these fearful sufferings, but, through the whole of these trying scenes, the courage of the Africander never failed them; they still persevered, and determined to overcome all obstacles. The majority, with patient endurance, proceeded on to Klackani on foot, taking every kind of utensil that would hold water, leaving wives and children to follow in their wagons, &c. On arriving at that place they found drink-water, and filling all their utensils, at once started back to their families, by whom they were received with the greatest joy. After quenching their thirst the entire Laager offered up a thanksgiving prayer to the Almighty for the great blessing of this precious article. By the exercise of great patience and perseverance the wagons eventually reached Klackani, not, however, without leaving many of their cattle behind them, several of which died in the yoke. At this place they filled their water casks, and got sufficient for two spans of oxen, which two spans were sent with wagons to Meer, loaded with various utensils to bring back water; the loose cattle also went with them. When they reached Meer, the cattle, with the exception of the two spans, had been seven and a-half days and nights without water, and no less than one hundred and fifty died on the road between the abovenamed places. A number of the women and children left the wagons and started on foot in search of water. In the darkness they mistook a pan (at that time reduced to mud) for water. The poor creatures made a rush for it, falling into the slimy matter, taking it by hands-full, putting it into their mouths, and endeavouring thus to quench the agony of their thirst. While at this place the missionary of Bamangwato, the Rev. Hebbes, who was on a visit to Meer, sent them two wagons loaded with water, thereby rendering them a very great service, the distance between the two places being two and a half days and nights, and that without a drop of water.

While one of their party, a Mr. Du Plessis, was out in search of water, having taken with him a spade and a tin bucket, and, after an unsuccessful search, was retracing his steps, he was confronted by a lion, which he kept at bay throughout the whole night by making a continuous noise with his spade and tin bucket. When daylight

approached the lion took his departure, much to Mr. Du Plessis' relief.

The people who had gone on with the loose cattle rested at Meer for fifteen days, and then returned back to their wagons, taking with them 256 head of cattle, which they had picked out of the 326 recovered by them, as stated a few pages back.

After struggling for two and a half months, they managed to bring all their wagons through the thirst veldt, with the exception of eight, which they were compelled to leave behind, and these, so far as they know, are there to this day. During the whole of this time their cattle only drank water once in seven days and nights.

While at Klackani they heard that a lot of their stray cattle were at Bamangwato, and sent ten of their party to fetch them. Upon arriving there they received 600 head, and heard that 400 more were in the hands of two foreigners living in the Transvaal. They at once wrote to the Field-cornet at Marico, W. H. Beukes, informing him of the fact. That gentleman interested himself in the matter and restored them.

The emigrants now made an attempt to recover the goods, &c., which they had left in the thirst veldt, but found the greater part of them missing; no doubt these had been taken by the natives. All that was left was brought out, and the party proceeded to rejoin their main body.

In the early part of August, preparations were made to leave Meer, and the first party made a start for Kurrigas Draai, at which place they arrived without any mishap. Here they remained until the whole expedition had joined them, acting up to a system adopted of sending back cattle to assist such of their party as were in need. They then proceeded on to Sibbiton's Drift, trekking in the same order. At this place a census of the laager was taken, and it was found that thirty-seven had died from fever and thirst.

From this place they sent letters to the first party, who were then lying at Rietfontein (the party of which Mr. G. Alberts was the headman), asking them to assist by sending them trek oxen. This request was at once responded to, and 183 head of cattle were sent, which proved of great service, enabling them to proceed on their

journey. They moved on to a spot well known on account of a large tree, with a hollow trunk, which is made use of by the traders and hunters as a post office, and is known by the name of the "letter-tree." At this place they were compelled to leave two wagons, having no cattle to take them along. The people, however, were accommodated in other wagons, and the journey continued along the banks of the Okavango River, towards the north. After fifteen days' travelling they arrived at an Ovambo kraal, which is under a chief named Maketto. At this kraal they found the tsetse fly abounding, and were compelled to continue on their journey through the fly district for two nights and one day, in doing which they lost several head of cattle, forty goats and sheep, and three horses. One of the latter was killed on the last night of their trek by a lion.

Upon arriving at a piece of open ground they rested for a few days, at the expiration of which they again started, travelling along the banks of the river towards N'Gami. Upon their arrival there the Chief Moreymi visited the laager and asked the commandant to give him one of the young farmer girls for a wife. As may be supposed he received a very sharp reply to his request, and was given distinctly to understand that white people do not intermarry with Kafirs. The commandant then asked his permission to trek along the river, to which he replied that there was no road along the river but what was infested with the tsetse fly. The commandant then said he would explore the river, and judge for himself. The laager was put into motion, and they journeyed for two days, when they again halted. Here Mr. Low du Plessis left the main body of the laager, with thirteen wagons, *en route* for Rietfontein, which he reached after eleven days' trekking, being fortunate enough to obtain plenty of rain water on the road.

On the 9th October the remainder of the party moved on to a place named Muispan, where symptoms of fever began to be observed among the people, and several died. The survivors, trekking from this place, proceeded on for three days. They then made a halt, and, while there, received a letter from the chief Moreymi, in reply to a demand for payment of thirty head of cattle as recompense for oxen and horses lost when passing through his country

owing to their having fallen into game pits, &c. With this demand he refused to comply, and with reference to a threat conveyed in the same letter, that in the event of his refusing they would help themselves from one of his posts, which was close at hand, he replied that he was quite prepared to protect his own property, and that if they wished to fight he was ready. In reply to this the commandant informed him that he also was prepared, but advised the Chief not to undertake the commencement of a war, as they had not come into his country to shed blood.

After this Moreymi, the Chief, sent them a white ox as token of friendship, requesting that it might be slaughtered and the flesh distributed among the laager, so that each might get a small piece, adding that for the future they might travel in any direction they thought proper, without molestation on his part, or that of his people. The ox was, however, not received by the commandant, which turned out to be fortunate, as on the following morning it was found dead, with every indication of having been poisoned.

At this place five more of the party died. Exploring parties were now sent out, and on their return reported having found a large pan of water, to which the entire laager trekked. On reaching the pan they found it to be rainwater, and not likely to last them more than three or four days.

On the fourth day they trekked towards the river; but while on their way rain had fallen; and acting upon a report brought in by some of their party that the pan they had just left had now an abundance of water, they retraced their steps, and remained there for eight days.

The laager now divided into two parties, the one making for the river and the other for the desert, the latter depending upon rainwater. After travelling for a few days they arrived at a place called Haakdoorn, and there remained some time. From this place they sent back four of their number to see how the party who had trekked towards the river were getting on, but only one reached there, the horses of the other three having died from the sting of the tsetse fly.

From Haakdoorn they made a trek for three days, and arrived at a large vley called by them Grootvley. While

there one of their party (Hans Harvertier) died through eating poisoned apples. The messenger above mentioned, who had succeeded in reaching the other division, now returned, bringing with him the whole of the party who had trekked towards the river. They again divided into two parties, thirty families starting once more for the river, and the remainder for a large pan of water, which they named New Year's Vley, which place was reached after three days' travelling. Leaving this place after another three days' trek, they arrived at Kalkpan, which was full of water. Exploring parties were sent out, who, on returning, reported having found water at a place called Rooiboklaagte, to which the whole laager trekked, arriving there after five days' travelling. At the expiration of fifteen days a party of fourteen wagons detached themselves and proceeded towards the river, the main laager trekking towards a place called Buffelsfontein. During the whole of this time they suffered very much from fever and hunger, the men being unable to hunt owing to illness, and the people, therefore, being compelled to subsist on roots and wild herbs.

It was now deemed necessary to ascertain how the party of thirty families, who had left the main body first, were getting on. Upon coming up to them, it was found that they had suffered great hardships, and twenty of their families decided to rejoin the main body, ten remaining at the river. They had lost all their cattle by the tsetse fly.

On the 10th February, main body trekked from Buffelsfontein, and after five days reach "Vogel Pan," so named on account of its variety of waterfowls. Thence they proceeded to "Cream of Tartar Pan," from which place a prospecting party was sent out, who, on returning, reported having found a place named "Debra," where M. G. Alberts and his party were staying, all suffering greatly from the effects of fever. They now journeyed for three days, and reached a place called "Sandfontein," and remained there eighteen days, during which time five of their party died of fever, and a great number of their cattle from the tsetse fly. They then proceeded to "Debra," a march of three days, and there found Mr. G. Alberts and his party whom they joined. During their stay at that place nineteen more of their people died from fever.

We now turn to the party who detached themselves from the main body with fourteen wagons, at "Groot Vley." This party, after three days' travelling, arrived at a place called "Grootfontein," where they remained one month. Here a young man, named Wm. Prins, while out hunting, was cruelly murdered by Bushmen. This murder was discovered in the following way :—The mare ridden by the unfortunate young man was followed by her foal, which returned the next day to the laager alone. Suspicion was aroused, and the spoor was taken up and followed, when the body of the murdered young man was found, stripped of all clothing, and pierced with assegai wounds. Death must have been instantaneous. The mare was also found dead, pierced with assegai wounds.

This party had now lost all their cattle from some disease totally unknown to them, and were consequently unable to continue their journey. They sent messengers to the Laager at Debra, asking for assistance, which was promptly rendered, and their wagons brought on to that place.

While lying at Debra, a message was received from the party with the ten wagons at the river, reporting that all were very ill of fever. Cattle were sent to them at once to bring them out; they were found in a most deplorable condition, such as no pen can describe. One and all of them were reduced by fever. Some of their native servants were dead, and the remainder laid up. As no one was able to hunt, these poor people were reduced to a state of starvation, many entire families tasting food only once every third day, and then only getting roots brought to them by natives, which had to be eaten raw, as no one had strength to kindle a fire. From the different wagons, the moanings and cries of men, women, and children could be heard calling out for assistance, which no one was able to render. Then again were heard the shouts and ravings of unfortunate men or women, who in their delirium had got out of their wagons and had strayed into the woods, there to die, as no one was able to assist them to get back. At another spot were men and women, who, for the time, had got slightly better of the fever, and who were trying to cut pieces of flesh from the carcasses of oxen that had died, and were endeavouring to cook the

flesh for their children, the little ones ravenously devouring the food, and parents and children trying to satisfy the cravings of hunger for a short time before being released by death.

As soon as possible their wagons were inspanned, and trekked along the banks of the Okovango River until they reached an Ovambo kraal, owned by a chief named Endara, who behaved very handsomely, giving them plenty of food, and furnishing them with guides to take them on to Elephants Pan. It was at this Pan that Messrs. Van Zyl, jun., P. J. Botha, and Lourens, killed 103 elephants in one day.

They remained there for some time, suffering greatly from fever, forty-three of them having died. The names of the deceased were C. Labuschagne, wife and four children; J. Labuschagne, wife and two children; Gert du Prins, wife and one child; P. de Prins, wife and three children; P. de Bruin, wife and three children; J. von Voere, and two children; L. Knotze, and three children; P. J. van Rensenberg, wife and three children; G. Koekermoer, and four children; P. von Voere, and two children. These unfortunate people were buried in their clothes by the natives—their surviving friends, twenty-two in number, being too weak to perform the last offices to the dead. Two of the natives then left in search of some hunters, who might perchance be in the vicinity, and fortunately met Mr. Lourens and his son, who immediately went to their assistance. On their way they met Mr. Harry Boyn, who joined them in their good work, the latter particularly supplying many articles to the sick that they were greatly in need of. Mr. Lourens then sent out people in search of the main laager, to inform them of what had happened. They met Adrian Kruger, one of the hunters of the laager, whom they informed of the calamities that had taken place. He at once started with his wagons for the spot, and brought the whole party out to the main laager, lying at Debra. Oxen were then sent to bring their wagons in, and an effort was made to make the graves of the deceased as neat as possible.

All the members of the Expedition were now together.

As the writer left the *Trek Boers* at this place, he does not consider it necessary to continue his notes to a later

period. Accounts of what happened subsequently will be found in the columns of the Cape newspapers. It is sufficient to say here, that when the inhabitants of Cape Town heard of the terrible hardships which these unfortunate people had gone through, and were made acquainted with the perilous position in which they were then placed, relief expeditions were immediately organised, towards which the colonists liberally contributed. The expedition, under Mr. Haybittle, succeeded in bringing relief to the sufferers, for which they were very grateful, and which no doubt saved many from death. When the writer left, the majority were reduced to the bare clothing in which they stood, and he was informed, upon visiting them afterwards, that when the party returned who had gone to Walwich Bay to bring up the food and comforts forwarded from Cape Town, they found that all left in the laager were down with fever, some nine or ten had died during their absence, and but for the seasonable supply from Cape Town nearly the whole would probably have perished. In September, 1880, this party consisted of fifty-seven families, numbering 270 souls, with fifty servants who had accompanied them from the Transvaal, and sixty-one wagons drawn by 840 oxen, they had 2,160 head of cattle, 120 horses, and 3,000 sheep and goats, and with these started for Huilla in the Portuguese territory, where they are now settled. The Portuguese have granted them farms, permitting the Boers to appoint their own officials and make their own regulations, subject always, however, to the authority of the Portuguese Government.

The following documents and notes alluded to in the foregoing pages may prove interesting to the reader :—

No. 1.]

August 4, 1875, Lake N'Gami.

To the Trekboers.

This letter is to inform you of a message of the Captain Moreymi, to learn the particulars of your coming into my country to hunt, with your own permission and strength. I now give you notice to quit my country by the same route you entered it, and if you insist upon coming into my country, then come and see me first, as it is necessary

for people to gain my permission, so if your intentions are peaceable then come and see me, or go back while we are friends.

(Signed) Capt. MOREYMI,
Lake N'Gami.

No. 2.]

August 17, 1875.

To the Trekboers.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I send you this letter to inform you that I am in receipt of your message. I am glad to learn by it that your intentions are peaceable, I do not wish to expose or compel you to travel in the fly country, but will see that your wagons get a good standing place. I would then wish three of your party to visit me, so that we can speak to one another, for in days gone by many hunters have come into my country, and now there seems to be a rupture in my country, so come to me and I will speak to you as friends.

(Signed) MOREYMI, in Peace,
“Lake N'Gami.”

No. 1.—Reply.]

The Laager, 18th August, 1875.

To Captain Moreymi.

Your letters have been received by our laager. I beg to inform you that our presence in your country is peaceable; all we wish for is for you to give us permission to trek through it. We wish to travel westwards towards the sea, in search of land whereon to settle, but do not wish in any way to encroach or trespass on your land or country.

(Signed) G. ALBERT,
Foreman of the Laager.

“Gibion,” 9th January, 1876.

To the Trekboers.

DEAR BOERS,—I have heard that your intentions are warlike, and that you wish to take this country by war. If this is true then I say nothing, but if not true then I say to you go back, for I do not wish to have you in this

country. Nor do I wish to have anything to say or do with you, so I tell you freely that if your intentions are friendly, then turn back, as I do not wish to see you in my country. I tell you once, I tell you twice, I tell you three times, turn back.

I am,

(Signed) KLEIN KIDOO WITBOY.

No. 3.]

“Gobabis,” 31st Dec., 1876.

To the Farmers now lying at Rietfontein.

Yes I have heard that you are now trekking in search of land to settle on, either to buy or borrow, and three of your party were at “Gobabis” on Captain Adrian Lambert’s Station just before my arrival, to ask his permission to allow you the right of going further into the country, but this he refused, and he was perfectly right in doing so. So now this letter is written in the names of all the Captains of Damaraland, and the Under Captains and people, and in the names of all Hottentots in Namaqualand and their people. Well, you Boers, what land do you search for? here is no land that we can sell, lend, or give you; our land we require for ourselves; so immediately upon receipt of this letter, make up your minds to go back once, in haste once, in haste twice, in haste three times, back, back back, you go to your own country, away from Reitfontein,—that is not your place, who gave you the right to live there? and if you will not listen to this letter, and it goes bad with you, you will have yourselves to blame and not us.

(Signed) ANDREAS LAMBERT AND SAUL SHEPHERD,
Captain of Barmen, Damaraland.

Damaraland, Okahandja,
9th April, 1877.

To the Trekboers.

From time to time I hear reports that your people are coming to take my country, most of you being farmers of

the Transvaal, and that your people keep coming from the Transvaal along the "N'Impopo" River, with the intention of taking part of my country from me. I am the Paramount Chief of the whole of the country called Damaraland, with the sanction of my under captains and advisers, I protest against the actions of your people, so I wish now to inform you that I have given my country over to a man of my own choosing, and have asked the Government of the Cape Colony to send me a magistrate, so as to give my country over to that Government.

(Signed) KAMAHHERERO,
Chief of Damaraland,
his X mark.

Witnesses :

H. Hegner,
B. B. Bjorkland.

No. 4.]

Lake "N'Gami," May 16th, 1877.

To the Trekboers.

I received your message from Roberts, and I do not know what is the meaning of it. You accuse me of turning some of your people back from here ; this I have certainly done, but I do not know what you have to do with it, if I like to turn people back, considering it is my own country. In your message to me by Roberts, you threaten me with war if I dare to turn your people back. Now if you wish to fight with me I'm your Moses, ready I am ; the reason I turned the men back was because they wanted to buy ground, from me, and I did not wish to sell. Now if you do not wish to make any disturbance in the country I advise you to inspan your wagons, and go back to where you came from.

(Signed) MOREYMI, Chief Bechuana Tribe,
Lake "N'Gami."

LAWS AND REGULATIONS OF THE TREK BOERS.

Article 1.—That the laws and regulations remain in force as long as we are trekking, or until such time as we come to a permanent stand, and each person or persons shall be compelled to abide by the same, and the right

shall be reserved of adding to or amending these laws and regulations.

Article 2.—There shall not be more than one commandant over us at a time, neither shall there be more than one field-cornet and landdrost, and all officials shall be elected by vote. Any person using bribery or other unjust means to obtain votes shall be liable to a penalty of from five to ten pounds sterling.

Article 3.—Attached to the landdrost there shall be two jurymen, before whom all civil and criminal cases shall be tried, and any decision arrived at not being satisfactory the case shall be referred to the commandant.

Article 4.—All cases tried before the landdrost to be sent in writing to the commandant.

Article 5.—It will be necessary, before any marriage takes place, to inform the landdrost so that he may publish the banns for three consecutive Sundays.

Article 6.—In case of death it shall be necessary for the field-cornet to inform the landdrost within a period of fifteen days whether the deceased left a will or not. In the case of an entire family dying, the landdrost shall investigate the case, with the consent of the commandant and field-cornet. In the case of an intestate estate the matter shall be referred to two disinterested parties, and their effects valued. Any will or testament found shall be carried out as specified.

Article 7.—The commandant is responsible for maintaining order and quietness in the camp.

Article 8.—No official shall be allowed to resign without giving good cause for doing so, and any official absenting himself during the trial of any case shall be liable to a fine as follows:—Landdrost or jurymen, 37s. 6d. to £30; commandant, 15s. to £22 10s.; field-cornet, 7s. 6d. to £21 12s. 6d.

Article 9.—The field-cornet will receive his orders from the commandant, and be responsible that no hunting, firing of guns, or breaking of the Sabbath day, takes place.

Article 10.—Each person will be expected to respect the field-cornet, and no person shall be allowed to strike or injure another. Anyone found so doing will be liable to a fine of £2 5s. sterling.

Article 11.—All murderers shall be hanged.

Article 12.—Any person found guilty of slander, of speaking evil of the women belonging to the laager, or injuring their characters in any way, shall be liable to a fine of from 75s. to £7.

Article 13.—Any person found guilty of perjury shall be liable to a penalty to be fixed by the Landdrost, according to the enormity of the case.

Article 14.—Any person caught stealing or in possession of anything not his own property shall be punished accordingly.

Article 15.—No person shall be allowed to shoot game and waste it, and any person found doing so shall be punished accordingly.

Article 16.—Each member of the laager shall respect the officials, and each official shall pay respect to their superiors in office, and in case of any dispute arising between them, three of the people shall be elected to enquire into the case. All officials shall report themselves to the commandant once every four months.

Article 17.—All civil or criminal cases shall be reported to the field-cornet, and then to the commandant, and the field-cornet shall not have power to inflict a fine for any sum exceeding 37s. 6d., and all fines when paid to be placed in the Public Treasury. The field-cornet shall be allowed to charge one shilling per hour for his services.

Article 18.—For all marriages the sum of £1 shall be paid to the landdrost, to be divided as follows, 15s. for the landdrost, 2s. each for the witnesses, and 1s. for the clerk.

Article 19.—No person shall be allowed to enter into any arrangement with any native without the sanction of the commandant, and any person infringing this rule will be liable to a fine of £50 to £100 sterling.

Article 20.—All sales of property shall be held under the administration of the landdrost, and for every £7 10s. value sold 5s. shall be charged, to be paid into the Public Treasury.

Article 21.—In case of anyone being accused of murder, an investigation shall be made, and after the expiration of four weeks a special court shall be convened, before which the accused shall be tried; any person found guilty of manslaughter shall be punished in accordance with the nature of the case.

Article 22.—No monthly or hired servants shall be allowed to quit their employers without due notice.

Article 23.—Four persons shall be chosen from the people to assist the commandant in any case of necessity.

NOTES.

Amutunie.—This is a splendid fountain, lying on the outskirts of the Damara Reserve, and is a resort for elephant and ostrich hunters. Some hunters left at this place by Mr. H. Hart, trading for Messrs. A. W. Eriksson & Co., were captured by a party of Ovambos on the 10th July, 1879; for some days these people had brought them corn beer, and appeared to be friendly, but on the morning of the 15th, while the hunters were drinking their early coffee, the Ovambo attacked them with their knobkerries, stunning them and then tying them fast. They took possession of their horses (five in number), guns, &c., &c., in fact everything they possessed, and took them on to Olukonda, the residence of Kambonde, paramount king of the Ovambo tribes. The under chief Himene reported that he had captured three Boers. The King at once gave orders to kill them, which was done.

Upon Messrs. W. W. Jordan and H. Hart reaching Olukonda, together with Messrs. B. B. Bjorklund, Skoglund, Reignonen, and Rautenan, Finnish Missionaries, they were told that the people had been killed, under the impression that they were Boers, and the chief told him that they would not allow any Boers to travel in his country, as his people were afraid of them. The horses and guns were eventually returned.

Elephant's Pan.—This is a large pan which is filled with water during the rainy season; it is situated in the centre of the hunting ground. In 1877, a party of hunters, consisting of Messrs. P. van Zyl and sons, Lourens and son, Botha, and a few others, while hunting in that vicinity discovered this pan almost dry, and reduced to thick mud, into which they succeeded in driving a large troop of elephants, where they stuck fast, and the entire lot were killed, numbering 103. Such a wholesale slaughter was never before witnessed by any African hunter.

Groot Vley.—At this place Mr. Stephanus du Plessis,

an old man, died through the effects of eating poisoned fruit.

Vogel Pan.—This is very large, much resembling a small lake. While lying there the Boers had fine sport, shooting quantities of large game and of water-fowl, such as wild geese, muscovys, water-hen and herons of various kinds. This pan is a few days' trek from the Okovango River.

Sibbitans Drift.—At this place Mr. Kreling was re-elected as foreman, and held office until the amalgamation of the laager took place.

Kalahari.—While in this locality a heifer, belonging to Mr. Van de Merwe, lived for twenty-one days without water, and is at the present time doing well.

Okovango River.—Here Mr. C. C. Thomas met with his untimely death. It has been stated in some reports that he was killed by some bastard Portuguese traders, but such was not the case, he was murdered by the natives, which is confirmed by the trek Boers who were on the spot.

Snook, Damara name Kariengembo.—This man was a servant in the employ of Europeans some years ago, when hunting in this country. Since which time he has been in constant intercourse with white men, notwithstanding which, when in the veldt, he conducted himself like a bloodthirsty savage. In 1877, while Mrs. Green, widow of the late Mr. F. Green, was in the hunting veldt, this man committed the most horrible cruelties in her presence on a Colonial man, named Frans April, and a Bushman. Snook with twenty of his followers attacked the latter with knobkerries, and stunned him, then took sjamboks and thrashed him until his body was one raw mass of flesh, then kindled a large fire and burnt him still living. The life of the former was saved by the heroic conduct of Mrs. Green, who rushed towards the scene, and threw a covering over him, not, however, until he had one eye knocked out, and received numerous other bruises. Such cruelties are now inflicted daily by the Beast Damaras, while in the hunting veldt upon the Bushmen and Berg Damaras. In 1878, while Snook was in an Ovambo Kraal with twenty of his followers, he threatened to assegai the captain, and would have done so had he not been prevented. It is not to be wondered at that the perpetrator of

many cruelties should have met his death in the manner described in the Journal. Upon Katjearene, captain of the Omaruru tribe, hearing of his death, he immediately caused forty innocent Ovambos who were living at that place to be killed. These unfortunate people belonged to quite a different tribe to those who had killed Snook, and spoke quite a different language. The massacre took place so quietly that the Europeans living upon the place knew nothing about it until it was all over.

Cunene River.—The Boers struck this river about the Cataracts, some seventy miles from its mouth. They describe it as a beautiful river, the sound of the Falls being so great that it is almost impossible to hear anyone speaking within a distance of 500 yards of them. Hippopotami and crocodiles abound in it. They killed about forty of the former, which they cured and made into splendid bacon and hams, which proved a great boon to them.

Letters.—Only a portion of those received appear in the notes to this Journal, the remainder being in possession of Mr. Kreling, who has not been seen since he left the laager as before stated.

Names :—Throughout this journal the names of places have been given as they were known to the Boers, who in most instances named them after some local peculiarity. A few of the native names are appended. It may here be mentioned, as to the spelling of the farmers' names, that though differing from the spelling in the Colony, the form has been followed which is adopted by themselves.

DUTCH		DAMARA.
Bambacantu	means	Bammagandu.
Wolve-laagter	„	Omaranba Ombongu
Wit-Water*	„	Omitengo.

Origs-Pits.—This is a place within three days of the

* It may be interesting to the philologist to know that in this region, as indeed northwards throughout Africa, the proper names are, in many cases, couched in language exactly similiar to the Zulu—for instance “a Wolf” is here called “Ombongu” which, in Zulu, would mean “a Roarer” as “Omitengo” i.e. “White Water” would, in Zulu, be “Amat’nja” i.e. “dog’s spittle.” Allowing for errors in spelling.

Cunene River, a spot mentioned in the Journal as a place where the birds died after drinking water, and where Messrs. A. W. Eriksson & Co's hunters, who were there in September, 1879, lost seventeen horses in three days ; also Mr. W. W. Jordan's party, and many of the Boers were great sufferers.

Kobabis.—This is a place occupied by Hottentots, and situated on the main road between Damaraland and Lake N'Gami. It is well supplied with water from a large fountain constantly running. The traders travelling in that direction are compelled to water their cattle there, and never escape without being plundered by gangs of these people, who carry on a systematic robbery, using threats and violent language to attain their object, particularly when there are only one or two white men with the wagons at a time. Many of these robberies have been made public ; the last that occurred in 1879—when Mr. Geo. Robb, proceeding to the Lake on a trading trip for Messrs. A. W. Eriksson & Co., was plundered of goods to the value of about £500—and although these repeated crimes are well known to the representative of the Colonial Government in this country, nothing has been done to root out or exterminate this nest of outlaws, for they are nothing else.

Rietfontein.—This is the place where the first party of Trek Boers remained two years. It is a fine place, having two large open waters on it, and is reported by the Boers as being couvertible into two splendid farms, but not more.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SUFFERINGS OF THE WANDERING BOERS.

(*Cape Times, Sept., 1879.*)

ON Thursday last the sufferings of the hapless migratory Boers who four years ago quitted the Transvaal in order to seek a new Canaan somewhere towards the West Coast of this Continent were brought to the notice of the House of Assembly. The story told was simply harrowing in its delineation of human endurance, so harrowing that it must have been surprising to most persons that the distress of these unfortunate wanderers had not previously been urged upon the attention of the Government. Now, however, that their case has been advocated, the Government will probably see their way not merely to co-operate with private effort, but to take the lead and to show how effort should be directed. The following appeal for help was circulated yesterday in the House of Assembly :—

In 1875 about 300 Burghers, discontented with the then existing *régime*, and perhaps also impelled by the spirit of emigration, left the Transvaal with their families in search of new pastures. Travelling towards the west through the Kalahari they suffered great privations, and died in scores of fever, thirst, and want of provisions. In their wanderings they were broken up into several sections. Small parties are still at Lake N'gami and elsewhere in the interior, but the main body has reached the borders of Damara and Ovampoland, close to the Atlantic coast. Quite recently they were visited by a trader, who tells us that only seventy men and 300 women and children—the latter mostly widows and orphans—are still alive, whilst hundreds, mostly children and men, have succumbed. Government officials and traders in those parts agree in setting forth their condition as most pitiable and calling for immediate help. The men maintain a precarious existence by hunting, and the suffering and privations they have endured are plainly visible from their emaciated frames and

their scanty and tattered clothing. In April last one of them wrote from Ovampoland :—

Dear Parents,—I must inform you that we are in great distress ; if the Lord does not help, we must perish altogether. We are here in an unhealthy climate. Fever is raging amongst us, and a great part has died. We stand here in the “ Thirstland ” by some wells. Our cattle and sheep are almost all dead. Some have still a span of oxen, but the greater part cannot go a single pace further, and we see no way of escape. The worst of all is the sore famine. From the Crocodile River we were in continual thirst up to this day ; but I hope that our God will save us from this wilderness of hunger, care, and sorrow.

An elephant-hunter, totally unconnected with these unfortunate people, writing to a mercantile firm in Cape Town, gives the following harrowing description of their sufferings.

The matter I refer to is the troubles and hardships which have befallen the Boers, who trekked from the Transvaal Republic some years since, resulting in great indigence and privation to most, if not all of them, and to a very large number in a bitter death. I had no conception of the hardships they have and are still undergoing until a few days since, when four wagons arrived here from their laager containing five families of these poor people. A hunter, Mr. ———, and a trader, Mr. ———, who had been in the country where the Boers are now living, likewise arrived here at the same time. They have related some of the trials and woes of these poor wanderers, although not a fraction of the hardships which they have undergone, which would be an impossibility, and a more bitter and heartrending story it has never been my lot to listen to.

As we are all aware, many of the trek Boers were well-to-do people, and it is hard, indeed, to see them now poor and sick, standing and dying, in trouble and distress, without wishing to hold out a helping hand and to invite every feeling man to contribute his mite to the relief of the poor sufferers.

In the first place, since leaving the Crocodile River, their cattle have been dying of sickness and thirst and getting lost, and since their arrival in this country, not a few of them have lost every living thing they possessed through eating

of a poisonous bush which grows in that country. Many have not as much as a dog or a fowl left, and the few who have managed to save a little have still lost so many that they are forced to abandon a large number of wagons. As many as five respectable families have been forced to travel in one wagon, and many more are totally unable to move in any direction. Food they have none, and numbers have died of starvation. Fever has also made its ravages, and to crown the woe and distress, many children, driven by hunger to eat earth, have died almost immediately.

Others have taken to eating berries, and many have been poisoned through eating of fruits and berries of which they knew not the qualities.

I have heard of instances in which putrid carcasses of dead cattle have been eaten by people already weak and emaciated through sickness and hunger, and have caused fearful suffering. Altogether 160 men, women, and children have fallen victims and succumbed to such hardships, and a more bitter and heartrending state of affairs it would be impossible to imagine. In one instance a person comes across eight or ten wagons, occupied by perhaps one or two women and a few children, with not a man left and not an ox, cow, horse, or other living animal to live from, looking starvation and death in the face, and praying for a speedy release. Again, you approach a number of wagons, and find a few sick men, women, and children, scarce able to crawl about, with nothing to eat, no medicine, and no one to pay them any attention, awaiting the inevitable result with what fortitude Heaven may grant them, and striving to hope for some change for the better.

Here a child is being carried to its grave, there an old man lies dying; here five or six of all sorts are given up as past all hope, there a mother, or perchance, father, listening and watching the death throes of an only remaining child, here a few raving for food, there another frightening away the birds of prey from some putrid carcass, that he may regale himself on what a wolf would pass in disdain. All this makes up such a picture of horror as, may God grant, we shall seldom have to witness, and still less seldom to be in the midst of.

Every trader and hunter has done his individual best to relieve such distress, but it is but like a drop in the ocean,

when one compares the means of remedy with the complaint.

Under these circumstances these undersigned have been constituted into a committee to bring the needs of the poverty-stricken and famishing "Trekboeren" to the notice of the public. It is proposed to send relief from Cape Town, either *via* Walwich Bay or Port Rock, a small inlet some 200 miles north of Walwich Bay. Probably a coasting vessel will have to be chartered and freighted with provisions and clothing. If a landing can be effected at Port Rock, communication with the Trekboeren would be easy.

The committee of the Paarl have already collected a sum of £430, but this will be insufficient to carry the above proposal into effect. £1,300 or £1,400, at least, is wanted.

The undersigned therefore confidently appeal to your sympathy and beneficence for relieving the distress of our unfortunate countrymen. They trust that those who so readily succoured the widows of the brave soldiers of Isandula and even Chinese when they were dying of hunger, will cheerfully open hearts and hands for the relief of widows and orphans of their own countrymen who are in peril of death. The circular is signed by Messrs. P. Marais, M.L.C., W. P. de Villiers, V.D.M., M.L.A., L. H. Goldschmidt, M.L.A., F. Rutherford, J. G. Steytler, D. P. Krynauw, J. I. de Villiers, D.A. son, J. H. Hofmeyr, jun., M.L.A.

Under the circumstances here set forth, the plain duty of Government is to charter a steamer at once with food and other necessary supplies for these poor people, a small exploring party being organised to land on the coast at Port Rock or elsewhere and find the Boer encampment. It is a matter of no importance whether these people owe the flag of England or the flag of the Fiji Islands. The question has nothing to do with flags. There are men of European race starving within reach of our relief, and while that condition obtains we may well afford to dispense with politics. The emigrant Boers have, we understand, the greatest antipathy to British authority. So let it be. We trust that they may find our charity more acceptable than our politics. If a small steamer is to be procured she should be chartered, provisioned, manned, and dispatched without a day's delay.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE TREK-
BOEREN.

(From the *Cape Times*.)

A TERRIBLE TALE OF DEATH AND SUFFERING.

(By J. J. Debrits, one of the *Trekboers*.)

On board of the *Louis Alfred*,
Table Bay, 12th January, 1880.

MR. EDITOR,—With pleasure do I comply with your request to give an account of our trek out of the Transvaal through Africa to the West Coast. It only grieves me that I cannot write well, though I rely on your kindness to improve my language and spelling.

As regards the causes that led to the step taken by me in joining the trek, they are shortly these, so far, at least, as they concern myself: When in 1876 the Transvaal burghers were commandeered to fight Secocoeni, I found myself amongst the commandeered. On my farm nothing had as yet been put in the ground. And as no one could be got to go as my substitute, there was nothing for me but to go on the commando. My wagons and cattle had also to be given up for the use of the commando. In my absence my wife had to plough in order to obtain sufficient food for the year. I returned from the commando, having lost several of my cattle on the way. I went to the field-cornet of Mooi River, in whose district I lived, with the view of obtaining compensation, but I was informed that nothing could be done in the matter. Under the old law compensation could be obtained for damage to what had been lent, but there was nothing mentioned about this in the new commando law. It appeared that wagons and oxen were commandeered at the owners' risk. I was so struck with the unrighteousness of this mode of proceeding that I felt myself impelled, with all my belongings,

to join the trek for which a party of Boers were already prepared, and with them I then threw in my lot.

It was on the 2nd March, 1877, that we left the Transvaal. Our party consisted of 600 souls, large and small, with at least 100 wagons, under the commandantship of Lawrens du Plessis. Arrived at Crocodile River we remained there for a fortnight. Our troubles commenced here. A large proportion of our people were affected by fever, and of which about seventy-five died. Just when we were about to start, the missionaries of Bamangwato arrived at the laager to tell us the Kafir Chief January had closed the road and had said that the Boers had come to take his land. We were thus placed on our guard, and had already arranged to attack the Kafirs in case they came in our way and attempted to turn back the laager. We nevertheless proceeded without any further difficulty. After that we reached Klogie. Here Commandant du Plessis assembled everyone and asked them the question: What shall we do now? Shall we all go forward together, or shall we divide the laager into sections and then go on? Then our party answered, we shall call cousin Jan Greyling and ask him. The commandant sent for him, but Greyling sent his answer that he was not the commandant. Everyone nevertheless persisted that he was to come forward, and at last Greyling appeared. The commandant then asked him: What shall we do to make the best arrangement, because, cousin Jan, you went over the country with the commission, and so you must know it best; because you know that we stand on the verge of a dry land, and here are also many souls; say what you think of the matter? Cousin Jan Greyling's answer was: Every man must put "his shoulder to it and keep up" (or some similar expression, meaning that everyone was to look after himself): Those who love me will follow me and not thirst. Whereupon Greyling trekked forward with forty-five wagons. The remainder, under Du Plessis, followed him the next day. We had now arrived in the first dry land, and it took us ten days to trek through it. The seventh day we arrived at a large "pan," named as pronounced "Enkawaan," and about 600 yards broad. It was the place where Greyling said there was water. We certainly got water out of a pit, but it was so little that it had to be

dried out all round in cups, and a cup a day could only be allowed. We suffered here greatly. It was a wilderness—nothing but bushes and heavy sand. We sought all round for water. So when, for instance, we came to a small “pan” in which nothing was found but thick mud, the people undressed themselves, put the mud in their shirts, and sucked out the water in this way. To that must be added that in this same small “pan” 80 dead cattle were laying. It was at Enkawaan that we had lost all our horses and cattle, and the condition of the poor brutes was something pitiable. They were so affected by thirst, they all ran hard away from the place to what seemed to them to be water, but which was no water, and in the race some of them fell dead. They leapt over the fires that were being made, also looking at it as water, and licked the tires of the wheels. Those sitting by the fires had to fly before these animals, the oxen chased them away from the wagons, and one had to do one’s best to get out of the way. The mortality amongst the cattle was so great that they lay in heaps under the trees; where they had been placed for shelter from the heat. Under a tree one could count from eighteen to twenty-eight dead.

Through the loss of all our cattle we had to leave all our wagons behind at Enkawaan, with their loads, just as they had been loaded, and had to proceed on foot, without a mouthful of food, three days thereafter after arriving at Klakani. On the way we met some of our cattle that had run away from Enkawaan, and we had to cut some of their throats and to squeeze out the contents of the stomach to keep the children alive, whilst the men and women had to drink the blood. We had some brandy with us, and some of the women that drank of it nearly died. We had a little vinegar, but when we drank of it we thought we should die from a stomach on fire. The vinegar burnt sometimes so badly that those suffering would make a hole under a tree and then lay with their stomachs on the cold earth to lessen the thirst.

At Klakani we were only through the first dry land, after a ten days’ trek from Klozie, and we actually got water. Our loss in lives now amounted to about 100.

From Klakani we went to Meers River, J. Greyling having become our commandant. The above river runs in

a north-westerly direction into Lake N'Gami. It had been the arrangement that all should come together at this river, and that spans of oxen should be made up to bring the wagons out of the dry land to Meers River. Having arrived at this river, Commandant Greyling assembled everyone to see how many head of cattle we still had. Besides the strayed cattle that had been found, we had obtained some by bartering with the Kafirs along the Meers River. In answer to the question of the commandant we could only hear of one saying he had but five oxen left, of another that he had but retained eight, &c. When the commandant had ascertained all this, he said to those who had still one or two oxen left, that they were to give them to those who had none. So we struggled and were at last able to bring in from Enkawaan about forty of the wagons. At Klakani only my wagon remained behind. It was at Meers River that a chief named Maremmi would not allow us to proceed further. Later on he sent us a white ox, as a sign of peace, but Greyling, thinking that perhaps the animal was poisonous, refused to accept it; and the chief also refused to take it back, so the ox remained three days where it had been brought to, and then it died, and all the vultures and jackals that eat of the carcase also died. The animal was poisonous, and the suspicions of the commandant were well grounded. The matter was left thus, and we could proceed on our way unhindered. Proceeding up along the river we came to a place where the river turned off. Here we remained to look for game, but had very little success. We buried two of our number that died of fever. It was terrible to watch their sufferings. The nose rotted away, and the mouth down to the throat.

After that we went to Plattedrift, and there we again delayed. I can assure you that we suffered much here from hunger and illness. The native captain sent us word that we were to trek. The commandant sent back an answer that he was not to be in such a hurry, as the people were very ill, but as soon as they were better we should leave. The illness attacked us still more, and we had to delay longer. Three days after that we had received the message from the "captain," he sent us another. He informed the commandant that if we did not leave within

four days, that he (the captain) would let his people drive us away. The commandant answered that if the captain meant it he could come with all his people to drive us away. The captain sent thereupon a Kafir to the laager to ask the commandant who had sent him this message? The commandant answered, the captain. The Kafir said then: No, it is not so. Then there was again quietness with the Kafirs. We buried four of our number here, and later on four children and two adults. Travelling on, we came to a great plain, when the water was scarce. Here we again buried a man. The whole day we had to trek without water. It was also thirst land. We were delighted to get water again at a turn in Meers River. Here we exchanged our big oxen for young ones, getting two young ones for a big one. In this way we could get away better. We had to pluck and grind here berries to boil them in water for the children. In the thirst land we went out hunting, but there was very little game to be found. We shot two elephants, so we had a little meat. The elephants that were shot were far from the laager, so we could not carry all the meat away. There were many Bushmen, they murdered a young man; they had shot him with bow and arrow, stabbed him with assegais, and then partly cut him up. The young man's horse came galloping to the laager, whereupon the people immediately went out to look for him. They were overtaken by night and had to sleep in the veld, as they could not follow the spoor of the horse. The Bushmen shot upon the people, but the latter put their fires out so that the Bushmen could not see them. The blacks thereupon fled, as they were afraid that the Boers would surround them. The Boers followed them the next day, and recovered the body of the young man. The Bushmen nevertheless escaped. They had taken away the gun of the murdered man.

From Plattedrift the laager came to an old Bastard, who asked us how we fared, and on our telling him, he did what he could for us. We were delighted to meet some one who could understand us. He brought us to a Kafir captain, when, through exchange, we got five muids of Kafir corn. At this place we buried seven persons who had died from fever and poisoning. The poison came from

a certain kind of fruit, very pretty and very tempting to look at. Some ate of it, driven to do so by hunger, and as it afterwards turned out, with fatal consequences. It was only discovered to be poisonous after the dogs had eaten of it and died.

We then arrived at Lake 'Ngami, where we remained five days. Here much illness prevailed, owing to the great extent of country covered by reeds all along the banks of the lake. These reeds were decaying, making it difficult to reach the water, and owing to this decay, caused a poisonous exhalation. Those affected by it got worse until we reached Makobus River (where we afterwards halted), where they died.

The Makobus River, otherwise called the Cheshongo, is a branch of the Okavango River. Here we remained some time by a Bechuana kraal, and lost a lot of cattle. We thought of finding game here, but it had been driven off by the natives. It was here that a party under Gert du Plessis left us.

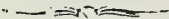
We left this for a "pan" situated in the hills. Here we delayed because we could not proceed owing to our people being so ill. The oxen got some sort of disease with which we were not acquainted. The heart of the animal got yellow with thick layers of flesh round it; the heart, the liver, and the other internal parts of the body were full of yellow water, and the liver in addition was swollen. We had to eat the flesh of these diseased animals in order to keep alive, as we could obtain no game. With this meat we had to eat "krimmetart," a fruit resembling a cocoanut, but sour, and full of small pips. Even this fruit was scarce. We then went to the Buffels-pan, where we shot buffaloes and a quantity of lions. The lions had caught two of our horses.

Proceeding we came afterwards to a reedvley, where we found but little water, and that bad. We were pitifully situated here; we had not even a mouthful of food. We had to cook the roots of reeds to eat, and also for the same purpose we knocked down the best parts of the bark of the thorn trees. A large party of Boers then left to go hunting. They remained away for three weeks, and shot two camels, two gemsbucks, and two buffaloes.

We then went further. A number of our people were ill. Children of nine years had to act as leaders, whilst the mothers drove. We went further up "Makobus River." We tried to catch fish, but there was nothing to be caught. Along here we lost lots of people. In one grave alone were nine persons, and in half-a-day from there fourteen more, old and young. The wives who had lost their husbands had to drive the wagons themselves. Some of these people got worms on their bodies. You can imagine they had been long bed-ridden as it were, and the sore places were filled with worms. I can't describe everything. . . . You see thus how we were situated, to leave all our goods and thus to go out. It was pitiful to behold, and then the Bushmen came and destroyed the things that were on the ground ; coffee and sugar, mixing them with sand. After that we reached "Okavango," and, as you already know, here several families to the number of thirty, amongst them also Commandant Greyling, turned back in order to return to the Transvaal. The last that I heard of this party was that they had just trekked from the neighbourhood of Ghanzi. At the Okavango, Botha was nominated in the room of Greyling, and the expedition thereupon trekked through Waterberg ; they were prohibited by the Ovampos from going through their land, towards their temporary location.

By this same Okavango I (with my family) turned off to Mr. Charles Thomas, who took me into his employ as driver. I came to him in a very sickly condition, having for months back been suffering from fever. Through the kind attentions of the above-named gentleman I recovered, and I can safely say that the preservation of my life is due to him. It is the same Mr. Thomas that was murdered by the Ovampos. I was present. I drove his wagon. Mr. Thomas was riding a little ahead ; coming down to the river the natives shot upon and killed him. I went with deceased's brother, Mr. L. Thomas, to Omaruru. I was well received and cared for by Mr. Erickson and Mr. Raven, and the kindness received from them will cause me as long as I live to remember them with feelings of the deepest gratitude. And also from Omaruru Mr. Erickson did much for us with his wagons. It was very pleasant to

me to see that there were friends in Cape Town looking after us, and for which we cannot be sufficiently grateful. I never thought again to reach the colony. Through the mercy of God I have come so far. We have had a pleasant voyage to Table Bay, and the captain and crew of the *Louis Alfred* have shown us many kindnesses, for which we are very thankful.



CHAPTER XL.

CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE TREK-BOEREN.

I NOW beg to present an *olla podrida* of excerpts from various papers relating to this stirring episode of Boer History.

A gentleman writing from Damaraland (Nov. 11, 1880) : —“ It may be interesting to those who so benevolently subscribed towards the Trek Boer Relief Fund to know that the Boers have now permanently settled in that beautiful tract of country known as Huilla, situate within six days of Mossamedes, west coast of Africa. Farms of 3,000 morgen have been granted to each family by the Portuguese Government. Huilla has a perfectly European climate, perpetual streams of water, rich and fertile soil, and abundance of fruit.—*Argus*.

The *Natal Mercury* of November 21st, 1881, says : We extract the following particulars from the Royal Geographical Society's Monthly Record for October, 1881, to hand by the last mail :—

Towards the end of last year the trek Boers in Damaraland, to whose position we referred in May, 1880, crossed the river Cunene, and applied for a grant of land to the Portuguese Governor of Mossamedes. The party, some 300 in all, arrived at Huilla on December 20th, and about a week afterwards the Governor, Senhor Sebastiao Nunez da Matta, signed an engagement with their leader, Mr. F. J. Botha, assigning them 7,500 acres of the uncultivated lands of Humpata (about S lat. 15°) to the east of the Serra de Cheria, and between it and the Serra da Munda. The colony of Boers settled there is named Sao Januario, after the Portuguese Minister of the Colonies, the Visconde Sao Januario. When the colony is considered to be satisfactorily established, each family will receive an extensive allotment of ground in the neighbourhood. An arrangement appears to have been entered into, whereby the Boers will be allowed the free exercise of their religion,

while at the same time they undertake to submit to Portuguese law. In order that protection may be near at hand to this colony, which promises to be of so much importance for the future development of agriculture in this region, the fort of Huilla is to be rebuilt as soon as possible. An irrigation canal was commenced in January last and completed by February 20th. It is between three and four miles long, some 5 ft. broad, and $3\frac{1}{4}$ ft. deep, and is filled from the Rio Neve and Rio Canbanda, which are connected through the Cacolovar with the Cunene.

The *Volksstem* of March, 1882, says :—From a private source in Cape Town we learn that news from the Trek-boers has been received up to October last. A Mr. Bent, an Englishman, had just been to these Boers. These people have now firmly established themselves on Portuguese territory (Humpata), having built houses and cultivated lands ; also constructed a canal of between three and four miles from a certain river, and this piece of work is such as to have astonished the Portuguese themselves, bringing the water in front of and past the Boers' dwellings. The Boers were, however, complaining of want of pasturage for their cattle, owing to the natives close by setting fire to it. The encampment has been twice attacked by the natives, but each time repulsed, and the latter seemed now to have quietly submitted to the "white dogs," as they styled the Boers. There were complaints of stock-lifting against these natives, which complaints have been made to the Portuguese Governor, but he had taken no notice of them yet, excepting in two cases, where the culprits were made to give compensation to the farmers. Mr. Bent told these Boers all the news and the result of the Transvaal war, and they were agreeably surprised. For four and twenty hours they had thanksgiving services. There are upwards of 400 men, women and children. Each man has about £40 in cash, and amounts altogether to £7,000. Statistics of cattle, &c., are also given, but these I don't remember now. Then a road is also being constructed towards the sea coast, costing £20,000. When Mr. Bent was there, it was reported that a party of 1,000 Bastards were coming up to settle with the Boers.

The *Times of Natal* of April 18th, 1884, says :—William

Chapman writes to the *Cape Times* from Humpata, District of Mossamedes, South-West Coast, Africa :—As the attention of people in South Africa has already been attracted to the Colony now in course of formation in this part of Africa, and as various accounts of the country have been given, many of which were misrepresentations, I have thought it advisable to place before the public a brief description of what St. Januario or Humpata really is ; and if it should interest intending emigrants, I shall be most happy to answer all inquiries made by letter to me. Humpata lies about eighty miles to the east of the port of Mossamedes, but the journey to that place is made with ox-wagon in six or seven days by the wagon-road, which has lately been completed. For agricultural purposes the country is highly adapted, being watered by innumerable streams, and the soil very good. All kinds of fruits and vegetables thrive well. Oxen and cows which were brought here by the Boers were subject to several diseases during the first year of their arrival here, but at present the prospects are much better, as the Boers generally admit. Goats and sheep do not thrive so well here, but there are places only two days' journey by ox-wagon from this, admirably suited for those animals. Merino sheep answer well here, and in the course of time no doubt sheep-shearing will become one of the principal industries of this colony. Horses, as well as oxen and cows, are subject to a disease here called scurvy or brandziekte. This has affected horses more than the other animals, but a cure has very lately been discovered in the shape of carbolic acid in the proportion of three tablespoonsful to a bottle of water, rubbed over the animal, which has saved all the oxen and cows upon which it has been used, but unfortunately the knowledge of the discovery came too late to the Boers, as their horses were already dead. Those horses upon which the acid has been tried have been saved. In the stables, horses, &c., are not affected. At present very few oxen, &c., are subject to the disease, and it appears that it only prevails in certain parts of the district. The natives of the country have thousands. But it must be understood that there is a large tract of country, extending far to the north of this, elevated, and very healthy, where these diseases among cattle do not prevail, and which is also

adapted to agricultural pursuits. The climate of Humpata is most salubrious, being temperate, and the seasons very much alike. Land is offered gratis by the Portuguese Government to immigrants from the Cape Colony and elsewhere, and pasturage is free. The Government is anxious that the country shall be colonised, and is doing all in its power towards its development. Some of the Trek-Boers intend leaving this country, but the greater number are in favour of remaining here, the prospects being better now, and the advantages many.

Times of Natal of April 29th, 1884, further says :—Dr. Brill, the Free State Secretary of the Trek Boer Relief Fund, has received an answer to his communication addressed to the Rev. P. Postma, Secretary of the Central Committee at Pretoria, in which the latter gentleman thankfully accepts, on behalf of his committee, the conditions imposed by resolution of the Bloemfontein committee. The Rev. P. Postma advises Dr. Brill that the Pretoria committee intend sending a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church to Mossamedes to endeavour to arrange for the unanimous consent of the Trek Boers to their again entering some civilised part of South Africa. If the Trek Boers do not come back in a body the funds raised in Bloemfontein will not, it is said, be used.

Times of Natal of July 14th, 1885, continues :—A correspondent writes to the *Volksstem* :—After all the “scramble” for new lands in Africa by the great European Powers, guided by such experienced men as Stanley and Nachtigal, the travellers, and Missionary Mackenzie, a new habitable and fertile country seems to have been discovered within the last few months. The discoverers are the Trek Boers. Finding Humpata not exactly suited to their wants, these hardy adventurers and practical people sent an exploring party to examine an upland region lying in the north-eastward. On their return to their compatriots they reported very favourably of a very large tract of country, comprising the elevated district in which the Cunene and Okovango Rivers take their rise. This new land is described as being very healthy for Europeans, having an altitude of from 5,000 to 9,000 feet above sea-level; that it is well watered, well grassed, well adapted for general agricultural and pastoral purposes, in fact

eminently suitable to the requirements of the Boers. Moreover, they think so highly of this, their new discovery, that they intend sending delegates to the Transvaal, with the object of inducing more of their fellow-countrymen to emigrate and join them ; and while all will rejoice in the good luck of these bold adventurers, perhaps it may not be amiss to place before the Transvaal public some account, compiled from reliable sources, of this new territory. The most recent information is given by Monteiro.

The same paper of October 24th, 1884, also says :—As the result of the mission of the Rev. Mr. Pelser to the Trek Boers at Humpata, we are informed that they desire to go back to the Transvaal, notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary. The country they occupy is healthy, but beyond it are the regions where the fever is prevalent ; and even where the Trek Boers reside, many are suffering from fever. The soil is not fit for tilling without being well manured, the cattle die off, and Mossamedes is considered (the road leading to which is very difficult) the market for their produce. Many of them intend to return to the Transvaal in November next, overland, as they have not funds enough to pay for the sea voyage.—*P. E. Telegraph.*

And last by the *Times of Natal*, March 17th, 1886, goes on :—We have been requested by a number of our Dutch subscribers to publish the following :—Among the passengers who arrived at the Cape by the *Norham Castle* were Mr. Gert Albertse and Mr. Van der Merwe, who have come as delegates to the country from the Boer settlement behind Mossamedes. These gentlemen called at the *Cape Times* office the other day for the purpose of explaining the object of their mission, and stated as follows :—

“ In 1874 we left the Transvaal, and travelled by way of Lake 'Ngami, and from there across the Kalahari Desert. From Lake Ngami we went to Rietfontein, and from that place we went in a northerly direction, taking the course of the River Okovango, having rested at Rietfontein from July to December. During the whole time we moved on in short stages. We next struck in a westerly direction, and shaped our course between Ondonga and Omariru, that is to say between Damaraland and Ovampoland, reaching Kaoko on the 3rd July, 1878..

Here we remained for sixteen months, and from thence struck to the Cunene River, and following one of the tributaries of that river, finally settled in the back country behind Mossamedes. The country between Rustenburg and Lake 'Ngami is a sandy and very thirsty country, but we got water so long as we travelled along the banks of the Crocodile River. From the Crocodile River to Khama's place is about two-and-a-half days' journey. There is very little water, but it is a very grassy country, with occasional dense vegetation. From Khama's place to Lake 'Ngami is five days' ride on horseback. We found a water fountain at Leklotsi, and water can always be found there during a good rainy season, but in times of drought there is, of course, a very small supply. The next stage is a three-and-a-half days' journey by bullock wagon to Inkovan, and from thence to Klakan, a journey of three days and three nights, water being obtained in a series of small fountains. Two-and-a-half days' constant travelling from the last place brought us to Lake 'Ngami, the south end of which disappears into a reedy bank, and below that there is simply a desert. From Khama's town to Lake 'Ngami is a waterless country, but very rich in pasturage. From Lake 'Ngami we struck due west, and for fourteen days we trekked along the side of the river, during which time, we, of course, had a plentiful supply of water. At Kobis, Ghanse, and Rietfontein we obtained a water supply by means of wells, which had probably been sunk by Bushmen. Some of the wells had been closed, but we opened them again. At Rietfontein we sank wells, which gave us a good supply of water. The country between this place and Lake 'Ngami is very rich in grass, and, in fact, a better country could not be desired, there being all kinds of good grass for cattle. From Lake 'Ngami to Rietfontein is twenty-two days' travelling. Our party consisted of nine married men, with their wives and families, there being about thirty children. The reason we left Rietfontein was that we were surrounded by Kafirs, who were very jealous of having the water supply in that part of the country interfered with, and so they drove us away. From Rietfontein to the Okovango is twenty-two days' journey but we travelled very slowly. There is abundance of game in that country, but nothing like what

we remember having seen in the Orange Free State in the early days. For the purpose of a daily food supply, however, we had all that we required of all kinds of buck. We saw elephants, tigers and any number of large lions, and a variety of bucks of all kinds. Sportsmen going there would have a good selection. In December, 1879, we struck westward from Okovango, and passed through the country now known as Upingtonia. Here we passed through a great pan of white vegetable growth, such as the weed which in the dry season is seen at the bottom of vleys, and which we skirted for $5\frac{1}{2}$ days. It is a singular country, and we had seen nothing like it before. Coming to it in the distance it had the appearance of a great lake. Skirting the southern rim of this pan the country is bushy, and there is very good grass indeed. We are of opinion that the small circles shown in the map of Upingtonia issued by the *Cape Times*, along the rim of the pan, are pools of water, which are plentiful all along there. The water, however, is brackish. Below the pan there are small fountains of water to be found amongst the rocks. The country is a fever country, and our party was badly attacked by fever in coming through that region. We here buried the wife of Gert Albertse and the wife of Marthinus van der Merwe. From this pan to Kaoko is ten days' travelling, and here we rested for sixteen months, and named the place Rustplaats. Between this place and the Kaoko Mountains there is any quantity of bush, good grass, rocks and water, but it is a very feverish region. At Rustplaats we buried Marthinus van der Merwe and others of the party. In all sixteen of the party died there, of whom seven were men. From Rustplaats to the Cunene River is eight days' travelling. The river is as broad as the Vaal River, and deeper. It is only fordable in the months between August and October. There are but few drifts, and in the winter months the river would be twenty or thirty feet deep. We don't know whether it would be possible to go up from the mouth in boats, but from where we struck the river to above it boats could go a great distance. From the Cunene River we proceeded to Tuilla, or, as we now call it, Humpata, which is a nine days' journey, and is where we are now settled. We lost heavily in stock at first, but we have got a good lot now,

and the Kafirs in the neighbourhood have very large herds. This place is two days' journey on horseback from the Mossamedes, but in consequence of the mountainous country we have to trek by wagon, which takes seven days, we having to skirt the base of the mountain. There are numerous coffee plantations in the neighbourhood owned by the Portuguese. We are living on a plateau 700 feet high, but the Portuguese are farming between the plateau and the sea, and the plantations are on a very unhealthy country. We only go down to the Mossamedes between the months of May and January, because of the unhealthiness of the other part of the year. The fever is so bad that it is quite risky to attempt to make the journey at any other time. We don't know how many Portuguese there are there, but there is a large number. When we were at the Kaoko Mountains we sent to the Portuguese Governor to be allowed this ground, stipulating first, that we should be uninterruptedly allowed to exercise our religion; secondly, that we should be allowed to manage our own domestic government, that is to say, to frame our own rules for the settlement; thirdly, that we should have the land as freehold property; and fourthly, that we should have made known to us the extent of ground that would be placed at our disposal. These were the principal points upon which we entered into negotiations with the Portuguese Government. The Governor agreed to these conditions, and told us to go and look about the country and select a piece of land that would suit us, and we selected this piece. We now rent the ground for ten years without paying anything for it, but after ten years a reasonable charge will be made for the rent of the land utilised. At the present time, however, we pay nothing. When we selected the ground and marked off the beacons we got a stamped paper which entitled us to it. If the settlement should move we should be permitted to take the same extent of land anywhere else we may select inland. We have now been six years on the ground, and we have vegetable gardens, flocks and herds, and fruit trees which are bearing well. We cannot say whether all the people are satisfied, but we are ourselves. We have now just come from the Mossamedes, *via* Madeira, having taken the Portuguese mail-boat to there. We had a letter from the

Portuguese Governor at Mossamedes to the Portuguese Governor at Madeira, at which latter place we were kindly received and all sorts of good wishes expressed for our future. We are leaving to-day for the Paarl, and will go by rail to Steynsburg and from there to Burghersdorp, and then to the Transvaal. We hope to get back about next May. We had received letters from the Free State, the Transvaal, &c., asking for information about the country, the nearest route and safest way of getting there, and as a good description could not be given by letter, it was decided to send us as delegates to explain to the people of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal what this country is like. Our expenses are paid by subscription. We cannot say whether many people will go back with us or not, but we shall tell them the truth about the country, and let them decide for themselves. If a number of Boers do decide upon joining us we will send some of our people to meet them and to show them the way through Damara-land, so that they may not have the hardships we had. But we shall not entice anyone to come. We shall give them all the information we can and all the assistance we can. Our committee sent two delegates to explain the country, so that if one of us should happen to make a mistake in what he is saying the other will correct him, it being our desire to tell nothing but the truth. The people who have settled at what is now called Upingtonia were originally with us, but left. There are thirty families, and the last time we heard of them was in July last year.



CHAPTER XLI.

THE (THIRST LAND) TREK BOERS JUNE, 1881.—FROM
DAMARALAND TO THE NHEMBA COUNTRY.

(Extract from the Diary of W. W. Jordan.)

OUR party, consisting of thirteen Europeans, fifty-eight native servants, thirteen wagons, fifty-eight horses, etc., etc., left Omoruru, the principal trading station of Damaraland, on the morning of the — June, 1881, and after trekking ten miles arrived at Epako, signifying in Herero language “Open Water.”

This name was given this place years ago, and the traveller visiting Epako now finds no water except by digging wells in the bed of the river in the vicinity. After watering our cattle we proceeded on for three miles, outspanned and camped for the night.

At six o'clock next morning we inspanned, trekked seventeen miles and arrived at Otjiwa, so named by the Hereros on account of a number of granite rocks from ten to twenty-five feet high. From here we trekked fourteen miles and arrived at Otjiwapa where we found great difficulty in procuring water for our cattle. However, after cleaning out the wells and patiently waiting for the water to percolate, we succeeded in getting sufficient for all our requirements.

We inspanned at four p.m., travelled seven miles and camped for the night; inspanned at five o'clock the following morning, travelled eight miles and arrived at Ongombo. This part of the country is very picturesque, but sparsely populated and very scarce of water. In the bed of the river there are several wells varying in depth twenty-five to forty feet. From one of the latter depth we watered our cattle. These wells are constructed with stages resembling a pyramid. We found it necessary to employ eight men to pass the water from one to the other in order to water our cattle.

We left this place at 4.30 p.m., trekked for eighteen

hours and arrived at Pallah Fountain. The distance from Ongombo to this place is forty-nine miles. About nineteen years ago Pallah Fountain was the resort of a number of hunters; it was a fine large fountain, at which great numbers of ostriches and game of all descriptions slaked their thirst; now the fountain has altogether disappeared, and one sees about a dozen wells from six to ten feet deep with water sufficient to enable the Herero Damaras to water several thousand head of cattle daily.

At 2 p.m. we inspanned, trekked eight miles and arrived at Ojio. Twelve years ago elephants were to be found at this place in large quantities. The schanzas of the hunters are still to be seen, but at present the koodoo is the only antelope to be found here, and these are very rare.

At 5 p.m. we inspanned, trekked ten miles, outspanned and camped for the night. Next morning at five o'clock we inspanned, trekked thirteen miles, and arrived at Amiap or Otjimongonde, the former being the Namaqua name and the latter the Herero Damara for this place. Water is to be had here by digging wells or pits among the limestone reefs, a short distance from the outspan place.

At 4 p.m. we inspanned, trekked ten miles, outspanned and camped for the night. Inspanned at seven o'clock next morning, trekked seven and a half miles and arrived at Otjiwhalendo, a Berg Damara kraal, well supplied with water from large fountains. About fifty-six Berg Damara families occupy this place; they subsist chiefly upon roots and berries. Remained here one day to rest our cattle.

At 1 p.m. the following day we inspanned, trekked all the afternoon and the whole night, passing through Ombeka (an open water) and arrived at Okoquayo. The distance from Otjiwhalendo to this place is thirty-five miles. Here there is a large vley of water, but having no outlet it becomes stagnant, and has a very unpleasant smell and taste; but the traveller is compelled to use it, none other being procurable.

Left Okoquayo at 1.30 p.m., trekked for three and a half hours, outspanned, rested the cattle one and a half hours, inspanned, trekked for three and a half hours, outspanned, rested for three hours, inspanned at 1 p.m. and arrived at Okarkahama at 6.30, having travelled thirty and a half miles. Remained here two days.

At this place there are thirteen wells, about twelve feet deep, from which a good supply of water can be obtained. During the years 1878 and 1879 twenty-eight ostriches were killed here. Eland, giraffe, springbok and wildebeeste offer themselves to the sportsman, also wolves and lions. Mr. L., while hunting here, had an adventure with a lion. Mr. L.'s party had taken with them into the veld a number of milch goats, which were kept at night in an enclosure made of thorn bushes. One night, while the hunters were asleep, a lion came into the camp and carried off one of the goats. Next morning the spoor of the lion was discovered. Five hunters saddled their horses and followed the spoor, and tracked it towards some bushes about three miles distant from the camp. While riding among the bushes the lion suddenly sprang on to the back of one of the horses. The surprised hunter endeavoured to knock it off with the butt-end of his rifle, at the same time shouting at the top of his voice to his companions to come to his assistance, which they did, and succeeded in killing the lion before it had time to do further damage than badly wound the horse. It proved to be a fine old black-maned male lion.

While sitting around our camp fire at night the following adventures with badgers, *i.e.*, "ratel," were related:—One of the party while out hunting came across a badger, which he shot, the ball passing through its body. On coming up to the animal he gave it a kick, when it suddenly charged him; and so taken aback was our friend that he dropped his rifle and skedaddled. The badger gave chase to within a few yards of the wagon, when it was attacked by the dogs, and, after a good fight, was killed. Upon another occasion two of the boys went in search of honey, and came across a hive of bees in an anteater's, *i.e.*, "aard vark's," hole, and proceeded to creep into it to take the honey. Now it seems, from the boy's account, that a badger had been there before him, and, after having a good feed, had retired some distance and gone to sleep. The boy, who had crept into the hole, shouted to his companion, and the noise must have awakened the badger, who came towards the hole, and, seeing the boy's legs moving about, began to attack them. The unfortunate boy, unable to defend himself, was

fearfully bitten, and, had not his mate fortunately come to his assistance, he would probably have been killed.

Left Okarkahama at 1.30 p.m.; made four treks, and arrived at Narongo, having travelled thirty-two miles. Here there are two wells, from which a good supply of water is obtainable, also good grazing for cattle. Lions, giraffes, elands and wildebeestes are to be found.

From this place we proceeded on to Ovathea, distant from Narongo twenty-eight miles. We have now entered a most picturesque and interesting country, with a complete change of vegetation and scenery. The Maparni tree (so named by the trek Boers), a tree from which they extract a kind of wax, which they manufacture into candles, grows here in abundance, attains the height of twenty to forty feet, and affords a pleasant shade to the traveller. The grass, growing to the height of three feet, with its rich golden colour, resembles enormous corn fields just before harvest. Springbok, gemsbok, bastard gemsbok and zebras are plentiful; also bustards and pheasants. Our party had a day's sport here, and killed a number of all three kinds of the abovenamed animals. After the first four antelopes had been killed the sky became, as it were, literally speaking, swarming with vultures, and the birds devoured at least two-thirds of the game killed. At Ovathea there are a number of small springs, the water of which runs the same course, and forms a large vley, around which grow tall reeds. On this water are to be found three kinds of duck, also geese and muscovies. We left this place *en route* for Equambi, situate thirty-three miles north of Ovathea, which we reached after thirteen hours' trekking.

Equambi is an Ovambo kraal, the chief of which is named Naumbo, a man much feared and dreaded by his people. He is a perfect tyrant, putting his subjects to death for the most trifling offence. Upon arriving at his kraal he sent one of his head men to point out a place where the wagons were to be outspanned. This man directed us towards a large sycamore tree, a place we gladly accepted, as it afforded us a fine shady encampment. We had scarcely finished outspanning when another messenger arrived from the King with the information that His Majesty requested us to shift from underneath that

tree, as that identical tree was the mother of his deceased uncle Nauma, the late King. We removed our wagons to another point.

The people of this tribe are called Ovaqnambis, are warlike, and greatly feared by the other Ovambo tribes on account of their bravery. Their principal weapon is the bow and arrow, but a great number of guns are to be seen amongst them, principally of Portuguese manufacture, with flint locks. Around the King's kraal, and as far as the eye can see, are enormous corn fields, which seem likely to yield prolific crops. This season the diet of the tribe is principally porridge made of pounded corn. Two kinds of beer are made and largely consumed, one from corn and the other from wild fruit; the former is very palatable and non-intoxicating unless mixed with honey-beer, the latter has the flavour of cider with the strength of spirits of wine, and during the fruit season drunken bouts are the order of the day. This tribe is also very rich in cattle.

At about 1,000 yards from the King's kraal stands the ruins of a Church and Mission-house concerning which the following story is told by the natives:—About ten years ago a Finnish Missionary established himself on this station by consent of the late King Nauma, and was assisted by the king to build a Church and dwelling-house. The King had a son who was in the course of time converted and baptized; his father was in the habit of questioning him as to what the Missionary taught him. He told his father that the white man taught him many things, one of which was that after death he would rise again. The King questioned the Missionary on this subject, and was informed that what his son told him was perfectly true. The following year the son died and was buried. The King waited for three days, and seeing his son did not rise again sent for the Missionary to know the reason why. The Missionary explained that his son would rise again in the next world, at which the King became enraged, told the Missionary if that was all the benefit he and his people were to have by a holy man being among them he would do without one, and insisted on the Missionary leaving his station there and then.

The features of the country are purely tropical, the tall and stately palm trees with their clusters of fruit (known

as vegetable ivory) are to be seen as far as the eye can reach, and the nature of the country being one continuous flat affords a splendid view, especially at sunrise and sunset.

We left Equambi at 1 p.m., trekked for three hours, outspanned and camped for the night at a place called Onithea, one of the loveliest spots seen since leaving Damaraland. Our bivouac is on the banks of an Omuramba; on both its banks grow gigantic sycamores, seventy to eighty feet high, entwined with creepers, forming natural summer houses. Grass, water and wood (the traveller's greatest boon) are in abundance. We remained there two days, amusing ourselves by shooting duck, pheasants and Guinea fowls, which are very plentiful.

We proceeded on our journey, travelling through a most picturesque tract of country, crossing several beautiful large meadows surrounded by dense forests of Mopani tree. In the rainy season these meadows are flooded by waters supposed to come from the Cunene River, and then resemble small lakes. After trekking for four hours we arrived on the banks of a large Omuramba which, at first sight, appeared to be a river. Here we outspanned, rested our cattle and made preparations for taking our wagons across. This we accomplished by yoking two spans of oxen to each wagon, the ground being so boggy that the wheels of the wagons were completely underground. However, by patience and perseverance, we succeeded in getting the wagons across, and proceeded on travelling along the banks of the Omuramba until we arrived at Enjino pits, twenty-nine miles from Equambi, at which place we camped for the night. Enjino pits are a number of wells with a good supply of water in proximity and a deserted kraal. These wells are held in great dread by the natives, who consider it most unlucky to live near them or drink of the water they contain. We are now in a tract of country where the footprint of the ostrich is numerous; our hunters have gone hunting, having divided themselves into three parties. Number one and two returned to camp, succeeded in killing seven ostriches, several giraffes, hartebeestes and springbok. Number three party returned to our bivouac in a state of great excitement. It appears that while in the veld they came across a body of

Ovambas, numbering about 150, who greeted them and evinced their friendship by begging tobacco (a usual and common form of showing friendship adopted by most natives). The hunters dismounted and rested their rifles against an old stump of a tree, took out a stick of tobacco from their pouch, and while in the act of cutting some to give to the natives were seized and held fast by a number of natives, whilst the others bolted with the rifles and cartridge belts. Such was the story these crestfallen hunters returned to camp with. Ten mounted men started in pursuit. They followed the track until 9 p.m., but darkness overtaking them they returned to camp.

The following morning we inspanned at 8.15 and trekked three and a half hours, outspanning at a large vley near to which grow some magnificent baobab trees from sixty to eighty feet in height, and forty to ninety feet in circumference. Inspanned at 1.30 p.m. and proceeded on. After half an hour's trek we arrived at the outlying kraals of the Ombandja tribe, among which we travelled for two and a half hours, extensive corn fields on either side of us ; it seemed as if we were passing through one vast plantation. We outspanned amongst these kraals and bivouacked for the night. At 7.30 next morning we inspanned, made one hour's trek and arrived at Ombandja, having travelled thirty miles from Enjino pits. The King of the Ombandja tribe is named Ekari ; he is a fine tall native and seems well disposed towards Europeans. His kraal is enclosed by a strong fence made of poles planted five feet deep and twelve feet high. On visiting the King we were escorted by one of the headmen along the avenue of thorn trees extending about five hundred yards, at the end of which are the King's cattle corrals made of stout poles ten feet high. Further on were the King's slaves ; in the centre of the enclosure were His Majesty's dwellings erected in the shape of a Malay hat standing on poles three feet high. In order to arrive at these we had to pass through narrow passages only admitting one person to pass at a time ; the various windings of these passages formed a perfect labyrinth, and so strong are the fortifications of this kraal that against small arms it would be impregnable.

We found His Majesty seated on a low stool carved out

of a solid piece of wood. Around him sat his chief men and principal wives, the latter sixteen in number. They greeted us by clapping their hands. Near the King stood thirteen earthenware jars, each containing about three gallons of corn beer. This, His Majesty informed us through our interpreter, was for our consumption. Wooden mugs, holding about two pints, were filled, handed to the King to taste, and passed on to us. I fear His Majesty thought we did not appreciate his hospitality, as, according to his notions, we did not do justice to the beer. Mr. E. made the King a present of a horse, with which he seemed very pleased. After greeting, we returned to our camp.

The following day being Sunday we, as usual, had a large plum-pludding at dinner. Just as we were about to dine, Ekari, with eighty followers, paid us a visit. We invited His Majesty to dinner. When partaking of the plum duff, Ekari remarked that it was excellent "otje-cera," *i.e.*, porridge. His Majesty seemed very indignant at the thought that a people in close proximity to his should have been guilty of robbing white men, and offered Mr. E. a commando of his people to assist in recovering the stolen articles ; which offer was very wisely declined. This robbery, committed by these natives, will give an idea of natives in general. Here we have Mr. E. taking every precaution and sparing no expense to enlighten the chiefs of the various tribes (amongst which we were likely to pass) of our good feeling and friendship towards them, presenting them with valuable presents, such as horses, etc., etc., yet these very chiefs order their people to rob, plunder, and even kill, white men when found in the veld. The only reason given by the chiefs for such orders are that they take these men for Boers. Yes, Boers ; a people endowed with the patience of Job ; taking insult and injury time after time from the most despicable of natives ; yet these are the people the Ovambo chiefs order their subjects to murder, simply because these Boers are pioneers opening up new hunting velds in parts of South Africa where few Europeans have traversed, and where the natives take the white man to be either the lord of creation or Old Nick himself.

Ekari invited Mr. E. and myself to visit his kraal, upon

which occasion he presented us to his wives. They were evidently got up for the occasion, being well greased and covered from head to foot with red ochre, their hair* dressed so as to form large epaulettes on each shoulder, a broad belt of various kinds of beads, extending from under the arm-pit down to the knee, bracelets made of brass and copper wire from the wrist to the elbows, and enormous copper rings round each ankle. Their appearance was most grotesque.

The King seemed very proud of these beauties, and was very attentive to them, handing them draughts of beer, to which they did justice, each one drinking at least six pints. His Majesty accompanied us towards his garden, or rather plantation. We were surprised to see the regularity with which it had been laid out, being divided into angles and triangles, with footpaths leading to all points. His Majesty guided us towards a large tree, on arriving at which he desired us to be seated (on the ground), when he told us the following particulars :—

Naminga, late chief of this place, and my uncle, was always against the white man, and never wished to see them come near him or his station. I, at that time, was Crown Prince, and had come across one or two white men, and had seen that they were clever and powerful, and that the tribes among whom these white men stayed became strong, and possessed guns, which the white men made for them. Naminga became ill, and I saw my time had come, so I collected the people together and killed him, as I wished white men to come to my people, and now my wish is gratified ; a number of white men have visited my kraal and tasted my beer, and Karieyapa, of whom I have heard so much, is their captain.

Our next visit to the King's kraal was to witness a dance. We arrived at eight p.m. Dancing had begun, and the lads and lasses seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. The men formed half circles some distance from the women. One at the time would leap forward, spring into the air, cut a few capers, and return to his

* The women of all the Ovambo tribes entwine the soft fibre of the baobab with their hair or wool, and make it any length they please.

place, the women going through the same performances. The musical instrument used was a novelty. It was made of the hide of an ox, dressed with the hair on, and cut into the shape of a star fish. A man took hold of each point, and, going through the same process made use of for carpet shaking, produced a sound resembling that made by the beating of several native drums, to which the women kept time by clapping their hands.

Leaving Ombandja, we travelled through a thick forest, the whole of our party going ahead of the wagons with axes and spades roadmaking. After three hours' trek we came to a large meadow, in which was a fine vley of water. Here we outspanned and camped for the night. Several of our unsalted horses died here.

At 8 a.m. the following morning we proceeded on, cutting our road as before stated. We passed through several fine meadows in which were large vleys of water full of fish, *i.e.*, bagre, ducks, geese, muscovies and water hens. Lions abound in this part of the country, and the natives are in such dread of these animals that they never sleep on the ground but erect stages among the branches of the high trees which they use as beds. After trekking for three hours we outspanned, drawing our wagons into laager, as we intend having a few days' hunting.

While here our hunters killed thirty-five ostriches and kept our larder well supplied with the flesh of gemsbok, wildebeeste, hardebeest, giraffe, eland and zebras. Game here is very plentiful and might be killed in great numbers, but according to our hunting regulations the hunters are only permitted to shoot sufficient for daily requirements.

We shifted our camp, trekking for two and a half hours through a beautiful large forest of magnificent timber. The tall and stately trees, varying in height eighty to one hundred and twenty feet, give to this place an almost sacred appearance, and offer to the traveller a view of Nature's grand and prolific works. We arranged our camp, remaining here a few days hunting, during which time eighteen ostriches and a number of antelopes were killed.

From this place four of the party left the camp *en route* for Humbe, a Portuguese station on the northern banks of the Cunene River. Our mission was to inform the

Portuguese residing there of our approaching the river and our object, so that they might inform the natives of our intentions and prepare them for the sight of such a number of people, horses and wagons. After an hour and a half's ride we entered a large Omuramba and saw five ostriches quietly feeding about one thousand yards ahead of us. One of the party gave chase though much against the wishes of the others, but as laughing is contagious so is hunting. Not many minutes elapsed before the whole party were in full gallop after the birds. We had got to within two hundred yards of them when the saddle-girths of the foremost rider broke, and by a very graceful though ludicrous movement he turned head over heels and came down with a smash on to *terra firma*. His performance seemed to bewilder the birds, as they suddenly changed their course and made direct for the horses, passing within a few yards of them; with the birds in this position it was impossible for us to fire for fear of shooting one another's horses. The birds ran at full speed towards the jungle, before entering which, however, we succeeded in killing two. Owing to this hunt we had to abandon our mission and return to camp, on the way to which we killed two fine giraffes.

On the following day we inspanned at 6.20 a.m., trekked for four and a half hours through a thick jungle, cutting our road as we went along. We rested ourselves and cattle for two hours, inspanned again, and proceeded on, passing through a tract of country never before traversed by Europeans. After three hours trekking we arrived at the Cunene River, just opposite Humbe, the distance travelled from Ombandja being thirty-seven miles. We fixed our camp on a high bluff near to the river, which we called Fort Hope. From here we had a splendid view of the country all around us. The bluff being seventy feet above the bed of the river, answers as a kind of tower. On looking down one sees numbers of crocodiles basking in the sun, making splendid targets for the amateur hunter to practise on. On looking to the north-west one has a fine view of the river. The trees on its banks are of a most lordly and magnificent description, those around our camp are chiefly baobabs, of which there are some fine specimens. The breadth of the river in several places is

not more than two hundred yards, and the water is very deep. On other parts the breath is from twelve to fifteen yards, and the water from three to ten feet deep. During the rainy season the water rises considerably, as deposits of debris are to be seen among the branches of the trees growing on the river banks. While camped at Fort Hope prospecting parties were out daily who reported having come across the spoor of buffaloes, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, eland, koodoo, gnu, gemsbok, pallah, wild boar and lions. Our object was to cross the Cunene and explore the country on its northern banks, feeling certain that we would be rewarded in finding a virgin hunting veld. For three successive hunting days we used every means to induce the natives of Humbe to come across the river, but without success. Every day numbers of them were to be seen in the trees like great baboons; they kept close watch on us, and were evidently spies sent by their King to report our movements. Our patience having become exhausted we made arrangements for crossing the river on horseback. Collecting ten of our party, we mounted our horses and swam them across the river and proceeded on to within two hundred yards of the King's kraal, when we came in sight of at least four thousand natives, fully armed with bow, arrow and spears, numbers of them having flint-lock guns. In front of the natives stood six Portuguese, armed to the teeth with Snider rifles, revolvers and bowie knives. The sight of this large mass of natives was grand, yet puzzling. Not knowing whether their intentions were peaceable or hostile, we deemed it prudent to act with caution, and after a brief consultation decided that three of the party should advance while the others took charge of the horses, prepared for any emergency. Arriving at the King's kraal we found his Majesty, whose name is Sahongo (Xahongo), seated on a high wooden stool, carved out of the solid. He was in a very excited state, scarcely able to speak. On his right side sat his chief men, on his left his wives, seven in number. We subsequently learned that the cause of the excitement of the King and his people was that we were taken for the Boers, who had come to demand payment for damage done to their property by this tribe of natives some months ago. Explaining to the chief our plans and object in visiting him, he became

more composed, offered us guides to show us the waters and the resort of elephants and ostriches.

Sahongo's tribe, numbering about thirty thousand, are a tall race of people, but most wretched looking. This I attribute to the great quantity of spirits (Aquadente) they consume. Aquadente is the principal article which the Portuguese trade among these people; and I have seen the native women give it to their children to drink, and these youngsters swallowed it like water. Sahongo himself has the appearance of a walking skeleton. The habits, dress and language of his people closely resemble the Herero Damaras.

The Portuguese living among this tribe are poor specimens of humanity. They are completely subject to and at the mercy of the natives, and are plundered and wronged in all manner of ways. For this treatment I opine they have themselves to blame. They cohabit with the native women, and carry on a most demoralizing retail liquor trade, lose the prestige of a white man, and are considered by the natives as one of themselves.

Arriving at a native kraal one day we heard from our servants that there were two white men on the werft. Being anxious to know who they were, we enquired of the chief and expressed a wish to see them. The chief denied that there were white men at or in his kraal, and said our boys had been misinformed. The boys made further enquiries, came to us, and confirmed their former statement. This aroused our suspicion, and we searched the kraal. We came to one of the huts before the entrance of which several large flat stones were placed. On removing these out came two European Portuguese traders. The chief came up laughing, and said, "I did not intend any harm to these men, but, hearing that you were coming here, I shut them up, as I did not wish them to see you for fear they should tell you the high prices they charge for their goods."

For four days we had exploring parties out on the north side of the Cunene. These men returned with unfavourable reports. They could not penetrate the country owing to the density of the jungle, consisting of those thorn trees with that most applicable name, "*Wacht een beetje*." They killed several ostriches, and came across numbers of koodoo, pallah, rhinoceros and buffalo.

From here five of our party returned to Damaraland, taking with them six wagons, ten horses, etc. etc.; the remainder of us proceeded on, trekking along the banks of the Cunene, having hard times of it road-making. We travelled for five hours and outspanned; set to with a will and made a strong corral for our oxen, as lions abound all along the river.

Three of our party, who had ridden ahead to choose a course for us to travel on the morrow, lost their way. Not arriving at our bivouac at sunset, we, according to rule, fired several shots with our large heavy rifles to guide them to camp. At eight p.m. two of the party returned; twenty minutes after, the third one arrived. It seems the last one of the three who returned to camp rode away from his companions in search of the road, and was riding quickly along when all at once his horse turned suddenly round and stopped. His rider applied both whip and spur, but without the slightest effect; the horse would not move. His rider was about to dismount when, to his horror, he saw a lion stalking him, and just preparing to spring. Finding himself in this critical position, he, with great presence of mind, took a steady aim and fired from his horse, the bullet striking the lion fairly in the chest. On receiving the shot it made for the jungle, and the hunter for the camp. At daybreak next morning we collected all the dogs and started on foot to hunt the wounded lion. We soon found its track, which we followed for fifteen minutes, when we spotted the animal. The dogs charged, and two of them were soon sent flying in the air. Catching sight of us the lion bounded forward, and, when within twenty yards of us, he received no less than six bullets, and dropped dead. While we were amusing ourselves with the lion our wagons had been inspanned, and were slowly wending their way along the Cunene bank. On coming up with them we were told by the drivers that on passing along they had seen a number of hippopotami. Three of the party caught and saddled their horses and rode ahead. We proceeded along for three and a half hours, when we came up with the horsemen, who told us they had shot two hippopotami. We outspanned, and going towards the river had the satisfaction of seeing two of these fine animals floating on the

water. Preparations were made for getting them out. A raft was soon constructed by lashing together our water-casks and ropes lashed to the feet of the huge animals ; two spans of oxen, ready yoked, brought to the edge of the river and hooked on, the word "trek" shouted, and the whip applied, and out came these two fine animals, which were drawn to the outspan and dissected, to the great delight of all our native servants and followers, who now saw the substance before them on which they would be able to gorge themselves with fat to their heart's content. Early next morning we inspanned, trekking along the banks of the river ; all hands employed as usual cutting down trees and making roads. Many of our party had become such excellent hands at using the axe and felling trees that I have often heard them express their wishes that the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone might be present so that they might try their skill in felling trees against his. Hippopotami are very numerous in the river, and hundreds of them might be shot if our party felt disposed to go in for wholesale slaughter and waste, but our excellent hunting laws and rules are a check against all wilful waste. The river swarms with crocodiles, and woe betide the unfortunate dog who goes towards its waters to slake its thirst ; of a certainty it never returns to camp again. After five and a half hours' trek we outspanned and camped for the night.

At six o'clock next morning we inspanned and continued along the bank of the river, setting to work like daily labourers determined to earn our daily meat. After trekking for three hours we arrived opposite Ecamba and outspanned ; we had travelled fifty-seven miles from Humbe. Several of our party crossed the river by swimming the horses through and visiting Ecamba. The chief of this place is named Komballa, and seemed very friendly disposed towards us. His tribe seemed to be a small one, but a fine tall race of people who live well, judging by appearances. In front of the chief's kraal there is a large lagoon, one thousand yards long ; this lagoon is fed by the waters of the Cunene when it overflows during the rainy season. The lagoon is swarmed with hippopotamuses. We killed several by special request of Komballa, and there was great rejoicing among

his people when they saw these animals floating on the water, about two and a half hours after they had been shot. We remained here for two days, inspanning on the third morning at seven o'clock. We trekked along the rivers, working hard as usual and making but very little headway, the jungle becoming more difficult to clear owing to a kind of tough creeper so closely entwined as to make it impossible for man to pass through it. We made a halt and sent out prospecting parties, who returned after twelve hours' absence and reported it impossible to continue along the bank of the Cunene, as a few miles to the north of us there were no end of rivulets and ravines over which it would be impossible to take the wagons. We then decided to trek towards the east. At six next morning we inspanned, and taking an easterly course we travelled through a dense forest, all hands engaged cutting down trees and clearing road. After a few hours' trek we came into a large meadow in which were several vleys of water on which were great numbers of birds, flamingo, herons, ibis, muscovies, geese, duck, &c., &c. Here we outspanned.

At 2:30 we inspanned and continued on our course, trekked four hours and encamped for the night. Next morning at early dawn we inspanned and proceeded on cutting our way, bound for the east. After trekking for five hours we arrived at an open water and outspanned, here we saw the footprint of a large number of elephants. They had evidently slaked their thirst at this water the night prior to our arrival at it. Preparations were made for hunting them. At 1 p.m. the hunters left the camp, and after following the track for three hours came in sight of the elephants and gave chase, but so dense was the jungle that it was impossible to follow them. The hunters returned to camp at sunset, having the appearance of a ragged lot of beggars, some minus their shirts and hats, not one with a whole skin.

At 8 o'clock next morning we inspanned and proceeded onwards, still continuing to the east; we trekked for four hours through brake and jungle and then outspanned. Koodoo and wild boar very plentiful in this veld. Inspanned at 3 p.m., trekked until seven and camped for the night. Some native hunters belonging to the Ecamba tribe,

came to our camp. They informed us that we were near the Evare tribe, but declined to act as guides to conduct us to that place. Early next morning five of our party started on horseback ahead of the wagons. After riding about five miles we came across five natives, who, upon seeing us, took to their heels. We gave chase and captured one, got our interpreter to explain to him that we were on our way to visit his chief ; we proceeded on, taking the captured native with us. On arriving among the first kraals of the Evare people the natives blew their war whistles or tubes, and shouted their war cry. In less time than I can write it the alarm spread from kraal to kraal, and the commotion that then took place is beyond description. Men, women and children in the greatest state of panic, women with children on their backs and in their arms running for their very lives, and shouting at the top of their voices. The young girls with the cooking utensils on their heads and their garden picks in their hands, the men and boys collecting the cattle together and driving them at full speed towards the King's kraal, caused a scene which to us seemed most ludicrous, not knowing at that time what had caused such a panic. We subsequently learned it was the sight of our horses, the first these natives had ever seen. On arriving near the King's kraal we halted, sent the captured native to the King to explain who we were and our object in visiting his kraal. After patiently waiting an hour the messenger returned, informing us that the King would see one of us. We moved our horses to a more favourable position so as to be close at hand in case of treachery, and our party advanced and greeted the chief. Some minutes after the chief expressed a wish to see all of us, but not the horses. He kept his eye fixed on these animals, which were standing some distance off, and watched them most intensely. I suppose he fancied them far greater curiosities than we were and therefore gave them more attention.

The Evare tribe is a very large one, divided into three sections, two of which are governed by women. These female chiefs are sisters of the paramount chief or king, whose name is Nambinga, a very old man, who prides himself with being the greatest rain-maker in the whole Ovambo country. After a few hours our wagons arrived,

which caused nearly as much surprise and wonder among the natives as did our horses. We fixed our camp under the shade of some magnificent sycamore trees, and calculated the distance travelled from Ecamba to this place, which proved to be fifty-seven miles. The people of Evare closely resemble those of Ombandja. Their habits, dress and arms are similar. They are an agricultural people; producing great quantities of corn, maize, beans and pumpkins. They also possess great numbers of cattle and goats. They are capital brewers, and make excellent beer.

At ten o'clock the next day Nambinga and about four hundred of his people visited our camp. Preceding the King were thirteen young girls, each having a large earthenware pot of corn beer, which the chief presented to us. He was very inquisitive, making enquiries about everything he saw. Our Martini-Henry rifles seemed greatly to puzzle him. Seeing one of our party cutting a log of wood with a saw, he watched him very closely until he had cut it in two, when he rose from his seat and proposed returning to his kraal. We explained to him that there was no harm either in the saw or the wood, and requested him to be reseated. One of our party, an ornithologist, had with him a book with paintings of the different birds of South Africa. The sight of these birds greatly interested the chief, who recognised many of them, and pointed out those to be found about his kraals. Nambinga expressing a wish to see some shooting done with the Martini-Henry rifle, several of our party took their guns, selected a large baobab tree about three hundred yards distant as a target, and began to fire in quick succession, until each had shot away ten cartridges. One of the party, seated on the wagon-box, had been watching the effects of the shots through a pair of binoculars. On this man the chief steadily fixed his gaze until the party had ceased firing, when he sent a number of his people to inspect the tree, and see whether the bullets had penetrated. They returned and told the chief the tree was full of holes. Nambinga rose and said: "Before I saw these white men I considered myself a great rain doctor and a very powerful man, but now I see there are men who know more than I do. I must ask you, white

men, to give me two things, and teach me one. I want you to give me that (pointing to a saw), so that I can part one piece of wood into two, and leave the ends smooth ; and then I want you to give me that (pointing to the binoculars), so that when my people go to war I may look into it, when every bullet will hit the enemy ; and I want you to teach me how to flatten birds, so that I can carry them about with me, for they are pretty to look at." We did not feel disposed to part with any of our seeming greatness, so, after making the chief several valuable presents, we made preparations for trekking. We inspanned and struck away to the north, bound for unknown regions. After travelling for five hours in a very sandy soil, most trying to the strength of our oxen, we arrived on the bank of a small river, where we bivouacked. This river is supposed to run into the Cunene, but I opine such is not the case. I rather think, from the nature of the country, that its many tributaries run into the Omurambas, and in the rainy season flood the Ovambo country. Next morning at dawn we crossed the river, and proceeded on, keeping to the north, passing through forests of tall and stately yellow-wood trees then into open large meadows with numbers of Omurambas, and having the appearance of small rivers, twenty-five yards wide and deep, on the banks of which were to be seen, quietly grazing or reposing, numbers of antelopes, seemingly very tame. We trekked for five hours and outspanned. At two p.m. we proceeded on, passing through a most fertile and interesting country ; cotton growing wild and plentiful. We found several different kinds of fruit, which proved to be very palatable and good to eat ; butterflies of almost every hue and colour, and of various sizes, flying about and setting in clusters, giving the grass a variegated appearance. This tract of country is truly interesting, and the traveller appreciating Nature's works and bounties would be well rewarded by visiting it. We trekked for four hours and camped.

Next morning at daybreak we proceeded on, going due north, passing through a hilly country with several mountains, which, upon inspection, proved to be rich in iron ore. We trekked for three hours, came into a large

meadow with several open waters in it, where we outspanned. Elephants are here in prodigious numbers, but it is impossible to hunt them owing to the large virgin forests into which they escape and into which man cannot follow them. These forests are to the elephant what the Kalahari Desert is to the ostrich, and until man discovers means wherewith to penetrate both forest and desert, there need be no fears entertained as to the extermination of either elephant or ostrich. We remained hunting about here for several days and succeeded in killing five elephants. As we went north we travelled through forests of heavy timber which took us two hours to pass through, then entered into large open glades on which were quietly grazing numerous large antelopes who seemed to be quite indifferent as to our approach. Lions are very numerous here and can be seen in twos, threes, fours and upwards. On catching sight of us they generally make for the woods. We continued travelling to the north for three days, passing through open glades surrounded by large forests. Finding that the country did not become more open as we went north, we decided on going no further with the wagons; selecting a suitable place we bivouacked. We are now in the Nhemba country, have the Okavanga River about fifty miles on one side of us, and the Cunene about sixty miles on the other. The country does not appear to be populated, as during the two months we remained here we thoroughly prospected it and saw no signs of habitation. It may be truly said to be a virgin hunting veld. Antelopes of almost every description belonging to South-West Africa are to be found in it, but the obstacles in the way of elephant hunting are so many and of such a nature that parties making elephanting their profession and visiting the Nhemba country under the expectation of procuring lots of ivory will be certain to meet with disappointment. During the two months we were here we succeeded in killing thirteen elephants, and had the misfortune to lose seventeen unsalted horses. Symptoms of fever beginning to show among our party, we broke up camp and made tracks for Damaraland. Following our old route we reached Omaruru in December, 18 .

ADVENTURES WITH LIONS.

At the bivouac one dark night about nine o'clock, while the boys were seated around a blazing fire, two yards distant from the wagons, a lion suddenly sprang among them, seized one and carried him off. Owing to the darkness it was impossible to render the unfortunate fellow any assistance. Early next morning spoor was taken, and the lion tracked to his lair, where it was killed. It proved to be a male lion of great size—a regular man-eater—as may be gathered from the fact of its having passed quietly through the troop of oxen in order to seize the man, of whom every portion, except three fingers and one foot, was devoured.

One night, between ten and eleven o'clock, after all hands had gone to sleep, we were awakened by the cries of the boys and the barking of the dogs. On getting out of the wagons the encampment was in a state of confusion. A lion had carried off one of the boys. Search was made, and a little Berg Damara boy, between ten and twelve years of age, was discovered lying in an enclosure, about fifteen feet from the fire, apparently dead, with two large open wounds in his head, from one of which the brain was clearly visible. He was taken to the wagons and attended to, and, I am happy to say, recovered. It seems the lion stalked quietly through the oxen, which were lying down, and made for the fire, which was burning brightly, around which the boys were sleeping, made a spring, and seized the little boy with such force as to send him flying through the air into the enclosure. The shriek of the lad awoke his companions and the dogs, and the noise made by these no doubt caused the lion to make off.

Some days after this a single horseman rode out and had not got very far from the wagons when he spied three lions. Singling out a large male he gave chase, and when within seventy yards dismounted and fired. Immediately the lion received the bullet it faced about and charged, the hunter fired another shot and missed; he then endeavoured to mount his horse, but the affrighted animal would not allow him to do so. The hunter held firmly on to the bridle and with great presence of mind managed to turn

the horse so as to screen himself from the lion. The lion sprang on to the horse, the horse sprang forward and fell on to the hunter, and man, horse and lion were scrambling together. The hunter managed to extricate himself and regain his feet, when, to his dismay, he found the breech of his rifle filled with sand, making it impossible for him to reload; he took to his heels, ran a short distance, cleared his gun, and with great courage returned towards the lion and shot it through the head, killing it instantaneously.




CHAPTER XLII.

CONCLUSION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE TREK BOERS OF 1874-75.

I HAVE unfortunately mislaid an account of a warm brush between these Trek Boers and the fierce natives living along the Cunene River, but I recollect the circumstances well. The writer of the account (which somewhat resembles one given further back)—the leader of this particular party, one Botha—relates that he took a band of Boers and some Boer boys and a few Hottentots to search for a fresh habitation, as the cattle were dying from some unknown disease. After riding about until the horses were tired, they off-saddled in a green and pleasant spot close to the river, which was overshadowed by enormous trees, and, after partaking of some refreshment, started off down the river on foot. They proceeded some mile or so, when coming to a place that was fordable, they crossed over, and ascended the stream again in order to go towards a likely looking spot, when suddenly they heard rapid firing going on, and shouts, and shrieks and yells as if all the fiends of Pandemonium had been let slip. They all then ran towards the river, opposite where they had off-saddled, and on reaching an eminence beheld an exciting scene. A large body of furious savages, after stealing up and capturing the horses, had rushed on to the boys and Hottentot “after riders,” who had thrown themselves in a group back to back and were firing into the savages as fast as they could. Delay was out of the question, although the river was broad and deep and infested with numerous alligators and hippopotami. In they plunged (at least all who could swim) carrying their rifles and ammunition over their heads with one arm, whilst they impelled themselves with the other. On touching the ground with the water about waist high, they fired a volley into a lot of Kafirs who had gathered on the river bank to stab them whilst landing. The enemy, unaccustomed to the thunder of the rifles, fell back at once,

leaving a dozen or so of their comrades *hors de combat*. The Boers now effected a junction with their sons and followers, and with their combined strength succeeded by dint of hard fighting in driving off the savages, losing, however, two or three men in the scrimmage, as well as several horses, stabbed and made off with.



CHAPTER XLIII.

OCCURRENCES AMONGST THE NATIVE RACES OF ZULULAND- AND NATAL.

HISTORY OF GODONGWANA ALIAS DINGISWAYO, AND (IN PART) OF TSHAKA.

It is now most necessary that I should revert to the ancient affairs of Zululand and Natal, as the Government of the latter place has issued "The Annals of Natal" compiled by an excellent authority, Mr. John Bird. The first two parts of this work have just now (April, 1888) reached Cape Town, and I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Frederick York St. Leger, the able Editor of the *Cape Times*, for the use of them. The contents of the following highly valuable papers left by Mr. Henry Francis Fynn, senr., are very much essential to my title.

Mr. Fynn arrived at Cape Town in 1818, and proceeded to the Eastern Frontier. Returning to the Cape, in 1822, he went as supercargo in a merchant vessel to Delagoa Bay, and travelled some distance inland. He then, at the instance of mercantile men at the Cape, who were desirous of trading with the natives under Tshaka, came to Natal, 1824, with several other Europeans. He spent some time in exploring the country as far south-west as the Umtata, withdrawing for a time from all companionship with Europeans in order to learn the language of the natives. Nine months were passed in this seclusion, after which he remained in Natal, in frequent intercourse with Tshaka and his successor. In 1834 he went back to the Cape Colony, and was one of the headquarter interpreters during the Kafir war of that period. He was then sent to secure friendly relations with the Amapondos, and afterwards served under Colonel (Sir Harry) Smith. He filled for some time the office of Assistant Civil Commissioner and Diplomatic Agent with the Tambuki Kafirs, and was ultimately for several years an Assistant Magistrate, and Resident Magistrate, Natal.

The following is the essence of his important literary legacy to posterity :—

In the year 1824, on my arrival at Port Natal, Tshaka was the Chief of the Zulu Country. From his statements, corroborated from other sources, I received the information in reference to events which appear to refer to (about) the year 1750. It may be necessary to remark that a custom prevails among the tribes which enables the year in which any remarkable event occurred to be traced with some probability of correctness. An annual feast is observed, when the chief eats of the first fruits of the season, prior to which ceremony not even a fallen grain may be eaten under penalty of death.*

The country between Delagoa Bay and the Tugela had for many years been a scene of commotion. At the time here referred to it was occupied by various tribes, the two most important being the Amangwane and the Umtetwa ; the latter having Ujobe for its chief. The first account given of this chief in any way connected with subsequent occurrences is that, before he had selected from among his wives the one who was to be the mother of his successor, he had several sons, of whom it is only necessary to mention two, Godongwana and Mawewe, whose mothers were of different tribes. The friends of Mawewe, with the view of establishing him as the successor to his father, circulated a rumour that Godongwana intended to assassinate Ujobe. The chief, believing the rumour, ordered a party to destroy Godongwana and his adherents. In the attack made on Godongwana's kraal, he escaped to a neighbouring forest, though severely wounded in the side. He was seen, hidden under a fallen tree, by two of the foremost of his pursuers. These, however, were anxious to save his life. They shouted to the others in the rear that Godongwana had made good his escape, and these returned to the chief, reporting to him that his son must certainly die of his wound. Godongwana, however, lived ; his wound was healed, but he sought safety, flying from country to country, while his

* It is plain that this paper was written in the year 1839—possibly early in the year—since the destruction of Cane and his party is spoken of as recent.—J. B.

father sent presents to the chiefs who harboured him to induce them to put him to death. After repeated escapes from the hands of his executioners, he fled to a tribe under Pangane. . . . Being employed to milk the cattle of the family whom he served, Godongwana attracted the notice of the chief, who took him into his own service, and suspecting that he was the son of Ujobe, assured him of future protection. After having resided for some time with that chief, Godongwana went out with the tribe, which had been mustered for the destruction of a lion that had made some havoc among their cattle. He asked to be allowed to engage single-handed with the animal, and leave having been given, as well as the promise of a reward if he should succeed, he killed the creature (which proved to be a lioness) in presence of the tribe, and brought away two of her cubs, for which he received a large present of cattle, and was made chief over a portion of the tribe. Shortly after it was reported that Ujobe was dead, and that Mawewe had succeeded him.

While this was no more than a doubtful rumour, the attention of the various tribes was excited by the appearance of a "malungu," or white man, said to be coming from the west. This strange phenomenon was represented by those who had seen it as having a human aspect: his garment, though so small as to be held in the grasp of his hand, when slipped over his head covered his whole body; on his feet there were no toes; his heels were so long as to penetrate the ground; he was mounted on an animal of great speed, and carried a pole in his hand, which spit fire and thunder, and killed all the wild animals he looked at; he was represented as the chief of the diviners, from whom they all derived their powers. At his presence the natives fled, after killing an ox to be consumed by him; and, whenever he entered a kraal, beads and brass were left behind, and found by the natives on their return. Pangane, more daring than his neighbours, awaited his arrival. During his stay with that chief, the white man performed a surgical operation on Pangane's knee, which had for some years been affected in some painful way. The European of whom this description is given was probably Dr. Cowen, who travelled from Cape Town in a N.E. direction in the year 17— This traveller endeavoured for

some time, in vain, to procure guides to direct him to the sea-coast, then distant nearly 300 miles ; and at length accompanied Godongwana, who, with his followers, proceeded to his country with the object of dethroning Mawewe, and establishing himself in his stead. Arriving in the neighbourhood of the coast, the stranger proceeded towards the sea, and entered a tract under the rule of Pakatwayo, who had him seized and put to death. A belief prevailed among the tribes on the coast that white men were not human beings, but a production of the sea, which they traversed in large shells, coming near the shores in stormy weather, their food being the tusks of elephants, which they would take from the beach if laid there for them, and placing beads in their room, which they obtained from the bottom of the sea. Godongwana's arrival in the neighbourhood was reported to Mawewe, with exaggerated accounts of his power, of his riding on an animal and having the weapon of thunder, both of which were said to have been brought by him from some distant country. Mawewe, to learn the truth, sent one of his councillors to see where Godongwana was and observe his strength. The councillor sent on this errand proceeded direct to Godongwana, who, probably assuming a claim to the magic powers which rumour conferred on him, gained over this emissary, and concerted his schemes of future action with him. The councillor, returning to Mawewe, advised that a force should be sent against him. This was done, and the command was given to the councillor, who, as he approached Godongwana, placed foremost the men whom he believed to be attached to Mawewe. These, beginning the fight, were attacked in their rear by the chief and his followers. In the midst of the confusion thus occasioned, Godongwana rushed amongst them amidst the acclamations of his friends, which in a moment became general. Mawewe, hearing of these proceedings, fled to the Knobe Kafirs, and this was the cause of several subsequent wars between Godongwana and Pakatwayo, who harboured Mawewe ; but Pakatwayo was ultimately compelled to give him up to Godongwana, who had him put to death.

Godongwana commenced his career about 1780. His first act was to forbid the name of Godongwana being any longer applied to him, substituting for it that of Dingiz-

wayo, which implies "One in distress," in allusion to his having been an outcast. Dingizwayo appears to have possessed much natural ability, and this was increased by his experiences in travelling through the neighbouring countries. His superior intellect would have given him an advantage over his neighbours, but the surprising strides he made in improving the form of government, in war, and in the encouragement of ingenuity, led to the supposition that he must have derived *knowledge from some other source* than intercourse with native tribes; and there is a probability that during the time he was with Dr. Cowen he acquired much information from him, and that on this were founded his plans for the future.

In the first year of his chieftainship, he opened a trade with Delagoa Bay, by sending 100 oxen and a quantity of elephants' tusks to exchange for beads and blankets. Prior to this a small supply of these articles had been brought to that country from Delagoa Bay by the natives. The trade thus opened by Dingizwayo was afterwards carried on, on an extensive scale, though the Portuguese never in person entered his country. The encouragement held out to ingenuity brought numbers around him, liberal rewards being given to any of his followers who devised things new or ornamental. Milkdishes, pillows, ladles of cane or wood, and snuff-spoons, were produced. (Many curious specimens of excessively neat workmanship are still made in the Zulu country.) A kross (karosse) manufactory was also established, a hundred men having been generally employed in that work. From the presents received from Delagoa Bay he selected some for imitation; and a handsome reward was offered for the production of a chair and table. The former was accomplished: it was cut from a solid block of wood, and was by no means disgraced by the presence of its model of European workmanship. The chiefs of the Zulus still have chairs made for their use by their own subjects. An umbrella could not be imitated, but the idea of its use was supplied, and a shield was substituted for it, and continues to be used by the Zulu chiefs. It is held over them by their servants, and is more suitable and characteristic than an umbrella could be, which must be held by the person using it. The wars which Dingizwayo began with his neighbours were

not at first on a great scale. But they were successful, and spurred him on to more important movements. He assumed a despotic power hitherto unknown; he divided his followers into regiments, distinguishing each by name and by the colour of their shields. He introduced war-dresses of a most imposing appearance to be worn by his chief men and warriors, as if he wished to claim for them rather the respect of their enemies than to terrify them by that appearance of fury which would be supposed to be the vice of the savage. He declared war on all the neighbouring tribes, assigning as his reason that he wished to do away with the incessant quarrels that occurred amongst the tribes, because no supreme head was over them to say who was right or who was wrong; a state of things that could not have been the design of Umvela, the first of the human race. Dingizwayo's proceedings sufficiently testify that these were really the views that actuated him. The first tribe he conquered were the Amakwadini. He directed their cattle to be brought to his place of residence and there to be assorted. The oxen were distributed among his warriors, but he restored the cows to the defeated tribe, from whom he exacted submission to his authority. On this principle he continued his conquests. The most important of the conquered tribes were the Kwabis, Amalanga, Amakwadini, Amazulu, Amatyaleni, Telayizi, Kuyivane, Amatembu, Amaswazi, and the Amakose. The only chief he had not subdued was Zuedi, chief of the Endwandwe.

Before proceeding further with the acts of Dingizwayo, it becomes necessary to take some notice of the Zulu tribe under Senzagakona, one of those subdued by Dingizwayo. At that time the tribe numbered only 2,000 men. Before the date of Dingizwayo's conquests, the custom of circumcision had been general among all Kafir natives; but he ordered the rite to be deferred until he should have brought under his dominion all within his reach. Owing to this circumstance, circumcision fell into disuse among all the Eastern tribes, and the omission of the ceremony extended to all who acknowledged his authority. Among these was Senzagakona: the rite was postponed in his case. But by long usage it was unlawful that, though a chief might set aside a number of women for a seraglio, he should until

after circumcision have any intercourse with them for the propagation of his race. Among the females thus set apart by Senzagakona was Nandi, of whose death an account is separately annexed. She was of the Amola tribe. She became enceinte. Senzagakona, not suspecting the truth, attributed the change in figure to disease, known by the name of Tsheka. But, in the course of time, the true cause could no longer be concealed. A son was born, and, owing to the circumstance just mentioned, with the difference of a single letter in the word, was called Tshaka. Nandi displaying a very ferocious temper, was driven away, and returned to her country amongst the Amola tribe. She afterwards married a commoner, and had a son named Engwade. Dingizwayo then took Tshaka under his protection, saying that, as he had himself been driven from his father, and had become an outcast wherever he went, Tshaka should be under his special care. During Dingizwayo's wars, Tshaka was at an early age conspicuous for his bravery, and gained the name of Sigiti. At the death of his father, Senzagakona, Tshaka solicited Dingizwayo to establish him in the Zulu chieftainship. This Dingizwayo refused, stating that the Zulu tribe were under his authority, and that Umfogazi, the heir apparent, had a prior right. Tshaka, finding this to be the only obstacle, employed his brother Engwade to assassinate Umfogazi. This having been done, he sought some assistance : and then, dressed in his war attire, and accompanied by many of Dingizwayo's followers, he entered his father's kraal chanting a song composed by himself, in which he set forth his warlike views. The experience he had gained during his attendance on Dingizwayo, and his own ambitious views, could not find scope for action so long as his protector was alive. Tshaka took the earliest opportunity of ridding himself of such an obstacle. Dingizwayo having gone out to attack the chief Zuedi, Tshaka accompanied him, commanding one division of the force, and knowing the spot where Dingizwayo would post himself to observe the battle, secretly communicated this knowledge to the enemy, who sent a force and took him prisoner. He was kept bound for three days, and then put to death. The Umtetwas, their chief being a prisoner, were defeated. Some joined the ranks

of the victors, while the remainder returned to their country, acknowledging as their chief Mondesa, Dingizwayo's brother. The various tribes who had been conquered and formed part of the Umtetwa tribe, refused to acknowledge Mondesa, and took the opportunity of claiming their independence.

To give an adequate idea of Tshaka's proceedings, from the death of Dingizwayo to the time when he (Tshaka) was assassinated by his brother, Dingaan, would require an extensive work, while the object of what is here recorded regarding him is chiefly to give an insight into the revolutions the various tribes have undergone, and the rise and progress of the Zulu nation, to elucidate which it has been necessary to give a more minute account respecting Dingizwayo and the tribes antecedent to the time of their being under the dominion of Tshaka. Hence the little mentioned regarding Tshaka can give but an indifferent idea of the character of that chief. The death of Dingizwayo leaving him without control, he found a pretext for attacking Mondesa while the tribe was still in confusion from the loss of its chieftain, and were in fear of retaliation from the tribes which, having been conquered by Dingizwayo, were now left at liberty. This fear, as well as the inducements held out by Tshaka, led them to unite under his authority. With this additional strength he meditated greater conquests, and fought over again Dingizwayo's battles ; but now they were attended with greater slaughter. He disapproved of the custom of throwing the assagai. To substitute a different mode of attack, Tshaka assembled two divisions of his followers, who were ordered to supply themselves with a reed (javelin) each from the river-bank, that he might be convinced of the effect which only one weapon would produce when used at close quarters. The two divisions thus weaponed were ordered to oppose each other, the one throwing the weapon, the other rushing on and stabbing their opponents. The result of this collision was momentary, and met with Tshaka's entire satisfaction, few having escaped being wounded, and several severely. Tshaka then ordered six oxen to be slaughtered in his presence ; and collecting the assegais of his followers, with the exception of one left to

each, he ordered the shafts to be broken and used in cooking the meat, of which the prime parts were given, hot, to those who had been conspicuous for courage ; the inferior parts after being soaked in cold water, were given to those who had been seen to shrink in the combat. Thus originated the use of the single spear by the Eastern tribes.

Tshaka having, after much opposition, overcome the neighbouring tribes, in order to prevent a repetition of revolt, put to death the chiefs and principal families of the conquered, selecting, however, the younger men, whom he attached to his regiments, forming together a body of 50,000 effective followers : these he governed with despotic severity. Having, with the exception of Matuwana, who fled to the North-East, brought under his dominion all chiefs and tribes between Delagoa Bay and Umzimvubu, he determined to continue his wars so long as any body of people could be found to stand in opposition to his force. To fight or die was his maxim, and certain was the death of any man or body of men who retreated before the enemy. The countries to the N. E., as also the coast westward, were separately invaded. Those who attempted to withstand him were overpowered by numbers, ultimately exterminated, neither sex nor age being spared. Many were burned to death, their huts being fired at night, while the barbarous cruelties he practised struck terror into many who had never seen his force and fled at his name. The recital of his cruelties, though horrid, is necessary, for the omission might leave him entitled to be regarded only as a savage. One instance is related by his followers and participators in the deed as having occurred in the commencement of a battle with Zuedi. Some aged women having been taken in the outskirts of their country were seized and brought into Tshaka's presence. After eliciting from them the information he required, he ordered them to be bound with straw and matting, which being set on fire, the tortured victims were driven towards the enemy amidst the acclamations of Tshaka and of the furious demons attending him. Whilst those opposed to him were subjected to such cruelties, his own followers were not exempt. The instances are numerous in which, though not a

semblance of crime was imputed to them, he has had men seized, and their eyes taken out of their sockets ; and then they were allowed to move about and be ridiculed by who met them. It is needless to dwell on the enormity of his cruelty. It required some off-set to gloss over this, his predominant feature. He seemed to possess qualities that might do so, and these, though only assumed, were sufficient for the ends he had in view. When the feelings of his heart were appealed to, he was by no means deficient in kind expression ; and tears appeared to be always ready at his command. Excessive liberality gained for him that ascendancy for which he was esteemed above all before him. His despotism made the lives and property of all his followers exclusively his own. Hence his treasury though exhausted by liberal gifts, required but the death of two or three wealthy owners of cattle to replenish it. The success that had always attended him in his numerous wars, and his own pretensions to superiority, led his followers to believe that he was more than human, and in this light he was ever adored by his subjects. He succeeded in overrunning the whole country from Delagoa Bay to the St. John's River ; and if death had not put a stop to his ambitious career, or had he not been deterred by the probability of a collision with the Cape colonists, he would assuredly ere this have exterminated every tribe of Kafirs up to the Colonial border. The numbers whose death he occasioned have been left to conjecture, but exceed a million. Of the tribes yet extant who escaped subjugation by Dingizwayo, the first was that of the Chief ———, who occupied the tract from St. Lucia to Delagoa Bay. He fled beyond that port inland, and his is now the only tribe east of Delagoa speaking the Zulu language. At the death of this chief he was succeeded by his son Sotshangana, who was three times attacked by Tshaka. On the last occasion Tshaka's army, before making their intended attack, was surprised in the night by Sotshangana and his followers, who were led to make this movement by a deserter, one of Tshaka's chiefs. Little is known of Sotshangana or his people, though they cannot be much less numerous than Tshaka's adherents. The next tribe of importance in point of

numbers is that under the chief Umsiligazi, misnamed by the colonists Matsilikatzi: an error arising from the adoption by the tribe of the name of their head, and so calling themselves Amasiligazi. Tshaka had no sooner commenced his wars after the death of Dingizwayo than the country was invaded by Zuedi. Tshaka, knowing his inability to meet the invader, retreated with his adherents, having first destroyed every kind of grain and cooking utensil in the tract he was leaving. When his spies returned with information that the invading force had totally consumed their supply of provision, he turned upon his adversaries, who in their famished state fled before him. Three of Zuedi's petty chiefs were left behind, two of whom, Beju and Umlotsha, joined Tshaka, by whom they were afterwards put to death. The third, Umsiligazi, with 300 followers, became a freebooter. He began his aggressions by setting fire to the huts of petty tribes by night. His men, scattered abroad for the purpose, gained advantages without difficulty, receiving into their ranks such as escaped the flames. The tribe of Umsiligazi rose into notice, but was never considered important until the year 1830, when he was attacked by Dingaan. The extensive increase of the adherents of Umsiligazi was caused by the accession to their number of the refugees driven out by Tshaka, especially when Zuedi was defeated in 1826.

The mode of government to which the Eastern tribes have been accustomed has been despotic, though it was not till after the chieftainship of Tshaka that it can be said to have attained a very arbitrary character. The advantages resulting from that mode of government, and the success of the new mode of warfare, induced the natives to imitate the example of Dingizwayo and Tshaka; but the different degrees of power assumed by the rulers admit of a softer designation than despotism; for such tyranny as Tshaka's could not be adopted by them with any probability of success, for their retainers would certainly in such case have attached themselves to Tshaka, whose continued fortune offered a strong inducement. By his tyranny and barbarous acts, Tshaka secured the most abject submission to his will

and restrained his subjects from the most trivial offences. If we keep out of sight Tshaka's barbarities, the Zulus were a superior people, distinguished for good order and discipline. The region devastated by the marauding chiefs exceeds the Cape Colony in extent. It is for the greater part quite void of inhabitants. Many of the inhabitants who escaped from the spear were left to perish by starvation. Their cattle having been taken and their grain destroyed, thousands were for years left to linger on the slender sustenance of roots—some even of a poisonous kind. One species could not be safely eaten until it had been boiled repeatedly for twenty-four hours; and, if the cravings of starvation led to a disregard of caution, they knew the fate that awaited. Insanity was the invariable consequence. In this state they cast themselves down from mountain-cliffs, or became helplessly the prey of wolves or tigers. In my first journey from Natal to the Umtata, in 1824, I witnessed very awful scenes. Six thousand unhappy beings, having scarcely a human appearance, were scattered over this country, feeding on every description of animal, and driven by their hungry craving in many instances to devour their fellows. The excessive liberality of Tshaka in his gifts of cattle to the European party enabled them to do much in alleviating the distress which they witnessed around them; the first attempts, however, in affording relief were attended with obstacles. The safety of the party would be endangered by Tshaka's displeasure; and, moreover, as Europeans had never before been seen in the country, the motives of their offer of help were misconstrued by these victims of misery, who fled from them as from destruction. The treatment experienced by the first of the natives who accepted relief soon brought the remainder to Port Natal—above 4,000 of both sexes were saved in this way—and Tshaka, hitherto implacable in their regard, became softened, and, feeling a deep interest in forwarding the views of the Europeans, he encouraged rather than discountenanced the protection afforded to the distressed, and he spared the lives of those of his subjects who, having been sentenced to death, had made their escape and fled to Port Natal. Their arrival among the Europeans being

reported to Tshaka, he replied : " They have gone to my friends and not to my enemies : take care of them as of your own." To these circumstances it is due that a body of natives under the control of the European party was collected at the Port. The fate of the natives became identified with our own, and could scarcely be separated. While their recent destruction in the attack on the Zulu nation is much to be deplored, they have proved themselves deserving of the protection that had been afforded them by dying in the cause of their protectors, and in the same field. Their general good conduct has led to the belief that, under an established government, the natives would prove to be good subjects and exemplary soldiers.

This body of people was small in proportion to the numbers who had fled from the country in fear of Tshaka, and took refuge among the western tribes of Kaffraria. From these they received the name of Amafengu, from the word "Fenguza," which is expressive of want. The first of these refugees expressed their need of sustenance by saying "Fenguza," "We want." Hence all who followed them at different periods, though belonging to various classes, were called Amafengu. The position of these people in their state of servitude under their Kafir masters was one of restlessness. Being generally industrious, they aimed at the acquisition of cattle. Once in possession of such property, they evinced a disposition to be free from bondage. A custom prevails in all Kafir races in regard to cattle acquired by a dependant. They are considered to be his property only so long as he remains in his subordinate condition, or by permission of his master builds a separate kraal, in which case he is still looked on as an adherent : but if he join another chief or withdraws from the authority of his master, his property is subject to seizure. In their anxiety to be no longer menial servants, the Fengus have taken every opportunity to escape with their property. The first that occurred was when an attack was made by Ncapayi on the Tambookies. Some of the Fengu joined Ncapayi, and the Tambookies, in a spirit of revenge, persecuted those who had joined the ranks of the invaders, and had remained with their masters. The rumours as to the conduct of the Fengu who had

escaped reaching the other tribes, the persecution became general. The next instance occurred in 1834, in the last Kafir war, when they embraced the opportunity, and became British subjects. In the confusion caused by the war, some had lost their cattle, while others had brought away those of their late masters, with which they had no sooner escaped than they extensively increased their stock by plundering the cattle taken by the Colonial forces from the Kafir tribes. The Fergus, like the natives at Port Natal, belonged to fragments of every tribe defeated by Tshaka: those at Natal, however, had advantages that materially influenced their character—for they lived in a rich and extensive country, and being supplied with cattle and grain, had no inducement to roam. Under the government of their own chiefs and laws, they had always been under sufficient restraint, and were an orderly people. The Fergus, on the contrary, have for years been without any settled abode, divided from their chiefs, having nothing but the name of Fergus to connect them with their fellows, and roving from place to place. They have fallen materially in character, and bear little resemblance to those of their countrymen who have not been exposed to the hardships endured by the Fergus.

The Kafir tribes may be considered to be almost exclusively a pastoral people, and wholly so as regards the tribes near the Cape Colony, since the quantity of grain produced among any portion of them will barely suffice for their consumption for three months in the year. The Amapondas, before their defeat by Tshaka, in 1824, were a pastoral people. Having then lost much of their stock, they became agricultural and pastoral. The Natal refugees also became agriculturists, loss of cattle having in most cases been the only stimulus to tillage. To this rule the Zulus are an exception, being at once agricultural and pastoral. * * *

During the life of Dingizwayo, thefts of cattle by the natives from one another were not unfrequent. Under Tshaka no penalty less than death was inflicted for the offence, and this at once put a stop to that description of plunder. During the twelve years of my residence in the Zulu country, not a single instance occurred of cattle stealing.

From a fragmentary paper written by Mr. Fynn, probably in reply to some one asking for information respecting Natal, after he had quitted it for the Eastern frontier of the Cape Colony (1834), and before the advent of the Boers (1838).

* * * * *

It does not appear that any attempts were made by the Portuguese to settle Port Natal. The first factory appears to have been commenced by the Dutch, who were ultimately compelled to abandon their settlement, owing to the disturbed state of the neighbouring tribes. . . . The Dutch claimed a right to the country, under a purchase made by them from the native chief Inyangesa. It appears, however, that his tribe occupied only five miles of coast: the neighbouring country, or rather that within the first and last points of Natal, being inhabited by various tribes, probably not less than twenty-five, independent of and incessantly at war with each other, and by one of which Inyangesa and his tribe were destroyed. This territory at a later period was occupied by a tribe who fled from their native soil in fear of Tshaka, but ultimately shared the fate of other native races in the general desolation of the entire country when it was depopulated by that sanguinary chief, only forty of the inhabitants escaping. These ultimately found protection with the party of English who arrived there in the *Julia*. From the the time the Dutch left Natal till the arrival of the *Salisbury* there is no tradition amongst the natives that any vessel put into Port Natal.

The brig *Salisbury*, (Mr. King) was chartered by several merchants at Cape Town, and sent on a trading voyage to St. Lucia, the object of which having failed, they entered Port Natal, in the hope of opening up a communication with Tshaka. This attempt also failed, and they returned to the Cape.

Mr. Farewell then chartered two vessels, with the permission of Lord Charles Somerset,* and with about forty persons left Cape Town for Port Natal. The sloop *Julia*, under my guidance, arrived there six weeks before the *Ann*, on board of which Mr. Farewell took

* The Governor of the Cape.

his passage, that vessel having been delayed in Table Bay. In the interim I had established an intercourse with Tshaka, who evinced a great desire that the English should take up their residence at Port Natal. The *Julia* took a number of the party back to the Cape, and returned to Port Natal, sailing thence with others of the party. She is supposed to have foundered. By the loss of this vessel, communication with the Cape was cut off from the few remaining settlers. Owing to this circumstance the small party were under the necessity of being very circumspect in their conduct and dealings with the Zulu chief, in order to conciliate his friendship, for his despotism has never been surpassed, as far as we are informed by history. Fortunately, his capricious disposition inclined him to show kindness to us : and during his reign we received continued marks of it from him.

The country which may be considered as connected with the Port of Natal extends about fifty miles east and two hundred miles west of that port. That vast extent may be considered as connected with the port, for two reasons : first the common devastation under which the whole tract has suffered, and still remains suffering, being totally depopulated, with the exception of the European settlement at the port, and the unfortunate beings who have collected under its protection : and secondly, its soil, climate, productions, and aspect, which differ essentially from those of the surrounding countries : so widely, indeed, that it would appear as if Nature itself had set boundaries to that district.

This unhappy region was depopulated by Tshaka and the other marauding tribes who fled from his terrible outrages ; and it was in this uninhabited state when, on our arrival, we found only a few stragglers who had escaped indiscriminate massacre. These were in the extreme of want and misery, barely subsisting on a scanty supply of roots, often poisonous, and the cause of many deaths. They were not long in collecting round the English settlement, and by the protection and humane assistance afforded them by the whole party their lives were saved. The kindness shown by the English excited the greatest astonishment in the Zulus. Being the first Europeans they had seen, they were supposed by the

natives to be of the brute species, in the form only of man, and whose language was as unintelligible as the chatter of baboons. Tshaka alone, being a man of intelligence and discernment, had formed a more favourable opinion of the party : the Zulus generally remained in ignorance of who and what they really were, until I became sufficiently acquainted with their language to instruct them. It appears they had formed their opinion of Europeans from the circumstance that, vessels having been wrecked on the coast, such of the crew as escaped drowning were murdered by the natives in the belief that they were sea-animals, not having any country, and that each vessel contained a separate family, who lived on salt-water and the ivory which they found on shore. The treatment experienced by the starving natives induced many Zulus, who escaped the hand of the executioner, to fly to Port Natal for protection, and there they were allowed by Tshaka to remain unmolested. Since the death of the chief, Dingaan, his successor, looks with a more jealous eye on the Europeans under whose care the distressed people are, and whose strength is daily increased both by the addition of persons coming from the Cape Colony, and of natives who desert to join them. He is held in some check by the dread of fire-arms, of the effect of which very exaggerated accounts have been circulated by those who escaped from the defeat inflicted by the frontier colonists on Matewana's tribe in 1828. The number now under the management of the Europeans at Port Natal amounts to nearly 6,000 souls, who would all be massacred if the Europeans were to withdraw from the Port.

* * * * *

The frontier tribes—that is those between the Kieskama and the Umzimvubu—occupy a country extending about 300 miles along the coast. The whole of Kafiraria, extending from the Colonial frontier to Delagoa Bay, must have been originally occupied by one people, as is evident, from their language, manners, and customs, which are very similar, and differ only in a provincial degree. As far back as can be traced by tradition, their government was patriarchal : and although wars have always been frequent, they never were of that destructive kind practised during the last sixty, and especially the last twenty, years under

Dingizwayo and Tshaka. The desolation caused by these two chieftains has left the country unoccupied except by the Zulus, who occupy an extent 200 miles in length and 150 in breadth. It is calculated that the scattered tribes may have had a population originally numbering a million, of whom only a few thousands have escaped the destruction of the two last-mentioned reigns.

* * * * *

1824.] VISIT TO TSHAKA.—[FYNN.]

(Mr. Farewell and Mr. Fynn.)

TSHAKA WOUNDED BY AN ASSASSIN.

On arriving within a mile of the king's residence, we were directed to wait under a large tree till the arrival of the messengers who were to call Mr. Farewell and myself and the rest of our party.

The kraal was nearly two miles in circumference. At the time of our entering the gates, the kraal was surrounded by about 12,000 men in their war attire. We were then desired to gallop round the kraal several times, and, returning, bring the remainder of our party. When we came again, we were directed to gallop four times more round the kraal—then to stand at a distance of twenty yards from a tree at the head of the kraal. Umbekwana, who had accompanied us, made a long speech to the king, who was so surrounded by his chiefs that we could not distinguish him. One of the chiefs spoke in reply to Umbekwana, to whom he stood opposite. His speech concluded, he brought out on elephant's tusk as a present to Mr. Farewell. Umbekwana again spoke, urging us frequently to exclaim "Yebo"—meaning "Yes"—but what we were assenting to we did not know. Tshaka then sprang up from among the chiefs, striking the shield of the chief on either side of him. The whole body then ran to the lower end of the kraal, leaving us alone, with the exception of one man who had been in the crowd. This man proved to be a native of the Cape frontier, who had been taken prisoner in a war between the colonists and Kafirs and sent to Robben Island. Capt. Owen, of the *Even*, had taken him as an interpreter to attend

him during his survey of the Eastern coast. Afterwards the interpreter had been given over to Mr. Farewell on his voyage to St. Lucia Bay. There he ran off, and sought protection with Tshaka, who gave him the name of Hlamba-amanzi, denoting one who had crossed the water. Among the colonists he had been known by the name of Jacob Sumbiti. He spoke good Dutch. But to return to the subject of our visit.

The whole country, so far as our sight could reach, was covered with numbers of people and droves of cattle. The king came up to us and told us not to be afraid of his people, who were coming onwards. The cattle had been assorted according to their colour, each drove being thus distinguished from others near it. A distinction had also been made from the shape of the horns. These had been twisted by some art or skill into various forms, and to some additional horns had been attached—as many as four, six, or even eight—part of which were erect, part having loosely down. There were instances of cattle on which strips of skin, cut from the hide, but not detached from it, were hanging loosely from the bodies of the oxen. After exhibiting their cattle for two hours, they drew together in a circle, and sang and danced to the war-whoop. Then the people returned to the cattle, again exhibiting them as before, and at intervals dancing and singing. The women now entered the kraal, each having a long thin stick in the right hand, and moving it in time to the song. They had not been dancing many minutes when they had to make way for the ladies of the seraglio, besides about 150, distinguished by the appellation of “sisters.” These danced in parties of eight, each party wearing different coloured beads, which were crossed from the shoulders to the knees. Each wore a head-dress of black feathers, and four brass collars fitting close to the neck. The king joining in the dance was accompanied by the men. The dance lasted half an hour. The king then made a long speech, which was made intelligible to us by his interpreter, Hlamba-amanzi. He desired to know from us if ever we had seen such order in any other state, assured us that he was the greatest king in existence, that his people were as numerous as the stars, and his cattle innumerable. The people now dispersed, and he directed a chief to lead

us to a kraal, where we could pitch our tents. He sent us an ox, a sheep, a basket of corn, and a pot of beer (about three gallons). At 7 o'clock, we sent up four rockets and fired off eight guns. He sent people to look at these, but, from fear, did not show himself out of his hut. On the following morning we were requested to mount our horses and ride to the king's kraal. On our arrival we found him sitting under a tree, in the act of decorating himself. He was surrounded by about 200 people, a servant standing at his side, and holding a shield over him to keep the glare of the sun from him. Round his forehead he wore a turban of otter-skin, with a feather of a crane erect in front, full two feet long. Earrings of dried sugar-cane, carved round the edge, with white ends, and an inch in diameter, were let into the lobes of the ears, which had been cut to admit them. From shoulder to shoulder he wore bunches, three inches in length, of the skins of monkeys and genets, twisted like the tails of these animals, and hanging half down the body. Round the ring on the head (of which a separate description will be given) were a dozen bunches of the red feathers of the loorie, tastefully tied to thorns which were stuck into the hair. Round his arms were white ox-tails, cut down the middle so as to allow the hairs to hang about the arm, to the number of four for each. Round the waist a petticoat, resembling the Highland plaid, made of skins of monkeys and genets, and twisted as before described, having small tassels round the top, the petticoat reaching to the knees, below which were white ox-tails to fit round the legs, so as to hang to the ankles. He had a white shield with a single black spot, and an assegai. While he was thus dressing himself, the natives proceeded, as on the day before, to show droves of cattle, which were still flocking in, and repeatedly varying the scene by dancing and singing. Meanwhile it became known to us that Tshaka had ordered that a man standing near us should be put to death, for what crime we could not learn: but we soon found it to be one of the common occurrences in the course of the day.

Mr. Farewell then offered him the present he had brought for him, which the king accepted with much satisfaction. Dancing and singing were then continued till 4 o'clock, when we withdrew to our tent. At seven, a

messenger came to call me to attend the king. We found him sitting in the palace, which before we had not entered. He was sitting seven yards away from his hut, with a fire before him. He asked me if I had any medicine, as he had heard that I had cured several invalids on my first trip to Umbekwana's. He spoke of having rheumatism. His whole conversation was on medicine. I remained talking with him until 10 o'clock, and on returning I promised that I would remain with him, according to his request, for a month after Mr. Farewell, Mr. Peterson, and their party should return to Natal.

On the following morning, Tshaka requested me to take a walk for about 12 miles to see one of his chiefs, who was very ill. When I arrived, I bled him and gave him medicine, and in five days after I heard of his complete recovery. Umbekwana informed the king that Mr. Peterson, too, had medicines, and he (Mr. P.) was asked to produce them and to state their qualities. He produced a box of pills, which he said was good for all diseases, and strongly recommended Tshaka to take two. The king took four, and gave one of them to each of four chiefs, desiring Mr. Peterson also to take four. Mr. Peterson tried to argue that four were too many for one person, but, the king insisting, Mr. Peterson took them. The chiefs were then asked what was the taste of the pills, and said that having swallowed them as directed, they had discovered no taste at all. The king now swallowed two, and desired Mr. Peterson to keep him company and take two more. This request met with a positive refusal, but, the king insisting, and the chiefs adding the pressure of the argument that one who recommended medicines should not refuse to take them himself, Mr. Peterson was compelled to swallow two more, that is, six in all. The consequences of this to a person of the age of 63 years do not require to be explained in detail. On the following day, Tshaka having understood that Farewell and Peterson intended to return to Natal next morning, collected all such of his forces as were in the neighbourhood, male and female, numbering about 25,000. At about 10 o'clock they began, as on the first day, to dance, and at intervals to display their cattle. They had marked their faces with clay of various colours, white, red, black, and other

shades. When these amusements had been continued till 4 o'clock, the king desired his people to look at us, to see the wonder of white men, and to consider his own greatness. He was able to tell the origin of his nation, and he was proud to be able to say that those men were the subjects of King George. His own forefathers and theirs were cowards, who would not have dared to admit a white man to their presence. He stated an instance of a white man, who had escaped from a wreck only three years before, and who was put to death by his neighbour, the King of the Kwabis, because he supposed the unfortunate shipwrecked sailor to be a mere animal sprung from the sea. He should expect his nation to look at us, and pay us the respect due to kings, and not consider us their equals. This speech being concluded, we dispersed and went to our tents.

The next morning I accompanied Mr. Farewell and Peterson, when they went to bid farewell to Tshaka. After receiving presents of cattle, &c., they started, while I, according to promise, remained, as did also a Hottentot servant. At 12 o'clock he presented me with twelve oxen, and then left the kraal to go to another 15 miles distant. On the following day he sent for me, and on my arrival asked me to look at a large drove of cattle, which I had not yet seen, and to count them. I did so. There were 5,654. When I stated this result of my count, it caused very general laughter: and they asked how it was possible that I could count so many, since I had not once reckoned ten with my fingers. They came to the conclusion that I had not counted them at all, and the interpreter could not persuade Tshaka of the possibility of counting without the use of the fingers. The Zulus have no other mode of reckoning. They commence from the little finger of the right hand, the thumb of the left hand representing six, and so in rotation to ten, which is the little finger of the left hand; twenty being two tens, thirty three tens, until they come to ten tens, or a hundred, which they call a "great" ten. There are some who have an idea of a thousand, which they call a "great" Ingwanu.

Tshaka went on to speak of the gifts of Nature. He said that the forefathers of the Europeans had

bestowed on us many gifts, by giving us all the knowledge of arts and manufactures, yet they had kept from us the greatest of gifts, a good black skin : for this did not necessitate the wearing of clothes to hide the white skin, which was not pleasant to the eye. He well knew that for a black skin we would give all we were worth, our arts and manufactures. He then asked what use was made of the hides of the oxen slaughtered in our country. When I told him that they were made into shoes and other articles which I could not distinctly explain, he exclaimed that this was another proof of the unkindness of our forefathers, who had obliged us to protect our feet with hides, for which there was no necessity—whilst the forefathers of the natives had shown that the hide should be used as a more handsome and serviceable article, a shield. This changed the conversation to the superiority of their arms, which, he said, were in many ways more advantageous than our muskets. The shield, he argued, if dipped into water previous to an attack, would be sufficient to prevent the effect of a ball fired whilst they were at a distance, and in the interval of loading they would come up to us at close quarters : we, having no shields, would drop our guns and attempt to run ; and, as we could not run as fast as his soldiers, we must all inevitably fall into their hands. I found it impossible to confute his arguments, as I had no acquaintance with his language, and his interpreter, on whom I had to depend, would not have dared to use strong arguments in opposition to the king. I was obliged, therefore, to accept all his decisions. * * * I remained till late in the evening, conversing on different matters relating to England. He placed the worst construction on everything, and did this in the presence of his subjects, ridiculing all our manners and customs, though he did this in perfect good humour. He would listen with the greatest attention, when none of his people were with us, and then could not help acknowledging our superiority. He expressed, however, his aversion to our mode of punishing for some crimes by imprisonment, which he said must be the most horrid pain that man could endure. If he were guilty, why not punish the deed with death. If suspicion only attached to the individual, let him go free ;

his arrest would be a sufficient warning for the future. This argument had risen from the circumstance of his interpreter having been taken prisoner and sent to Robben Island, and through him, therefore, it was out of my power to explain how wishful we are to save the lives of the innocent, and in how few instances life was despised by its possessor. I had to give way as before.

The following day was spent in dancing, and this was kept up till the evening. Having spent the afternoon in reading, I was induced to take another peep at the dancers. As it was dark when I came, the king ordered a number of people to hold up bundles of dried reeds, kept burning, to give light to the scene. I had not been there many minutes when I heard a shriek : and the lights were immediately extinguished. Then followed a general bustle and a cry. Having left Jacob (as I shall henceforth call the interpreter) and Michael, the Hottentot, at the hut, I endeavoured to ask of every one who would give me a hearing what was the occasion of this extraordinary commotion. I found at length that Tshaka, while dancing, had been stabbed. I immediately turned away to call Michael, whom I found at no great distance, shouting and giving the hurrah, mistaking the confusion for some merriment. I immediately told him what I had heard, and sent him to prepare a lamp, and to bring some camomile, the only medicine I had by me. I also desired him to send the interpreter. The bustle and confusion was all this time very great. Jacob and Michael arriving we proceeded to Tshaka's hut in the palace, where we supposed him to be. Jacob, joining in the general uproar fell down in a fit, so that now I could ask no questions or gain information as to where Tshaka was. I attempted to gain admittance into his hut. There was a crowd round it. My lamp was put out. The women of the seraglio pulled me, some one way, some another : they were in a state of madness. The throng still increasing, and the uproar, with shrieks and cries, becoming dreadful, my situation was awkward and unpleasant in the extreme. Just as I was making another attempt to enter the hut, in which I supposed the king to be, a man, carrying some lighted reeds, attempted to drag me away, and on my refusal to accompany him * * he made a second effort to

pull me along, and was then assisted by another. I thought it best to see the result, and, if anything were intended against myself, to make the best of it. I walked with them for about five minutes, and my fears and suspicions were then relieved, for I saw the king in a kraal immediately near. I at once washed the wound with camomile-tea and bound it up with linen. He had been stabbed with an assagai through the left arm, and the blade had passed through the ribs under the left breast. It must have been due to mere accident that the wound had not penetrated the lungs, but it made the king spit blood. His own doctor, who appeared to have a good knowledge in wounds, gave him a vomit, and afterwards repeated doses of purging medicine, and continually washed the wound with decoctions of cooling roots. He also probed the wound to ascertain whether any poison had been used on the assagai. Tshaka cried nearly the whole night, expecting that only fatal consequences would ensue. The crowd had now increased so much that the noise of their shrieks was unbearable.

Morning showed a horrid sight in a clear light. I am satisfied that I cannot describe the scene in any words that would be of force to convey an impression to any reader sufficiently distinct of that hideous scene. Immense crowds of people were constantly arriving, and began their shouts when they came in sight of the kraal, running and exerting their utmost powers of voice as they entered it. They joined those already there, pulling one another about, throwing themselves down, without heeding how they fell, men and women indiscriminately. Many fainted from over-exertion and excessive heat. The females of the seraglio more particularly were in very great distress, having over-exerted themselves during the night, suffering from the stifling hot air, choked by the four brass collars fitting tight round their necks, so that they could not turn their heads, and faint from want of nourishment, which they did not dare to touch. Several of them died. Finding their situation so distressing, and there being no one to offer them relief, I procured a quantity of water and threw it over them as they fell, till I was myself so tired as to be obliged to desist. Then, however, they made some

attempt to help each other. All this time I had been so busily employed as not to see the most sickening part of the tragical scene. They had begun to kill one another. Some were put to death because they did not weep, others for putting spittle into their eyes, others for sitting down to cry, although strength and tears, after such continuous exertion and mourning, were wholly exhausted. We then understood that six men had been wounded by the same assassins who wounded Tshaka. From the road they took it was supposed that they had been sent by Zuedi, King of the Endwandwe, who was Tshaka's only powerful enemy. Accordingly two regiments were sent at once in search of the aggressors.

In the meanwhile the medicines which Mr. Farewell had promised to send had been received. They came very opportunely, and Tshaka was much gratified. I now washed his wound frequently, and gave him mild purgatives. I dressed his wounds with ointment. The king, however, was hopeless for four days. During all that time people were flocking in from the outskirts of the country, joining in the general tumult. It was not till the fourth day that cattle were killed for the sustenance of the multitude. Many had died in the interval, and many had been killed for not mourning, or for having gone to their kraals for food. On the fifth day there were symptoms of improvement in the king's health and wounds, and the favourable indications were even more noticeable on the day following. At noon, the party sent out in search of the malefactors returned, bringing with them the dead bodies of three men whom they had killed in the bush (jungle). These were the supposed murderers. The bodies were laid on the ground at a distance of about a mile from the kraal. The ears having been cut off from the right side of the heads, the two regiments sat down on either side of the road, then all the people, men and women, probably exceeding 30,000, who had collected at the kraal, passed up the road crying and screaming. Each one coming up to the bodies struck them several blows with a stick, which was then dropped on the spot ; so that before half the number had come to the bodies, nothing more of these was to be seen ; only an immense pile of sticks remained, but the formal ceremony still went on. The whole body now collecting,

and three men walking in advance with sticks on which were the ears of the dead men, the procession moved up to Tshaka's kraal. The king now made his appearance. The national morning-song was chanted; and, a fire being made in the centre of the kraal, the ears were burned to ashes.

From the moment that Tshaka had been stabbed, there had been a prohibition to wear ornaments, to wash the body or to shave; and no man whose wife was pregnant had been allowed to come into the king's presence. All transgressions of these regulations being punishable with death, several human beings had been put to death.

There being now every appearance of Tshaka's complete recovery, the chiefs and principal men brought cattle as an offering of thanksgiving; and on the next day the chief women did the same. Tshaka then offered victims to the spirit of his deceased father.

The restoration of the king to health made some great changes. The tumult gradually ceased. A force of about a thousand men was sent to attack the hostile tribe, and returned in a few days, having destroyed several kraals, and taken 800 head of cattle. Mr. Farewell and Mr. Isaacs, having received a letter from me stating particulars of the recent occurrence, came to visit Tshaka, and had not been seated many minutes when a man, who had, in defiance or neglect of prohibition, shaved his head, was put to death. After this the privilege of shaving was again conceded.

A present to the king from Mr. Farewell had been brought to the kraal during the king's illness, and he had on that account been unable to accept it. It was now called for. Tshaka now made a grant of land to Mr. Farewell, who noted the particulars in a document drawn up by him. The grant extended fifty miles inland, and twenty-five miles along the coast, so as to include the harbour.

Tshaka, no longer suffering from his wound, quitted the kraal in which he had been stabbed and removed to the one in which we had first visited him. Farewell, Davis, and I accompanied him, the natives singing all the way. On the day after our arrival, four thousand men were sent inland, with orders to conceal themselves in an ambush, until they should be joined by another detachment, to

march next day. These were mustered in the kraal, about 3,000 in number, and, being ordered to march out, they ran, in four divisions, to the spot at which they were directed to halt, and there formed three sides of a square. A fire was lighted in the middle, and a pot with a mixture of roots and plants was kept boiling. An "Inyanga," or doctor, in his ceremonial dress, kept dipping an ox-tail frequently into the decoction. The men in turns placed themselves with their backs towards him, and he sprinkled them with the mixture, which was supposed to have the effect of giving them strength in war, and ensuring a good result. A speech was made by Umbekwana, in which he showed with every aggravating circumstance the cause that called for revenge—the attempt on the life of their king. The order to march was given, and they were directed to spare neither man, woman, child, nor dog, to burn their huts, to break the stones on which the corn was ground, to prove their attachment to their king. The command was given to Benziwana, an elderly chief. The force marched off in the following order:—

The first division wore a turban of otter-skin, with a crane's feather, two feet long, erect on the forehead: ox-tails round the arms; a dress of cow-tails hanging over the shoulders and breast; petticoat of monkeys and genets, made to resemble the tails of those animals, and ox-tails round the legs. They carried white shields chequered at the centre with black skin. The shields were held by sticks attached to them, and at the top of each stick was the tail of a genet. They carried each a single assagai and a knobbed stick.

The second division wore turbans of otter-skin, at the upper edge of which were two bits of hide resembling horns. From these hung black cow-tails. The dress round the breast and shoulders resembled that of the first division, a piece of hide cut so as to resemble three tails hanging at the back. They carried red-spotted shields.

The third division wore a very large bunch of eagle-feathers on the head, fastened only by a string that passed under the chin, trappings of ox-tails over the breast and shoulders, and, as the second division, a piece of hide resembling three tails. Their shields were gray. Each man carried an assagai and knobbed stick.

The fourth division wore trappings of ox-tails over the breast and shoulders, a band of ox-hide with white cow-tails round the heads : and their shields were black.

The force descended the hill in the direction of the enemy's country, They held their shields downwards at the left side, and at a distance very much resembled a body of cavalry. The first and third divisions marched making a shrill noise, while the second and fourth uttered a sound of dreadful howling.

Mr. Farewell and Mr. Davis, as well as myself, having expressed our gratification at the King's recovery, parted from him on the next day, and arrived at Port Natal in six days, the distance being 125 miles.



CHAPTER XLIV.

TSHAKA.—[FYNN, 1824.]

CAMPAIGN AGAINST SIKONYANA, KING OF THE ENDWANDWE.

IMPUYNA, brother of Sikonyana, present King of the Endwandwe, fearing that his life was in danger from his brother, fled to Tshaka, and gave him such information as could not have been procured through the agency of spies.

I had not been at Natal [after my return] many days before messengers from Tshaka arrived to call all hands, white and black, to resist an attack expected to be made at any moment on Tshaka's kraal. This placed us in an awkward situation. We were far from being in fighting order. Powder was scarce, and our arms out of repair. We considered that, taking part with the king, we should be violating the laws of our country, and following a course that could in no way be beneficial to ourselves; but we were fearful of the consequences that might ensue from our refusal, and after a general consultation on the matter, agreed to proceed to Tshaka's residence.

On our arrival we found all in peace and tranquillity. But the whole nation had been called to arms. Tshaka acquainted us with his intention, and spoke of the necessity of our accompanying him, it being the custom, when the king proceeded in person to war, for every individual to attend him. Our explanation of the laws of our country called forth some very unpleasant observations from him, such as that vessels seldom, or never, visited Natal; that he could destroy every one of us so that none might tell the tale; and if the English should seek revenge for our blood, they would be terrified at his power. Mr. Farewell refusing to lend Jacob a musket, one was taken from him by force. Finding that the more ready we showed ourselves to proceed the better it would be for us, we ceased from objecting, and retired to rest, after hearing from Tshaka that there would be no necessity for our fighting, only we must

accompany him. The next morning, to our surprise, we found that the whole nation had made a move during the night, two chiefs only being left to accompany us. We made all possible haste to overtake them, but were unable to do so until we reached Nobamba, after we had travelled sixty miles from Tshaka's abode. Nobamba had been the residence of Tshaka's father, and was now the general rendezvous of the forces. Thence the army was to proceed in separate divisions and by different routes. Here we rested two days. The divisions having been sent off, and spies having been despatched to watch the enemy, we proceeded with Tshaka at the head of the remaining forces, each regiment being headed by its chiefs. The day was exceedingly hot, and every man was ordered to roll up his shield and carry it on his back, a custom observed when the enemy is supposed to be distant. In the rear of the regiments were the baggage boys, few above the age of twelve years, and some not more than six. These boys were attached to the chiefs and principal men, carrying their mats, pillows, tobacco, &c., and driving the cattle for the army. Some of the chiefs were also accompanied by girls, carrying beer, corn, and milk: and when this supply had been exhausted, these carriers returned to their homes. The whole number of men, boys, and women amounted, as nearly as we could reckon, to 50,000. All proceeded in a close body, and at a distance nothing could be seen but a cloud of dust. We had not rested from the time we started, and were parched and almost perishing from thirst, when, coming to a marshy stream about sunset, the craving to obtain water caused a general and excessive confusion. After the first regiment had passed, the whole marsh became mere mud, yet that mud was swallowed with avidity. Several men and boys were trampled to death; and although there was a cry of "shame" raised by many, and a call to help the unhappy beings, every one was too much occupied to attempt to extricate them. We travelled on until about nine at night, when we arrived at some kraals belonging to a once powerful nation, the Isindani, of whom no more than 150 or 200 souls now remained. They were a different people from any we had yet seen. They were of a strong, muscular build, more active than the Zulus, and not having their

heads shaved, but wearing their hair about six inches long and twisted in strings of the thickness of whip-cord.

As these people and a perfect knowledge of the country, Tshaka took them as guides and spies.

Next morning we proceeded at daylight, marching over extensive plains of stony ground. At 11 o'clock we rested, and Tshaka employed the Hottentots in making sandals of raw-hide for his use. Cattle were killed for the use of the army. . . .

We encamped at the end of the plain, and the army rested here for two days. On re-commencing our march Tshaka requested me to join the first detachment. He did this merely to please his own fancy. The frost of the preceding night had been so severe that many of the detachment, from the excessive cold, had slept to wake no more.

During the whole of the day's march not a bush was to be seen. We roasted our meat with dry grass. . . .

On the following day Tshaka arrived with the remainder of the forces, and next morning we proceeded in one body to a forest, where we rested for two days, awaiting the return of the spies. Several regiments were sent to kraals deserted by the hostile nation, the people having betaken themselves to a general rendezvous. They returned on the evening of the following day, loaded with corn, a great luxury to us who had had nothing but meat for several days. . . . The spies returning, the army moved forward and encamped in an extensive forest, from which the enemy was not far distant. We had generally marched ahead to relieve ourselves from dust, and we had done so this morning till we came within sight of the enemy, when we thought that we ought to join Tshaka. We found that he was on the opposite mountain, and seeing a regiment with white shields I directed my course to it at once. . . . When I reached the bottom of the hill, and was ascending the opposite one, expecting to find Tshaka there, I met one of his servants, who informed me that the king remained at the forest, and advised me to turn back, as, the ascent being difficult the regiment would leave me a long way behind. Being a stranger to their mode of attack, I determined to ascend the mountain and be a spectator of passing events. The hill from which we had first seen the

enemy presented to our view an extensive valley, to the left of which was a hill separated by another valley from an immense mountain. On the upper part of this there was a rocky eminence, near the summit of which the enemy had collected all his forces, surrounding their cattle : and above them the women and children of the nation in a body. They were sitting down awaiting the attack. Tshaka's forces marched slowly and with much caution, in regiments, each regiment divided into companies, till within twenty yards of the enemy, when they made a halt. Although Tshaka's troops had taken up a position so near, the enemy seemed disinclined to move, till Jacob had fired at them three times. The first and second shots seemed to make no impression on them, for they only hissed, and cried in reply, "That is a dog." At the third shot, both parties, with a tumultuous yell, clashed together and continued stabbing each other for about three minutes, when both fell back a few paces. Seeing their losses about equal, both armies raised a cry, and this was followed by another rush, and they continued closely engaged about twice as long as in the first onset, when both parties again drew off. But the enemy's loss had now been more severe. This urged the Zulus to a final charge. The shrieks now became terrific. The remnant of the enemy's army sought shelter in an adjoining wood, out of which they were soon driven. Then began a slaughter of the women and children. They were all put to death. The cattle, being taken by the different regiments, were driven to the kraal lately occupied by Sikonyana. The battle, from the commencement to the close, did not last more than an hour and a half. The numbers of the hostile tribe, including women and children, could not have been less than 40,000. The number of cattle taken was estimated at 60,000. The sun having set while the cattle were being captured, the whole valley during the night was a scene of confusion. * * * Many of the wounded had managed to crawl to the spot, but for the wounded of the enemy there was no hope. Early next morning Tshaka arrived, and each regiment, previous to its inspection by him, had picked out its "cowards" and put them to death. Many of these, no doubt, forfeited their lives only because their chiefs were in fear that, if they did not condemn some as being guilty, they would be

suspected of seeking a pretext to save them, and would incur the resentment of Tshaka. No man who had been actually engaged in the fight was allowed to appear in the king's presence until a purification by the doctor had been undergone. This doctor gave each warrior certain roots to eat, and to every one who had actually killed an enemy an additional number. To make their bravery as public as possible, bits of wood are worn round the neck, each bit being supposed to reckon for an enemy slain. To the ends of this necklace are attached bits of the root received from the doctor, part of which had been eaten ; they then proceeded to some river to wash their persons ; and until this has been done, they may not eat any food except the meat of cattle killed on the day of battle. Having washed, they appear before the king, when thanks or praise are the last thing they have to expect ; censure being loudly expressed on account of something that had not been done as it should have been ; and they get well off if one or two chiefs and a few dozen soldiers are not struck off the army list by being put to death.


During the afternoon, a woman and a child of the defeated tribe, the latter aged about ten years, were brought before the king, and he made every enquiry respecting Sikonyana ; what had been his plans when he heard of the intended attack, and what was the general feeling as to its result. To induce her to set aside all fear, he gave her some beer and a dish of beef, which she ate, while giving all the information she was possessed of. When her recital was finished, both mother and child were sentenced to instant death. Being present, I begged the life of the child, that it might become my servant. An application to save the life of both was little likely to succeed. From her information, Tshaka found that Sikonyana with a few men had escaped, and a regiment was ordered to pursue them, whilst another was detached to kill the wounded of the enemy. The army then commenced its return home.

When we had been three days on the march, orders were given for the army to be divided into three corps ; one of which was to accompany Tshaka ; the other two were to attack the tribes under Umlotsha and Batya. These chiefs had formerly been under Zuedi, the late king of the defeated

enemy. In an unsuccessful attack on Tshaka, these two tribes had been cut off from the main body, and were induced to join Tshaka. Believing that they had joined him only from motives of policy, he dealt kindly with them at first, but the moment their former king had been subdued, and they could have no opportunity of revenge, they were attacked.

Umlotsha took up his position on the Umpondwana mountain, where his father had several times successfully defended himself. This was in the centre of a plain, and could only be ascended by two difficult passes, guarded by men who hurled down masses of rock on their assailants. The women kept up the supply of these boulders for the men. This mountain-hold was usually well stored with provisions ; but being now taken by surprise, they had neglected the store. His provisions being exhausted, Umlotsha submitted himself to Tshaka, and was again received into favour.

Batya's capabilities of defence were equally good. He, too, had a strong position among the rocks, and succeeded in cutting to pieces one of Tshaka's regiments, raised only two months previously, and numbering two thousand men. This regiment had the name of the regiment of "Dust." A few escaped and came to the army, now on its return homeward ; but orders were given to put them to death at once, as men who had dared to fly.



CHAPTER XLV.

DEATH OF TSHAKA'S MOTHER.—[FYNN.]

WHILE Tshaka was engaged in hunting elephants, he received intelligence that his mother was seriously ill, which induced him to suspend the hunt, and proceed immediately to her residence, a distance of 80 miles from the hunting ground, which distance was travelled during the latter part of the day and the night. Fynn* had been with Tshaka some time, and various cases had occurred in which he had been successful in restoring health to sick natives, and once healing Tshaka himself when severely wounded. Implicit confidence was placed in his skill, and he was on this occasion requested to visit Tshaka's mother. He found her in the agonies of death, and she expired an hour after his arrival. Fynn in two previous instances had been at mournings, but little anticipated the scene he was now to witness, or the alarming height to which it was to be carried. The whole scene was a political scheme in furtherance of Tshaka's vain imaginations, and to keep the minds of his people filled with wonder. No sooner was her death announced than the people tore from their bodies every description of ornament. When Tshaka, accompanied by his chiefs in their war-attire, appeared near the hut in which she had died, he stood for twenty minutes in a silent melancholy attitude, while his tears dropped on his shield. At length his feelings were ungovernable; he became frantic. The chiefs and people, to the number of about 15,000, commenced the most dismal and horrid yells; the inmates of the neighbouring kraals came pouring in. Each body, as they came in sight, although at the distance of half a mile, followed the example. The cries continued during the night, no one daring to sleep, or even to take water to refresh himself. By morning the numbers had increased to upwards of

* Mr. Fynn frequently made use of the "third person" in writing of matters relating to himself.

60,000. The cries now became indescribably horrid. Hundreds were lying faint from excessive fatigue and want, although no less than forty oxen had been slaughtered as offerings to the spirits, the flesh of which was not allowed to be eaten. About 10 o'clock the war-song was sung, which slightly revived them. When it was concluded they became uncontrollable. Tshaka had several executed upon the spot. The multitude, bent on convincing their chief of their extreme grief, commenced a general massacre. Those who could no longer force tears from their eyes, those who were found near the river panting for water, were furiously beaten to death; and towards midday, each took this opportunity of revenging an injury, real or imaginary, the weak falling by the hands of the stronger. By 3 o'clock, not less than 7,000 had fallen in this unjustifiable massacre. The adjacent river became impassable, and on the ground blood flowed in streams. The horrid cries continued till ten the following morning, when Tshaka became somewhat pacified, and the people were permitted to take some refreshment. Till then the scene had been local, but the chiefs, anxious to show further their excited feelings, despatched bodies of their soldiery to all parts of the country, and massacred all who had not been present to lament the death of Tshaka's mother. When the seat of majesty was quiet, several speeches were made by the chiefs. The following resolutions were strictly to be observed. As the Great Female Elephant, the goddess or rather the overruling spirit of vegetation, had died, and it was not improbable that heaven and earth would come together, no cultivation was to be allowed that year, no milk was to be taken as food, the milk of the cattle to be spilled on the ground; and all women who should be found in a state of pregnancy during the following twelve months should, with their husbands, be punished with death. For the three ensuing months these orders were strictly adhered to, and the latter for a whole year. The first two were permitted to be withdrawn on the chiefs and principal warriors offering a forfeiture of cattle. During the following year, the tribe were three times called together to repeat their lamentations for the death of the Female Elephant. On the last occasion the cattle of the whole tribe were

collected, the bellowing of which was to be figurative of their lamentation. On this occasion Tshaka was to be washed from all uncleanness. Every individual possessing cattle killed a calf by ripping open its side : then took out the gall, while the animal was still living, and sprinkled it round their chief. The calves were allowed to die in agony, and it was not permitted to eat their flesh. As a concluding resolution, it was decreed that as the death of so great a personage ought to be generally felt throughout the land, and as tears could not be forced from foreigners, an attack should be made on the frontier tribes, whose cattle should be considered as tears shed for Tshaka's mother.*

On the third day after the death of the Great Female Elephant, a grave was dug near the spot where she died, in which she was placed in a sitting posture ; and Fynn learned from some of the attendants, though it is now endeavoured to deny the fact, that ten females of her retinue were buried alive with her. Fynn was prevented from being an eye-witness to this scene, as he would, according to custom, have been compelled to remain at the burying-ground for twelve months after. All those present were formed into a regiment, and resided on the spot for a year, and cattle to the number of 15,000 were contributed by all cattle-holders for the use of this regiment.

* The Zulu custom of "Hlonipa" *videlicet* "be shy of" or "reverence" is a strange one. When a great person dies, their names, or the component parts of them, are not allowed to be spoken. Owing to the death of Tshaka's mother "Umnandi" the name of a river in Natal was changed. In those days the name of the river was "Amanz'ambuandi" or "Sweet Water," but it was at once changed to "Amanz'amtoti." The latter syllable being nursery Zulu for "Nice" or "Sweet."

CHAPTER XLVI.

DEATH OF MR. KING.—[FYNN.]

DEATH OF TSHAKA, 1828.—BEGINNING OF DINGAAN'S REIGN.

AFTER leaving the King, I had not been more than two days at Natal when Tshaka's army was again sent off, scarcely a single able-bodied man remaining in the country. They had been on their march two days when Tshaka sent after them, and directed that the boys employed in carrying the baggage of the chiefs and principal men should be sent back, thus obliging the headmen to carry their own baggage. With these boys he formed a regiment, whom he named the "Bees," and kept for his personal emergencies. During the absence of the army, reports of their proceedings were brought to the King, until the distance put an end to these communications. In their first onset, they attacked the tribe of Contelo, a small nation whose offence had been that they had formed alliances with females, and had worn bead ornaments during the period when, by reason of Nande's death, these things had been prohibited. This nation they destroyed entirely. They then attacked and defeated the Isinda, and proceeded to make war on Sotshangana, King of the Umdwandise, whose people occupied caves and rocks, in which they were able to defend themselves, though they were not more than three hundred in number, against 30,000 assailants. During the attack, Sopusa cut off the communication with Tshaka, patrolling the roads, and killing all who passed to and fro.

Shortly after the departure of the army Mr. King returned to Natal with Sotose and Bosambosa, the chiefs who had been sent by the Zulus on a mission to the Cape, in which they had been disappointed. They had turned back at Algoa Bay. Mr. King landed in ill-health, and was prevented from visiting the king in person. He sent the chiefs, and with them his companion, Mr. Isaacs ;

Tshaka's disappointment being great. Mr. Isaacs was treated with the usual courtesy. He returned to the Port, and had not been there long before Mr. King, who had been dangerously ill ever since he landed, breathed his last. Having paid the tribute of respect to the dead, we, the remaining party, went to pay our farewell visit to Tshaka. He condoled with us in the loss of one whom he so much respected, and said that although he had expressed his displeasure as to the failure of the mission, the things he had said were not words from his heart. Mr. King deserved much respect from him, and it was now in his power to boast of more than any of his forefathers could have done, by saying that a white chief had died a natural death in his country, not the victim of brutal treatment, or by any act of his.

During the absence of the army, Tshaka could not long remain quiet, or abstain from bloodshed. He took on himself the title of "dream-doctor." . . . He had professed himself, six or eight months previously, capable of undertaking that function, the duty of which would consist in interpreting the dreams or doubts as to thefts, cases of poisoning, sickness, &c. Now he took it on himself as an employment. He collected the women of the kraals, and subjected them in rotation to some operation, selecting some who were to be put to death. Though he went through the ordinary customs of the dream-doctors, yet those who were not selected for death did not on that account escape their fate. He enquired of them whether they were possessed of cats: and whether the answer was in the affirmative or negative, the result was the same. During three days, the dead bodies of women, numbering not less than three or four hundred, were seen carried away to the rivers, or left for the wolves; and that in the absence of their husbands.

The design of killing Tshaka had, no doubt, long been contemplated, and the conspirators only waited for an opportunity to effect their purpose. Only three were in the secret, namely, Dingaan and Amaclangana, sons of Senzagakona, and Umbopo, Tshaka's body-servant, without whose aid it could not have been accomplished, as it was, at midday, on 24th September, 1828.

Tshaka had been dreaming. He dreamt that he was

dead, and that Umbopo was serving another king. On waking, he told his dream to one of his sisters, who within an hour mentioned the circumstance to Umbopo. He, knowing that in consequence of the portent he would not have many hours to live, urged the confederates to take the first opportunity to assassinate the king; and this shortly occurred. Some Kafirs arriving from remote parts of the country with crane's feathers, which the king had sent them to procure, the king was dissatisfied at their having been long absent. He came out of his hut and went to a small kraal fifty yards distant. There these people sat down before him. Inguazonca, brother to Nande (the king's mother), an old man much in favour with the king, was also there. Tshaka asking in a severe tone what had detained them so long with the feathers, Umbopo ran up to them with a stick and called on them to state why they had delayed so long to fulfil the king's orders, and then struck them. Being aware that their lives were in danger, and supposing that Umbopo had, as is usual when some one is ordered to death, received the private signal, they all ran away. Tshaka, seeing them run asked Umbopo what they had done to deserve to be driven off in this way. Amaclangana and Dingaan had hidden themselves behind a small fence near which Tshaka was standing, and each had an assagai concealed under his kaross. The former seeing the people run off, and the king by himself, stabbed him through the back on the left shoulder. Dingaan also closed upon him and stabbed him. Tshaka had only time to ask: "What is the matter, children of my father?" But the three repeated their stabs in such rapid succession that he died after running a few yards beyond the gate of the kraal. The few people at the kraal and in the neighbourhood ran to the bush, believing that "Now Heaven and earth would come together." The news flying rapidly through the country, every one was filled with terror; and it was with difficulty that Dingaan, Amaclangana and Umbopo could induce them to return. They collected a few to whom they said that the act was Senzagakona's. With threats and promises they prevailed on them to raise the war-whoop. Inguazonca, Nande's brother, was killed at the same time, as was also a chief

named Umxamama, one of Tshaka's favourites. After the war-whoop an ox was killed as an offering of thanksgiving to the spirit of their forefathers. . . . The body of Tshaka remained out all night. In the morning people were selected to bury him ; and his body was then placed in an empty corn cellar, and every private article of property that had touched his person was buried with him. This cellar was in the same kraal in which he was stabbed. . . . Until the return of the people, by whom the claim of succession to the kingdom could be discussed, Umbopo assumed the direction of affairs, and set on foot an expedition against Engwade, another of Nande's sons (by Ingindiyana), who no doubt would have aspired to succeed Tshaka. It was not likely that he would succeed in that object, but the attempt might have caused much unnecessary bloodshed. The first thing Umbopo did was to have all the cattle collected and brought to him that had been taken from the Amapondas. These cattle had been left at large in the uninhabited country between the Umzinkulu and Port Natal, and might have been retaken by the Amapondas without more trouble than that of driving them, and they would no doubt have done so had they not so much feared the dreadful name of Tshaka. Whilst the cattle were being collected, many slight quarrels occurred between Dingaan and Ama-langana, on subjects apparently the most trifling. Once a dispute about two sticks rose to a very high pitch, and showed evidently that these disagreements were only occasioned by their broodings on the subject of the grand point which each was wishing to attain. However, their better sense induced them to set such feelings aside, and prepare to attack Engwade. They started from Tugusa under the command of Umbopo, in two divisions, one being the regiment of "Bees" raised by Tshaka, and the other consisting of all the stragglers that had remained at home from sickness or other cause. Engwade, during Tshaka's reign, had been much in his favour, and reigned as a king over his own kraals in a very independent way, not adhering to Tshaka's orders, unless when they related to himself personally. When the nation was ordered to the eastward, Engwade remained at home with his division. This force being so

greatly superior to that under Umbopo, the greatest secrecy was required on the part of his assailants, in order that he might be cut off before the kraals in his neighbourhood should know of the attack that impended over their chief ; and in this Umbopo succeeded so far as to be able to make the attack at break of day. It being a custom among the chiefs to assume names of distinction, Engwade claimed that of our sovereign, George, adding to it the prefix of "Um," for the Kafirs do not use any word of one syllable. The inhabitants of his kraal rushed out to the fight from their huts, swearing (like Britons) "by George" to die for their king ; and that they did to the letter. Although their number was small compared to that of their aggressors, not one attempted to escape. All fought to the end, and killed more than their own number before they were destroyed by the few left of Umbopo's army. Engwade himself killed eight men before he fell, stabbed in the back by a boy. This obstacle to their designs being removed, Umbopo and his associates returned to one of Tshaka's kraals, to await the homeward march of the great army when a king would be elected. But Amaclangana could not endure long suspense, being under the impression that there was more hope for his brother than for himself. Dingaan saw him sharpen an assegai, and suspected that it was intended to take his life. He informed Umbopo of the circumstance, and requested him to sound his brother as to his intentions so that he (Dingaan) might know how to act. Umbopo accordingly went to Amaclangana, and ridiculed the idea of his sharpening an assegai for his brother, since the murder would not attain his object without the approbation of the army. Amaclangana replied that Dingaan was such a fool as not to be capable of filling the throne as well as the least of his brothers, and that positively he should not be king. Umbopo expressed his concurrence in this, assuring Amaclangana that the act he was meditating was unnecessary, as he, Umbopo, intended from the first to do all in his power for him, and only awaited the return of the army to convince him of his good wishes ; but he strongly recommended him to set aside his present intentions, as the whole of the community was still in terror from what had already occurred. This pacified him so as to give

Umbopo time to tell Dingaan the result of his visit. This the latter had no sooner heard than, collecting a few people on the spot, he made them surround the hut, from which Ama-langana was brought out and put to death. This removed every obstacle that stood in Dingaan's way, until the return of the army, which occurred in about fourteen days after. The troops on their arrival were in a miserable plight. They had passed by Delagoa Bay into the interior and had marched as far as Inhambane, frequently losing their way, and suffering much from famine and sickness. They had been reduced to feeding on locusts, and fully half the force had remained behind, enfeebled or prostrate through illness, and did not reach home for two or three months after the return of the main body. Fortunate it was for the nation that Tshaka did not live to see them come home. No such thing had occurred during his reign. To return without the defeat of an enemy, without the trophy of cattle, would have aroused his severest anger; his independence of all self-control would have hurried him to such acts as would have compelled the nation to revolt and destroy him, or to suffer sally. Under these circumstances there were few who did not bless the spirits of their forefathers for allowing them to enter their huts and rest themselves; few who did not contemplate their late sad position, and compare it with the present, and that which the promises made them led them to expect. For Dingaan promised to set the minds of his people at ease by not imitating the conduct of Tshaka, in such matters as he considered to be hurtful to them. He composed, or caused to be composed, national songs, containing the denunciations against the former state of things; he adopted mild measures, and thought that he was establishing himself freely, when obstacles occurred which showed him the true state of things, and the motives that had driven his predecessor to such extreme lengths of severity and cruelty. I shall not be in the least surprised to see repeated by Dingaan the very acts for which he punished Tshaka with death. I shall recount the obstacles to tranquillity as they occurred to Dingaan. For reasons no doubt of political purpose, he put to death the commander-in-chief, who had held that position from the commencement of Tshaka's reign, had

had the entire management of the army, and had always led them successfully, conquering every nation whom he attacked. He had given great satisfaction to Tshaka, though it was never acknowledged. But his protector no longer living, his days were numbered. Then the destruction of human beings went on as it had done in Tshaka's time, and many familiar customs were retained, contrary to the expectation of the people in general. The Zulu nation, however, being composed of a multitude of tribes, which had been combined and formed into one by Tshaka, and which he alone had the ability to control, became insubordinate under Dingaan, who was regarded by the tribes that had been annexed as having no claim on their allegiance. Cetu, the heir apparent to the supreme authority among the Quambe tribe, revolted, with a portion of the nation. Advancing into the heart of the country by night, with a general cry of the rebels, proclaiming liberty to the oppressed, and lavish of promises of good, he collected a body of men, who committed many outrages ; and, as Dingaan did not act promptly in repressing these, many more were induced to follow Cetu, in the belief that Dingaan had been terrified by this sudden rising. In a few days they had a skirmish with a small division of Zulus, who retreated with a small loss : and this still added confidence to Cetu's army, which was fast increasing in numbers. They formed their camp in the midst of a small tribe, the farthest to the westward of the tribes that had been attached to the Zulus. Cetu required Mangi, the head of the tribe, to join him ; but Mangi was irresolute, not knowing how to act ; as, however, Cetu's men had destroyed all his corn, he would not consent to join them, and in consequence was attacked on the following morning. He retreated with the loss of only one man, but his cattle remained in the hands of his aggressors. .

[The narrative (in an incomplete manuscript) here digresses from matters relating especially to Dingaan.—J. B.]

CHAPTER XLVII.

DEATH OF TSHAKA AND OF MR. FAREWELL.—[FYNN.]

ON our arrival at Port Natal (1824), Tshaka's curiosity was much excited. When we reached his residence, he held a festival which lasted three days. Many circumstances concurred to induce him to think well of us.

Our party consisted principally of Dutchmen. The expectations with which they left the Cape not being realised, they returned to the colony, leaving a few to follow on the return of the vessel. They, too, ultimately sailed away in her, but, unfortunately, were never again heard of. We were therefore left, only seven Europeans, with little chance of being able to communicate with the colony, there being no possibility at that time of passing overland. In our position we were wholly dependent on Tshaka. We had no articles fit for traffic, were almost destitute of clothing and provisions, and, his sway over his subjects being despotic, our weakness taught us that, to be safe, we must submit to many of his whimsical customs. By our intercourse with the natives, we soon acquired a knowledge of their language, manners, and customs, and Tshaka became daily more attached to us. In this situation we remained four years, though in the interval we received several chance supplies from ships: these, however, were not of the description suited to our market. It was not till in 1828 that an overland communication was opened up with the Cape Colony, and this was only effected in consequence of the fear of the frontier Kafirs that they would be attacked by the Colonial forces under Colonel Somerset. In October of the same year, Tshaka was assassinated by his brother.

After this event several parties of colonists visited Fort Natal: and, owing to this circumstance, a change came over the affairs of the country.

Mr. Farewell, who had visited the Cape Colony, was on his return overland. Qetu,* of the Kwabi tribe, who had

* Alluded to above as "Cetu."

been tributary to Tshaka, had revolted from Dingaan, and had taken up his station at the Umzimvubu. Dingaan had two spies among the Amapondas, who were watching their movements. Qetu, however had intelligence of their purpose. Mr. Farewell, who had known Qetu, relying on his acquaintance with him, visited him on his way towards the port. But he had with him one of Dingaan's spies, whom he tried to disguise by making him wear a great-coat. This did not escape the discerning eyes of Qetu, who recognised the man. This alone would have angered the chief; but he also knew that all Mr. Farewell's articles of barter would go to enrich Dingaan, whilst the opportunity offered itself to Qetu not only to enrich himself, but to annoy his enemy. He determined, therefore, to murder the party. On the same night the tent-ropes were cut, and they were put to death.



CHAPTER XLVIII,

DEATH OF JOHN KANE.—[FYNN]

THE few English in Natal (on the advent of the Boers) had suffered much by Dingaan's hostility and oppression. They had sufficient motive for revenge, and took the opportunity to revenge themselves.

After the death of Retief and his party, and the attack on the Boers' encampments, they (the Boers) proceeded in force and entered the Zulu country.

John Kane, the most experienced of the English, planned an expedition. He had with him eight hundred armed natives, and made an attack on one of Dingaan's regiments in their encampment. The slaughter was great. The English fought as Englishmen sometimes do, and not one of them on that day disgraced his country.

Much has been said by Natal colonists of the order in which the natives were kept by the Boers, and the subjection they continued in, until Natal became a British colony. From 1824, when natives were first brought from a distance of hundreds of miles by myself and others, to occupy the country from which they had been driven, up to the period when I quitted it, no people of any country could have been more under subjection, more honest and faithful than these natives, who looked up to the several white men as their protectors and chiefs. This was not attributable to the wisdom or good judgment of the white inhabitants, but to the circumstances in which we and they were placed. The power had been given us to protect; and the natives knew that without that protection destruction was their lot.

In the attack made by Kane and his party, two white men only escaped. The natives on this occasion fought most desperately, fulfilling an assertion which they frequently make use of, "that they will die round the body of their chief." Where a white man fell, they rushed to cover his body, and were killed in heap. This has been related to me both by the natives themselves and by the Zulus. That the natives in Natal, since it became an English settlement, can no longer be spoken of in such high terms, is our misfortune and theirs.

CHAPTER XLIX.

EVIDENCE OF HENRY FRANCIS FYNN BEFORE NATIVE COMMISSION, 1852.

I AM Assistant Resident Magistrate, Pietermaritzburg, which office I have filled only three months. Immediately previous to this appointment, I was British Resident with the chief Faku for three years. From 1837 to 1849 I filled the office of Resident Agent of the northern boundary of the Old Colony. I had entered the Government service as headquarter interpreter to Sir Benjamin D'Urban at the breaking out of the Kafir war in December, 1834. Anterior to this period I had resided in Natal from 1824 to 1834. I came here in connection with Lieut. Farewell, R.N., on a mercantile speculation, and, having opened a communication with Tshaka, I shortly afterwards proceeded southward, travelling through Faku's country, on the Umzimvubu. I proceeded as far as the Umtata.

These journeys gave me an early opportunity of knowing the extent of the devastation occasioned by the wars of Tshaka on this side of the Drakensberg Mountains: for from the Itongati River, twenty-five miles N.E. of Port Natal, up to within a few miles of the Umzimvubu, I did not find a single tribe, with the exception of about thirty natives residing near the Bluff, under the chief Amatubane, of the Amatuli tribe, now under Umnini. There were neither kraals, huts, Kafirs, nor corn. Occasionally I saw a few stragglers, mere living skeletons, obtaining a precarious existence on roots and shell-fish. Some of these sought refuge under the English, and in time several tribes had established themselves at Port Natal.

I would here remark that at this period, and in fact until the Boers entered into a treaty with Panda, the southern boundary of the Zulu country was the Itongati, the tribes between that river and the Utukela being conquered tribes tributary to Tshaka, and their ancestors had dwelt in that part of the country from time immemorial. These tribes were Amacwabi (in part), Amakabela, Amahlubi, Amapamulo, Abakwanhlovu.

On my arrival in Natal in 1824, I commenced taking notes, and continued doing so until 1834, for a future history of this country. Having been the first European who travelled through it, I had the advantage of obtaining information from the natives unmingled with any notions which they might have formed from an intercourse with white men. These notes enable me to lay before the Commission certain historical points, which I believe may be relied on. There are probably no people, possessing an equal amount of intellect and intelligence, who are less acquainted with their own history than the Kafirs; while each individual retains a strong recollection of some remarkable circumstance in which he was, more or less, personally concerned. It is the white man alone who, having lived many years in this portion of South Africa, and possessed of many sources of information, can give a clear, correct, and connected narrative of events which have occurred here during the last forty or fifty years.

From what I ascertained at different times in the Zulu country, during the reign of Tshaka, from my communications with the Portuguese of Sofala, and from what I subsequently traced among the Kafir tribes on the frontier, I am convinced that all these tribes formed originally one nation: that about four centuries or more ago they were driven from the region of Sofala, and those now known as the Colonial frontier Kafirs were probably the first who appeared in this direction. There is some reason for believing that they came originally from Arabia, and have ever been pastoral, and more or less nomadic, in their habits.

The first natives who appeared in this country as refugees from the Zulu country arrived in 1827 or 1828, and on being reported to Tshaka were permitted by him to reside at Natal.

The tribes dwelling between the Itongati and Umzimkulu rivers, previous to my leaving Natal in 1834, were as follows:—

TRIBE.	CHIEF.
Amabiya.	Umabiya.
Amabombo.	Umtukuteli.
Amacwabi.*	

* Only a portion of this tribe were here as stragglers.

TRIBE.	CHIEF.
Amadume.	Duma.
Amadunge.	Dontsela.
Enhlangwini.	Fodo
Amahlongwa.	Umjulela.
Amakanya.	Umkuta.
Amalanga.	Ufiedwa (Regent).
Amanyape.	Umkalipi.
Izinkumbi.†	Vundhlazi.
Abasembotweni.	Umahizo.
Amatuli.	Umatubani.

* * * * *

To account for the difference in the statement of different witnesses as to the number of natives in Natal when the Dutch came, I may explain that I removed several tribes in 1833 into Faku's country ; but on Major Smith's passing to Natal with troops they commenced returning.

All the refugees may be said to have fled from Zulu rule and despotism, and from the period above-mentioned they have continued to enter Natal, either individually or in bodies, up to the present time.

The war between the Dutch and the Zulu nation produced a revolution in the Zulu country, when Panda embraced the opportunity of establishing his chieftainship, which he could not have accomplished without the aid and countenance of the Dutch.

During the unsettled state of the country at the time of this revolution, a greater number of refugees entered this district than at any previous or subsequent period.

In a former part of my evidence I have stated that on my arrival in this country in March, 1824, there were no inhabitants in the district south of the Itongati. There were neither huts, cattle, nor grain. There were, however, many natives scattered over the country, the remnants of tribes destroyed by Tshaka, seeking sustenance from noxious as well as harmless roots ; so that more were destroyed by this wretched fare than preserved. Seldom more than two natives were then seen together. This was occasioned not only by the great difficulty they experienced in obtaining food, but from distrusting each other. Some of these from necessity became cannibals.

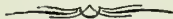
† Consisting of remnants of tribes under one chief.

The only instance in which any number of a tribe kept together was in the case of the Amatuli, under the regent chief, Matubana, uncle of the present chief, Umnini, who recently occupied the Bluff.

This tribe have dwelt on the "Ifenya," or Bluff-land, through twelve generations of their chiefs; prior to which they lived in the Amehikulu country north of this district, where they were dispossessed of their cattle, and being driven away took possession of the Ifenya. Owing to their destitute condition, they caught fish for food, an abomination to all other Kafir tribes.

In a few years they again possessed cattle, but fish and Indian corn had become their favourite and regular diet.

When the Zulu army invaded Natal, the Amatuli lost all their crops and cattle, and so great was the danger of appearing in the open country, that the remnant of the tribe seldom left the bush or the Bluff, excepting to take fish when the tide ebbed. A little straw was all they had in the bush to protect them from the rain or cold. They had no grain to cultivate, if they had dared to venture on the open land. Such was the condition of this tribe when, in 1824, I arrived at Natal. From that period they built kraals, cultivated the soil, and became again a small tribe.



CHAPTER L.

NATHANIEL ISAACS ON TSHAKA.

MR. ISAACS spent several years in Zululand, with Lieut. Farewell, Fynn, and Capt. Gardiner. He produced a book in 1836 entitled "Travels and Adventures in Eastern Africa." As a supplement to the papers of Mr. Fynn, I here give a few pages from the work alluded to. It appears that some of the Hottentots attached to the European party of hunters, traders, &c., in Zululand, had outraged a young female belonging to a chief. On the fact being reported to the king, he was, of course, very much incensed against the Europeans. Just at this time a report reach Tshaka that a force which he had sent against the Umbatio race of Kafirs, who live in very inaccessible rocks, had been again beaten. He then proposed that Isaacs and his friends, to the number of ten, should proceed against the enemy, and by the thunder and destruction of their fire-arms, reduce the foe to submission. Isaacs & Co., wishing to pacify the rage of the despot in the matter of the outrage by the Hottentots, assented. Isaacs says:—"While I was reclining in my hut, facing the position of the enemy, I observed them herding their cattle; at this moment Brown came to inform me that our party (of Zulus) were going to engage the enemy and take their cattle, while the latter were herding; that if we did not now make an effort, we might lose the most advantageous moment for attacking them successfully. At this moment, seeing my comrades rush out at the gate of the kraal, I seized my musket (putting on also my accoutrements, a small leathern wallet with cartridges fixed round my waist), and ran after them. I soon overtook them, and we proceeded slowly to enable the chiefs to overtake us, which they did, and pressed us much to delay the attack until next day; but while they were engaged with me, a party of our men rushed forward, and took possession of the cattle of the enemy, who had fled to the forest to summon their friends to their aid. The

Zulus, seeing what had been done, now came up to the number of 5,000, formed in front of the enemy's position, and began to perform the usual superstitious ceremonies of their nation—such as anointing the body with a preparation made by the war doctors from roots only known to these "Inyangas" who with an ox-tail attached to a stick about two feet in length, sprinkle the decoction upon the warrior, who rubs it over himself, and immediately not only conceives that he is likewise invulnerable, but certain of achieving a victory over his enemies. Our interpreter, who had been long with us, and whom we had hoped we had somewhat divested of such superstitious notions, was the most elated among the whole host of barbarians. I could not help smiling at his absurd apprehensions one moment, and his confidence another.

At this particular juncture I felt no ordinary sensations of anxiety and apprehension. I was young and inexperienced, and had never yet been in an engagement. I did not feel the want of courage, but in physical power I knew my own deficiency and regretted it. I reflected also that on the cast of the die all our hopes depended. That if we were triumphant, the lives of my companions and myself would no longer be in jeopardy; but on the contrary, should we be discomfited, we should be condemned to immediate death.

The enemy having taken up their positions in small detachments on the several heights, we advanced and ascended the hill that led immediately to them, expecting that the Zulus would follow, but in this we were deceived, for we observed them getting off as fast as they could to the opposite side of the river, about a mile from our station. This was a critical moment to us, but we did not want resolution, and with one accord we pushed on to the summit of the hill, or rather the large rugged rocks behind which our enemy had taken shelter. In front of us we saw a small party of about fifty whom we attacked and defeated. The reports of our muskets reverberated from the rocks and struck terror into the enemy; they shouted and ran in all directions, and the Zulus were observed all lying on the ground with their faces under and their shields on their backs, having an idea that in

this position the balls would not touch them. This singular manœuvre of the Zulus had a terrific effect upon the enemy, who, on seeing the others fall on the report of the guns, concluded they were all dead, and ran off to avoid coming in contact with us. We had just finished loading when we perceived a large body of them approaching us in the height of rage, and menacing us with destruction. My party for a moment felt some doubt. On perceiving it, I rushed forward and got on top of a rock, one of the enemy came out to meet me, and at a short distance threw his spear at me with astonishing force, which I evaded by stooping. I levelled at him and shot him dead. My party fired and wounded some others, when the whole ran off in great disorder and trepidation. We now felt some confidence, exulted at our success, and advanced along the sides of the rocks to dislodge some few who had halted with a design to oppose us again. They got behind the bushes and large trees, and hurled stones at us with prodigious force; the women and children aiding them with extraordinary alacrity. I received a contusion from one of their missiles, and our interpreter had his foot wounded with another. Advancing a little further, we reached some huts, which we burnt, and killed their dogs; this we did in order to induce them to surrender without further bloodshed. We continued on their track, however, encountering occasionally their missiles, which did us no injury, until we arrived at the place where their cattle usually stood; from hence, like the women and children, they had dispersed in all directions, there being occasionally three or four only to be seen at a time. The position of the enemy was of a triangular form, one portion of it protected by rocks, and the other by a swamp; the former were almost inaccessible, and the latter was difficult to get through. The whole, besides, was greatly sheltered by trees and bushes, making it not an easily assailable point.

The commander of the enemy's forces came from the thicket to view us, and then said to his warriors, "Come out, come boldly: what are you afraid of? They are only a handful?" Thus encouraged, his warriors came from the bushes. When it appeared that they had reassembled for the purpose of deciding the battle, both parties paused a

little ; the chief showed great anxiety, and, urging his warriors, ran furiously towards our Hottentot, leaving his people at a distance. Not having sufficient confidence in my own skill in firing, and knowing that if every shot did not tell we must be crushed by their force, now one thousand men, I allowed the chief to approach Michael, while I aimed at one of the main body, thinking that if I missed him I might hit another. The Hottentot's piece missed fire at first, but at last went off and shot the chief just as he was preparing to throw his spear. Just as I had pulled my trigger, and saw the man fall, and another remove his shield, I felt something strike me behind. I took no notice, thinking it was a stone, but loaded my musket again ; on putting my hand, however, behind, I perceived it to be bloody, and a stream running down my leg. Turning my head I could see the handle of a spear which had entered my back. John Cane tried to extract it, but could not ; Jacob and four others tried successively ; I, therefore, concluded that it was one of their barbed harpoons. I retired a short time in consequence, when my native servant, by introducing his finger into the wound, managed to get it out. All this time I felt no pain, but walked to a small stream at a short distance, and washed myself, when I found that the wound made by the spear had lacerated my flesh a good deal. I now was more anxious than before to renew the attack, but felt myself getting weak from loss of blood ; I therefore descended the hill, and got to the position where a regiment of Zulu boys had been stationed. I requested some of them to conduct me to the kraal, as I had to go along the side of the bush where the enemy had small parties, but they refused to lend me the least assistance. I took a stick and began to beat them, and levelled my piece at them, but not with the intention of firing, at which they all ran off in great confusion. My party now came up, the enemy having retreated, and we proceeded towards the camp in a body, but I had not gone far before I was compelled to drop, and my wound being extremely stiff and painful, I was obliged to be carried on the backs of my boys.

At sunset we arrived at the kraal whence we had started. All night I endured excruciating pain, and was weak from the loss of blood. On the morning of the 8th

February, it being clear and fine, and the enemy quite still, and not to be seen making any disposition to annoy us, it was deemed advisable, as my comrades thought the attack of the day before had terrified them, to advance, and show them that the loss of one person's services could not deter us from following up our success; this we thought might have the effect of bringing the enemy to terms. The Zulus at this juncture, seeing us determined on making a second attack, assembled their forces, and at 10 a.m. the whole repaired to the enemy's position, leaving me at the kraal to be doctored, or rather to undergo a superstitious ceremony, before a wounded man can be permitted to take milk. For this purpose, the inyanga, or doctor, has a young heifer killed as a sacrifice to the Spirit for the speedy recovery of the patient; or rather, as I conceived, for the purpose of having the beef to eat. The excrements are taken from the small entrails, which, with some of the gall and some roots, are parboiled and given to be drunk. The patient is told (quite uselessly, I think) not to drink too much, but to take three sips, and sprinkle the remainder over his body. I refused to drink the mixture; my olfactory organs were too much disturbed during the process of preparing it to render partaking of it practicable. The inyanga, from my refusal, broke out in an almost unappeasable rage, and said, "that unless I drank of the mixture, I could not be permitted to take milk, fearing the cows might die, and if I approached the king I should make him ill;" expostulation was vain, and being too weak to resist, I took some of the abominable compound; he then directed me to take a stick in my hand, which he presented to me, told me to spit on it, point three times at the enemy, say "eczie" every time, and afterwards throw it towards them. This was done in all cases of the wounded, as a charm against the power of the enemy. After this I was directed to drink of a decoction of roots for the purpose of a vomit, so that the infernal mixture might be ejected. The decoction was not unpleasant, but it had no effect in removing the nauseous draught, the pertinacity of which to remain baffled the doctor's skill. I, however had his permission to take milk, the only thing in my situation the least palatable, the more so as it indicated the doctor's foolish

ceremony to be at an end, which gratified me, as I wanted repose. He brought me some powder, which he wished to apply to the wound, but I resisted, and he did not force it, but left me to sleep if possible.

In the afternoon I was roused by the noise of the warriors, who had returned ; and my comrades amused me with a detail of their successful operations. Our forces had arranged themselves for the attack, and, as they thought, in front of the enemy,—but it turned out to be in front of the forest, for no enemy was to be seen. The Zulus became then apparently bold, and began a disturbance among themselves. The Amabutu, or young warriors, being jealous of the success of my comrades, and seeing no enemy, anticipated an easy victory ; they set off, therefore, without the concurrence of their chiefs, and ran towards the enemy's position ; the chiefs followed, overtook them, and beat them back ; and while they were engaged in debating on the subject of their conduct, three people from the enemy made their appearance, unarmed, on a conspicuous part of the mountain. Some of the Zulus went towards them, and our party soon ascertained, to their great joy, that they were chiefs sent by the enemy to announce to the king's white people that they had surrendered, and were willing to accept of any terms of peace, as they did not understand our manner of fighting ; or, in their terms, "they did not understand the roots or medicines we used, therefore could not contend with people who spit fire as we did."* This was an agreeable parley, and my comrades directed them to descend from the rock, which they were afraid to do : but after some persuasion they came down and approached the Zulus ; when, however, the white people went near them, they seemed to be struck with inconceivable terror. After a short time, their fear subsiding, they addressed us, and said, "that they would be glad to join Tshaka ; that they were now convinced of the power of his maloongos, or whitemen, and rather than encounter them again, they would submit to any condition that might be demanded." The chiefs did not wait to hear our propositions, as they have

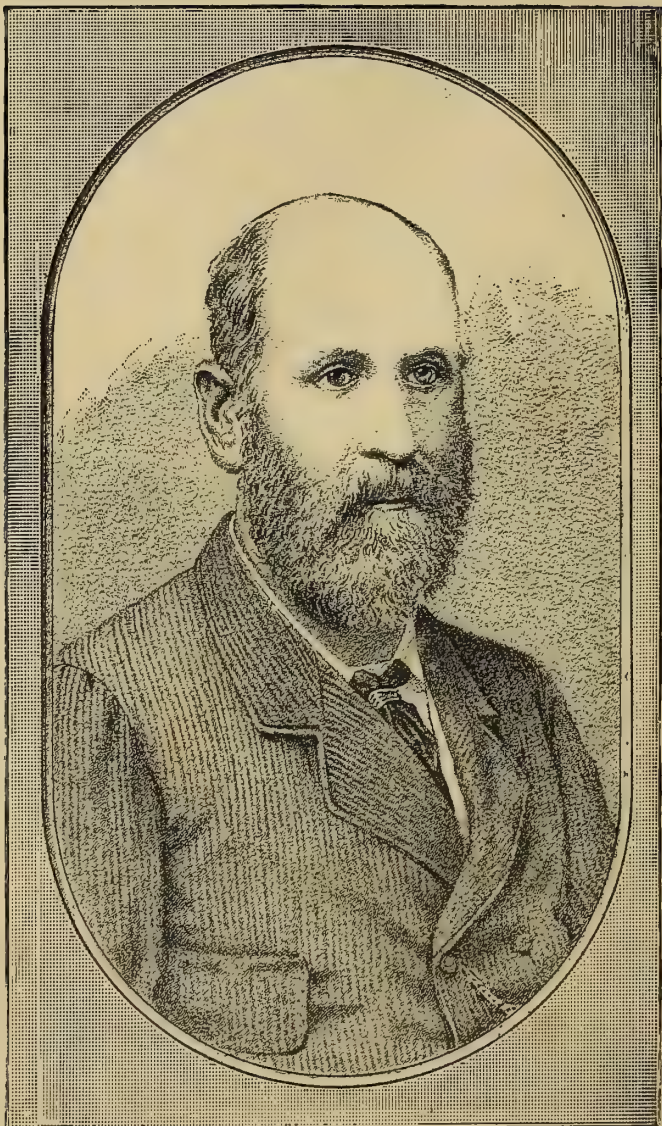
* They ignorantly supposed the fire from our muskets came out of our mouths.

only one term, namely, to give up their cattle, and become tributary to the conqueror. They did not hesitate to comply with this, but promptly brought forward their half-starved cattle and goats. One of our seamen proposed that they should give ten young maidens by way of cementing their friendship by nuptial ties. To this they also assented with the same willingness as they gave up their cattle.

The affairs being settled to the satisfaction of all parties, my comrades accompanied the chiefs to their quarters, where they had an opportunity of observing the lamentable condition of the enemy, who were in strange consternation respecting their dead and wounded ; not being able to discover the cause of death, and attributing it to some unnatural power of the spirit,* whom they might have offended ; and as they could not discover any other cause, they determined not to contend with us any more.



* The Spirit of their forefathers, whom they always invoke.



Murray & St. Leger.

Cape Town.

CHIEF JOHN DUNN EMANGETE, ZULULAND.

CHAPTER LI.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

I now beg to present the reader with the following valuable extracts from "John Dunn's Notes" edited in 1886 by myself, and then printed in Maritzburg, Natal, where I was then living, but the little work has only lately been published abroad by the author. "John Dunn's Notes" make an important addition to my high authorities like Mr. Charles Brownlee, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, his brother the Hon. John Shepstone, and Mr. Isaacs. All these gentlemen are men of high intelligence, and who, being brought up amongst the natives, speak their languages like themselves, and otherwise thoroughly understand them. :—

This work was commenced in the year 1861, and was intended to have been the History of the Zulu Race, combined with a history of my life, my experiences in Zululand since 1858, and my "advice to hunters." In 1878 I was on the point of having all my MSS. published, but seeing the drift of affairs, and noticing that there was every likelihood of a war breaking out, either with the Boers or the Amaswazis and Zulus (I must say that I did not then calculate on a war breaking out between the English and the Zulus), I deferred the publication of them until all was again settled. But in the meantime I was deceived by the Natal Government, so that the Zulu War of 1879 came so unexpectedly upon me that I had not time to get my effects secured. At this time I was staying at Emangete, my place near to the Tugela River, and I sent a messenger to my upper place, Ungoye, to rescue my papers from the approaching Zulus; but most unfortunately he brought the wrong box, the contents of which were comparatively worthless, whilst the box containing the MSS. was left behind and was consumed in the flames when the Zulus shortly afterwards set fire to the place. This was, of course, a great blow to me, as the studiously gathered and interesting records which I had been carefully collecting for twenty years were thus lost to me for


ever, and it is impossible for me to call to mind more than fragments of the contents of the papers thus destroyed, and so perished the results of many a long conversation with old Zulu Chiefs regarding the very origin of their power, and the peculiarities of their customs, &c.

I will, however, endeavour to give, as well as I can, an account of the rise and fall of the Zulu power ; but in this place, by way of a preliminary canter, I must give a short, rough sketch of my life. My father died when I was about fourteen years of age, and my mother when I was about seventeen, after which I took to a wandering existence, having always been fond of my gun and a solitary life. In 1853 I was engaged, as was also my wagon, to go into the Transvaal with a gentleman, since dead, who was then proprietor of a D'Urban paper. On our return, when the time for my honorarium came, I was told I was not of age, and that by Roman-Dutch Law I could not claim the money. This so disgusted me that I determined to desert the haunts of civilization for the haunts of large game in Zululand. I had already had an apprenticeship in the hunting of large game, having often enjoyed this kind of sport with Dr. Taylor, of D'Urban, and the officers of the 27th Regiment, then at D'Urban. We often went out at night to get a shot at the elephants which at that time used to come down on to the flat, where the race-course now is, and wander all about, often to within a few yards of my father's house at Sea View, near Clairmont. The old house and the gigantic old fig trees have now vanished, and where the elephants then trumpeted, other rushing monsters, called locomotives, now shriek.

Captain Drayson, in his book written some years ago, mentions having met a "white lad" when on the track of elephants in the Berea Bush. This lad was myself. But, telling these tales to the present generation of D'Urban, sitting in comfortable arm-chairs in their well-built houses, will seem like romancing to them. At the time I speak of, D'Urban was nothing but a wilderness of sand heaps, with a few straggling huts called houses.

I started for Zululand in 1853, where I had no fixed place of abode, but wandered about shooting, with varied success, till 1854, when I met Capt. Walmsley, who persuaded me to return to Natal, and take office under him

which I did, and a kind friend he proved to me—more a father than a master. I had not been with him long when luck began to befriend me. Capt. Lucas, the present Magistrate of Alexandra, came through on a hunting trip, and on his return sold me his wagon and oxen for £84. From this time I may date the turn of my luck for good. I exchanged the team of oxen, which was a good one of full grown bullocks, for two teams of unbroken ones. These I broke in, and kept on exchanging and selling until I had the good fortune to get together a nice lot of cattle.



CHAPTER LII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

I NOW approach the subject of my first introduction to Cetywayo, which led to the position in which I now stand.

From my knowledge of the Zulu Kafir, and from what I could glean from Natal Kafirs who had been in Zululand at the time of the fight, I felt sure that I could get back the cattle of the traders without much difficulty, the only risk being to myself; but this I did not think much of, as I was aware of their character for not harbouring revenge after a battle, I therefore got permission from Capt. Walmsley—who did not at all like the idea of my going—and started. I made a hunting trip a pretext for going, but I was looked upon as mad, and going to my certain destruction. However, I started, keeping my destination a secret even from my own party. I kept with my wagon as far as Eshowe, where I left it with my hunters to “shoot buffalo,” starting however, for Pande’s kraal, which I reached on the third day. Old Umpande, the father of the late Cetywayo, received me well, and requested a private interview with me, for he had heard who I was, and that in the late battle I had helped his deceased sons. When I explained to him the object of my mission he seemed rather disappointed, but did not say much then, and as it was rather late in the evening he told me he would speak to me the next day. Accordingly, the next morning, shortly after sunrise, he sent for me and my headman, Xegwana. He was sitting at the head of the Nodwengo kraal when we reached him, but as soon as we had seated ourselves he said, “This is not the place in which I intend to sit.” He then—unaccompanied by his shield-bearer, whose duty it was to hold the shield over him as an umbrella, to keep the sun off—walked into the centre of the cattle kraal, ordering my headman and myself to go with him. Before he sat down he looked round carefully, bade us be seated, and then remained silent awhile. After which he said:

"Child of Mr. Dunn,—I thought you had come on other matters when I heard it was you who died (metaphorically) with my children ; that is why I said nothing to you last night. As far as the cattle are concerned you must go to Cetywayo—they are ready to be given up. Sifili (the name Mr. Fynn then went by) left them ; I don't know why, but I can't let you go without speaking what is in my heart. I must first thank you for the part you took to help my sons who were being killed. I now thank you with my mouth, but when all is settled and quiet you must come to me again, and I will give you some cattle as my thanks for what you have done for my children. Although you escaped, I still look on you as having seen their last, but still there is something in my heart I must tell you, and that is that although Cetywayo and Umbulazi fought for my place, I gave the preference to neither. The one in my heart is yet young, and I am afraid to mention who he is, even to you. Of the two that have been killing each other—Cetywayo and Umbulazi—Cetywayo was my favourite, but it was not he whom I intended to take my place. As I said before, he is still too young. but I will send and tell Somseu (Sir Theo. Shepstone). You see I am afraid of letting the sticks of the kraal hear what I am saying." After a long talk, during which he made me give him a full description of the battle—the first true account he had heard—he told me to go to Cetywayo's kraal—Mangweni—about 75 miles down the coast. Xegwana did not like this, and told the old King so ; but I said I did not mind, provided he would give me a messenger to go with me. To this the King assented, and told Xegwana not to be afraid, and to me he said, " You are a man, child of Mr. Dunn ; your father was my friend ; try and do your best that no harm comes to my children from them taking the cattle of the white men." I promised that if the cattle were restored no further notice would be taken. Next morning I started for the Mangawni Kraal, which I reached on the third day. On my being reported to Cetywayo he immediately sent for me, and, on explaining my mission, he at once said the cattle had been collected, but had been scattered amongst the kraals again, and if I would wait a few days he would have them collected and handed over to me. This fact must be particularly noted, that I was never asked by

Umpande or Cetywayo if I had been sent by the Natal Government. Neither did I say upon what authority I had come.

This was my first introduction to Cetywayo.

The next evening I received a letter from Capt. Walmsley, as, not having heard of me since my leaving him, he was getting anxious, and so asked me to let him know all particulars. The next morning Cetywayo sent to me to say I was not to mind what the letter said, and begged me to stay and wait for the cattle. I sent back word to say that I had promised to do so, but said he must have them collected as quickly as he could, as I wanted to get back. On further inquiry I found out that a rumour had got afloat—how, no one knew—that the letter was to recall me, as the troops were coming up, and that I had been ordered to abandon the cattle. I remained two days longer with Cetywayo, and on the third he sent me word to say that the cattle were ready, and sent me messengers to take me to the Ginginhlovo kraal to hand them over to me. He said they were a thousand head. On parting with Cetywayo, he thanked me for staying for the cattle, and said I was to return if the cattle were received all right and then receive some cattle he intended to give me. I got to the Ginginhlovo kraal the next day, and found the cattle all collected to the number of one thousand and one. The odd beast I killed, and started for Natal with the thousand.

I forgot to say that, on leaving Umpande's kraal, I sent two men to my wagon to tell my hunters not to be uneasy and to keep on hunting until I sent for them, so I had only four men left to drive the lot of cattle, which I can assure my readers was a difficult task, as I had to go through miles of country thickly covered with bush. The country I allude to was in the neighbourhood of the Matikulu, between the Ginginhlovo kraal and the Tugela. However, I got down all safe, and with the assistance of a trader whom I found near the Tugela, and who kindly lent me some men, I got the cattle across the river with the loss of three trampled to death in the struggle out of the steep and muddy bank. On my arrival in Natal I sent to the Secretary of the Traders' Committee informing him of what I had done, and also stating that if he would pay me £250 I would hand the cattle over to him for the benefit

of the traders. He wrote back to say that the Government ought to pay me. I then went to Maritzburg, and the present Sir Theophilus Shepstone asked me if I had claimed the cattle in the name of the Government, and on my saying I had not done so, he said "Why not? You must have known that the Zulus were under the impression that your authority was derived from the Government." My answer was that although they might have thought so I had nothing to do with it as long as I succeeded in getting the cattle without committing myself. I further said that, supposing I had said so, and not succeeded in getting the cattle, "Would you not have blamed me for assuming an authority I had not?" The Government, however, ignored my claim, so that I held the cattle until I got the amount I claimed from the traders, which was paid me about two weeks after I got back. I then handed the cattle over, and glad I was to get rid of them, and considering that I had not spent more than two weeks over the job I had made a good "spec."

Shortly after the occurrence of the events above related I went back to Zululand to claim my "present of thanks" from my friend Cetywayo. This I received in the shape of ten fine oxen.

Thus commenced my first acquaintance with Cetywayo. Not long after my second return he sent to me to beg me to go and live with him, as he wanted a "white man as a friend to live near him and advise him." The first message he sent was by Sintwangu, and subsequently by a man named Umlazana, as also by others, all bound on the same errand. I at first demurred, but afterwards thought on the hardships I had had to undergo owing to my not being allowed by the Roman Dutch Law to receive the money I had honestly earned, and the inducements held out by Cetywayo, including the promise of land in his country. Considering all this, I say, I made up my mind to accept his offer and remove to Zululand for good. When I informed Capt. Walmsley of my determination, he at first tried to ridicule the idea, but on seeing that I meant what I said, he tried hard to persuade me not to go, and as an inducement held out a promise of giving me a title to some land on his farm Chantilly in Natal, he, poor fellow, forgetting that he had already told me in confidence that all was mortgaged in his father's name. Otherwise I think I might have

been induced not to leave, as I really was sincerely attached to him, and I believe for the time I was with him very few had more control over him than I had. Often in his mad freaks, still remembered by many Natalians, he would stand being severely spoken to by me, although he would say "Dunn, if any other man presumed to speak to me as you do I would have him out with pistols." To this I used to say, in a jocular way, "I'm game to argue the point with you with any weapons you may choose," which style of talk always brought him round, and he would then slap me on the back and say "You're the boy for me ; let's have something to drink." Notwithstanding all his eccentricities, he was one of the most generous-hearted men I ever had anything to do with. May he rest in peace.

But to proceed. The lung-sickness had broken out amongst the cattle in Natal, and a law had been passed that no cattle were to be allowed to cross the Tugela into Zululand. I therefore had to sell all the cattle I had remaining to me from this disease, and buy a span of young oxen from a trader in Zululand. These were all unbroken, and a tough job I had in catching them and breaking them in, and when I started, it took me six days going a distance of twenty-five miles, *i.e.*, to the site of my selected dwelling in Zululand, the Ungoye forest, which was a part of the country totally uninhabited, and abounding in game. But my main object in selecting this spot was the advantage of the forest. Cetywayo himself laughed when he heard which part of the country I had chosen, and all the people said I would soon leave, as no cattle would live there, and the wild animals would also soon drive me away. Sure enough wolves and panthers abounded, but I had a good pack of dogs, and as I had picked out the place on account of the forest, and game, I soon made the panthers and wolves scarce, albeit with the loss of a good dog now and then. I had now shooting to my heart's content, as often, whilst building my house, I used to see buffaloes, and go off and bag a couple without anyone missing me until they heard the shots. I was always fond of going by myself, with sometimes one boy whom I used to take with me, more for the purpose of despatching him for carriers when I shot game than for anything else. I never liked taking a fellow hunter with me.

CHAPTER LIII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

SHORTLY after I was settled, I got mixed up with the politics of the country, and was constantly being sent for by Cetywayo to advise him in any emergency. In 1860 I started with a friend on a shooting excursion towards St. Lucia Bay. We arrived there after about a week's trekking with our wagons. This friend was Lewis Reynolds. The next day we went out to try our luck and bagged a couple of Koodoo and a few other buck. On our return to camp we found messengers from Cetywayo to recall me, as, owing to some unexplained cause, he had got into some misunderstanding with the Natal Government, and there was a fear of invasion from both sides, and troops had been ordered up to the Tugela. So we decided to return, and next morning started back, and kept with our wagons that day, but the day following decided to leave the wagons and ride on to my place at Umgoye, a distance of about 25 miles, which we did. The next day we went on to Cetywayo, who was at a new kraal he was building at the Etshowe. On arriving there he received me very coldly, and said that he had not thought that I would have deceived him so soon, and openly said that he was sure I had purposely gone out of the way, as I knew the English was coming in. This I assured him was not the case, and offered to take any message for him to Natal should he really not mean war. On my saying this, his tone began to alter, and he said he had already sent messengers, but he would be glad if I would also go and confirm his words by them. We again saddled our horses, and rode on, doing another good day's journey. Our poor horses now began to feel the effects of the continuous work, and that of Reynolds began to go lame. We, however, got to the Tugela the next morning, and after seeing the Commanding Officer, Major Williamson, of the 85th Regiment, we went on to Captain Walmsley, the Border Agent, and delivered our message, and returned and slept.

at the camp at the Tugela. The next day, as Reynolds' horse was completely knocked up, we started back home with the remaining one only, riding and walking turn and turn about, until we got to about six miles from my house at Umgoye, when I rode on to order the preparation of some food. On my arrival I waited until about six o'clock in the evening, and as my companion did not put in an appearance, I sent in search of him, but without any favourable result, so, thinking that he had got tired and gone to a kraal, I did not wait dinner any longer for him. Next morning he turned up. Poor fellow! He had lost his way in the dark and had passed my place, and, not finding any kraal, he had passed the night under a rock, cold and hungry. He was one of the best fellows Natal ever saw. All being now quiet, we again, after a few days' rest, started back to the hunting ground, and a good time we had of it, killing no end of game of all kinds, but as so many books have already been written on the subject of hunting, I do not intend to give many hunting tales, with the exception of a few remarkable incidents.

Reynolds saw me shoot my first rhinoceros. We both stalked him at the same time from different directions, unknown to each other, but I luckily got up first and fired first. He, not knowing that the shot came from me, jumped up and used rather strong language at having his shot spoilt. The rhinoceros started off as fast as his legs could carry him, and we were standing talking (after Reynolds had apologised for the language used, and explained that he had thought the interruption had come from a native hunter) when we heard, some 400 yards off, something like the squeaking of a big pig. This sound Reynolds had heard before, and he shouted out "By jove! you've got him—that is his death cry!" and sure enough when we reached the spot from whence the sound came we found my fine fellow stiff. He was a very fine bull of the white species. A few days after this I had shot a couple of buffalo, and was on the track of another wounded one, which led me to the bank of the Hluhluwe River, where I saw what I thought to be a black rhinoceros, and, not having shot one, I left the buffaloes for the new game. On getting nearer I was surprised to see it was a "sea-cow" (or hippopotamus), an unusual thing to come across, feeding

in broad daylight. The spot being rather open, with tufts of grass here and there, I had to go on my hands and knees, and had got up to within about 100 yards of it, when suddenly I came upon an enormous wild boar (Vlak Vark). He was lying within three yards of me, fast asleep. I did not know what to do. Should I startle him, I would frighten the sea-cow, and I could not well crawl past him without being seen. Whilst considering what was best to be done, he arose, and immediately saw me, and not knowing what I was, turned to me, champing his tusks. I kept very quiet, but at once cocked my gun, as I expected him to charge me, and I was also strongly tempted to bag him, as he had the finest tusks I had seen on a Vlak Vark. In fact I have never since seen such a fine pair, and have often regretted not having got him, as many hundreds of sea-cows have I killed since. Well, to go on with my pig. He did not keep me long in a fix, for after a few loud snorts and foaming at the mouth he quietly began to turn and edge off. I expect he began to smell that mischief was in store for him. I was in great fear lest the sea-cow might take the alarm, as it was in sight all the time, but it had either got hold of a nice feed of grass, or else had been fasting, as it looked up twice and went on grazing again as soon as the pig was out of sight. I again crawled on and got to within about 50 yards, and waited until the animal got into such a position that I could give a telling shot. As it was facing landwards, I gave it one barrel behind the left shoulder, and as it turned for its watery home I gave it the second barrel behind the right before it plunged into the river and disappeared. For about ten minutes I sat patiently on the bank, and when it came up in its dying struggle, I fired two more shots into its head, which settled it.

When I got back to the camp my companion and the hunters were much surprised to hear that I had shot a sea-cow, as that animal had never been found so far up-country in those parts, especially in the daytime.

After having had some very good shooting and bagging between 50 and 60 Buffalo between our party, besides a great number of other game, we struck camp, and returned home. In those days I don't think there was another spot in South Africa where in one day such a variety of game

could be met with. Baldwin, the hunter, trader, &c., shot here on his way to the Zambesi, and he, in his book published some time ago, says that, with the exception of elephants, this was the finest spot in South Africa for game, and even in these days very good shooting is to be got there, although not to be compared with that of the days I am now writing about.

Whilst on the subject of shooting I might as well give a little friendly advice to intending sportsmen. Don't mind expending ammunition before you start on your hunting trip, for then you will thoroughly try your gun and know it well. As a rule the charge put into the cartridges by the gunmakers is too feeble, and the bullet does not penetrate the large game. The best way is to load the cartridges yourself, and then you will see the effect beforehand. In saying all this I speak from experience, and will mention an instance in proof. The first breechloader I ordered from England was a double-barrelled one—rifle and smooth bore—the former 16, the latter 12. The charge of powder measured out by the maker for the rifle barrel was $2\frac{1}{2}$ drams—that of the smooth barrel was not regulated, as it was supposed to be intended for shot and small game. My gun arrived on the eve of my starting on a shooting trip, and I made up my mind to do wonders with it. On the way to the hunting ground I loaded it according to the gunmaker's instructions, and the effect was pretty good on small buck, but I was surprised at finding that the bullet had not gone through those that I had shot. On getting amongst the large game I wasted no end of ammunition, and only killed a koodoo and a waterbuck. As for rhinoceros and buffalo, they did not seem to feel the charge. I was naturally disgusted—especially as one day the matter nearly cost me my life. Just on leaving camp early one morning, I espied a large buffalo bull returning to cover from the pasturage. I ran and squatted down in the track he was taking to the bush, and let him come to within about twenty yards, when I gave a slight whistle, and, as he raised his head I fired at his chest. With a properly loaded cartridge the shot would have killed him even if he had not dropped on the spot. He at once charged straight at me. I rolled on one side, and he passed ; I jumped up and put in another

cartridge, and followed his blood track, expecting to come upon him every minute. But he had vanished. This so much disgusted me that I determined to load some cartridges with my own charge, even if I spoilt the gun in doing so. So I returned to camp and loaded a lot with three and a half drams in the sixteen (rifle) and five drams in the twelve (smooth) bore, and again went out. After firing a few shots I soon found out that my gun threw its shots much higher, and that it kicked me, which it had not done before. But I had my reward, as on coming across rhinoceros I killed three, and out of a herd of buffalo I killed two, two koodoo, and one waterbuck, all on the same day. In the evening I reached the camp well pleased, but rather sore in the shoulder from kicking of the gun. The next day I bagged five rhinoceros, and soon got used to the kicking of the gun. In fact, I found that by grasping it more firmly whilst firing, it hardly hurt at all. On these grounds I say that I advise anyone who does not know his gun to try it well with different charges before he starts on a hunting trip in search of large game.

The behaviour of the Snider rifle is the only thing that is, perhaps, an exception to the efficacy of my theory regarding heavy charges. One season I started on a shooting tour with two officers—Captains Carey and Webster. Whilst shooting at a sea-cow from our boat, the heavy charges of powder that I was using in conjunction with hardened bullets, caused the catch of my gun to fly off, and if I had not had a firm grip of the barrels they would have sprung into the water and been lost. Well, the only other spare gun was a long Snider rifle at the camp which used to throw very high; but not wishing to detain my friends, I sent my gun to the gunmaker in D'Urban, and knocked the back sight off the Snider and took it for a makeshift, not thinking that I would be able to kill anything but small game with the small charge with which that rifle is loaded. The accident to my gun happened at the Umhlatuzi, a few miles beyond Port Durnford, and we now started for St. Lucia Bay. I had told my messenger to hasten with the gun, and begged the gunsmith to send him back as soon as possible. On arriving at the juncture of St. Lucia and the Umfolozi, I

launched our boat and went to give Carey and Webster some shooting at the sea-cow. We had not long been on the water before we saw one, and rowing within shot, I told Carey to fire, which he did, and missed. On the sea-cow rising again I could not resist, but fired. I heard my shot tell, but saw the bullet strike the water some distance beyond. Both my friends said I had missed. I said I had not. And for a while we saw no more of the animal, but on going a little distance, and looking back to where I had fired, I saw him floating. (In order that I may not appear paradoxical, I must explain that in alluding to a *Sea Cow* as "him" I used the generic term "*Sea Cow*" by which this animal is spoken of in South Africa.) On taking him to land, we found the bullet had gone right through the top of his head. This, as I said, is an exception to my theory of the efficacy of heavy charges and hardened bullets. However, my gun got back from D'Urban a day or two after, and putting away the Snider took it into use again.

On another occasion I was out shooting with a rifle presented to me by a young friend of the Hon'ble Guy Dawney's. It was a peculiar one, made by Holland, and taking the Snider cartridge. It used to carry very accurately, and I used to kill a lot of koodoo, wildebeest (gnu), and such game, but I never used to take it out for rhinoceros or buffalo. One day I had been shooting wildebeest, and had just killed one, on which I was sitting—my horse feeding under saddle close by—I heard several shots, the sportsmen evidently coming nearer and nearer, when all of a sudden, about six hundred yards away, I saw one of our party approaching rapidly, galloping alongside of two rhinoceros, and firing as quickly as he could. I immediately jumped up on my horse and rode for him, and then kept turning the beasts in order to give my friend good shots at them. At last, as the game did not seem to slacken in speed, and as my horse was the fastest, I galloped past them, for they were leading us a long way from the game I had killed, as also from the camp. I jumped off my horse, and, as the foremost came on, I fired at her, taking aim between the neck and shoulders, with the intention of turning her (it was a large cow, with a half-grown calf.) As soon as the bullet struck, the blood burst

out of her nostrils, and running about ten yards, she dropped. My friend still stuck to the others. On examining the rhinoceros on the side that was uppermost, I could not find a single bullet wound, and so I thought my friend might have hit her on the side she was lying on, but on his return—not having killed the one he had galloped after—we got assistance from a kraal and turned the animal over, and, much to his disgust, we could not find a single shot of his—the only wound being miné—although he had fired at least six or eight times at her. This was the second instance of the penetrating power of the Snider cartridge. After this I had more confidence, and killed many a sea-cow with the same rifle; but these cases, as I have before said, are the exceptions. The great secret in hunting is to know what your gun can do, and to shoot straight, with plenty of power to drive the ball home. You must also know the vital spot, and place your lead there.

If the above tale of the rhinoceros ever reaches the eyes of my friend, he will be amused at the recollection of having missed the animal. Whilst relating the incidents of this trip, I may as well mention an adventure one of our party had which nearly cost him his life. I refer to a Watson Capt. of the 11th Regiment. I had constantly been warning my companions not to go about alone, saying that if they would persist in doing so one of them would get chawed up by a Lion. Well, one day we shifted camp to be nearer good ground for game. On nearing the fresh hunting ground the Captain turned off to a mound to scan the neighbourhood with his glass. Lying at the edge of a ravine he saw what he took to be some Impala bucks some four hundred yards off. Tying his horse to a tree, he crept down the ravine, out of sight, and then stalked his game up it, when he suddenly came face to face with, not harmless Impalas, but about twenty lions. A good shot would have bagged a couple, if not more, but Watson was none of the best of shots, and, besides, had a rifle which did not carry true. He fired, and, as he thought, gave the finest lion a mortal shot, the rest moving quietly off, Watson following and firing at them until he had expended all his cartridges but the two with which his gun was loaded, not having, however, wounded any other. He now went back to where he had left the lion,

to see if it wanted settling. On reaching the spot he could not see anything of his quarry until, suddenly, he heard a growl in the long grass close beside him, and at the same instant the lion sprang at him. He was, at this moment, standing on the edge of the ravine on a bank about ten feet high, overhanging a large pond of water about fifteen feet wide. As the lion sprang at him Watson had just time to fire both barrels—the cocks of which he had carefully drawn over—and at the same instant jumped backwards, over the bank, into the water-hole, with the lion on top of him. The brute now caught hold of him, with his mouth on his side, clawing him on the head with his paw, but the water being deep, the lion could not get a footing, which fact was the saving of Watson's life, as every time the beast tried to make a firmer bite at him, he ducked himself, as well as his victim, under water, thus swimming about with him as a dog would with a duck, the banks being too high for the lion to climb out with him. This game went on for some time, which must have seemed an age to a man in the fix described. At last the brute let him go, and swam a little distance off and got out on to a small bank in the ravine. He there sat growling and watching Watson, who by this time had been nearly drowned, and was very weak from loss of blood, but he had just strength enough to swim to the opposite bank, catch hold of a branch that was hanging down the bank and clamber out and make for his horse.

In the meantime we had gone on and pitched camp, and I had gone out and shot a wildebeest out of a herd that was grazing about a mile off. I was just cutting off its tail—the custom of all hunters, as a display of the tail is a proof of their prowess—when I saw a Kafir running towards me and calling out to me to come quickly. I started off running to him, as I made sure something serious must have happened. and when I met him the first words were “the white man has been killed by a lion.” Well—said I to myself—here is a pretty mess; it has happened just as I told them. When I got to camp, there, sure enough, was Watson lying in the tent, and his companions standing around, not one of them, however, knowing what to do, and afraid to touch him. He was a pretty sight. His clothes all wet, torn, and bloody—his head cut open

from the back to the eyebrow—like a splendid sabre cut—and his black beard one mass of clotted blood. I at once stripped him and washed his wounds with warm water—cut his hair and bandaged him. He had a wound on his side through which the lung could be seen, and smaller wounds all over his body, but the most remarkable wound was a welt, or whale, from the middle of his back to near the large open wound. I could not understand how he could have got this, as it looked exactly as if it had been caused by a blow from a heavy stick of the thickness of one's wrist. This wound turned out to be the most dangerous of all. I was not afraid of the open flesh wounds, and the one on his head was only a scalp wound. But I did my best to make him more easy, and then got a description of the place where the encounter occurred. The next morning we started in search of his gun and hat, and, from what he said, we expected to find the lion dead. We found the lion, sure enough, not dead, but very savage. We killed him and found that Watson's shots had done very little damage. His first shot had merely broken the lion's hind leg, low down, just above the paw. The shots he fired as the brute sprang upon him had resulted in the breaking of one of the fangs. The welt across the back was thus accounted for, as it had evidently been caused by the broken tooth. This breaking of the tooth saved his life, because if it had not been broken and gone in at his back it must have killed him. On looking about we found his gun and his hat on the top of it, as if carefully placed there, and the lion's tooth not a yard from the muzzle of the gun, showing how close he must have been.

This escape of Watson's is the most wonderful one I have ever heard of. I forgot to say that whilst looking for Watson's gun we came across the skeleton of a crocodile, which plainly showed that the pool was infested by that reptile—so that the triple escape from the lion, from drowning, and from the crocodile, may be described as extraordinary.

We had to wait about a month in this camp before Watson was strong enough to move again. However, not a day passed without our getting plenty of game, and, as good luck would have it for Watson, when he had barely strength to handle a gun, one day, while we were

away from camp, a rhinoceros trotted up to within about fifty yards of it, and Watson, who always had his gun by his side, managed to crawl to the tent-door and shoot it. He was so pleased at this that I believe it helped to bring him round more than anything. What used greatly to delight him was to sit under a tree and look at the skin of his lion, which was a very fine black-maned one. I had it hung up in a tree before his tent. I thought this would be a lesson to the others not to go about wandering by themselves, though I was mistaken, but luckily we had no more accidents, although my friend, Dawney—from what I could make out from the native gun-carriers who used to go with him—had a couple of narrow squeaks from rhinoceros, but he was a capital shot and a plucky hunter. I often look back to those days; though dangerous, they were the happiest of my life.

The finest bag I ever made was—one morning before ten o'clock—twenty-three sea-cows. One would think that, with all these carcasses, there would be great waste, but not a bit was lost. The natives around St. Lucia Bay used to come down in hundreds and carry every particle of meat away. I shot well that day. I took out thirty-six cartridges, and two in my gun. I brought back six and two in my gun—killing twenty-three with thirty shots. That season I killed to my own gun two hundred and three sea-cows, besides a lot of other game, and was only away for under three months from the day of starting. Colonel Tower and Captain Chaplin were with me that year, the one in which the horse "Hermit" won at home. Sea-cow shooting from a boat is capital sport, as there is just sufficient danger to make it excitable, and the hunter must be very quick in shooting, as the animal shows his head above water only for a very short time. From land it is comparatively tame sport.

Whilst away shooting I constantly received messages from Cetywayo, and on my return he always used to bully me for running the risk of being killed by game.

CHAPTER LIV.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

UPON Um'Pande's death, in 1872, I discontinued my long hunting trips. Cetywayo had succeeded his father. Previous to this time he had not troubled me much, only occasionally sending for me when he wished to consult me on any important subject. On one of these occasions he had all his headmen with him at the Mangweni Kraal. (This was before he was made King.) On my arrival he told me he intended to send out an *impi* (army) to some petty tribe in the Swazi country. At this time there was a great division in the Zulu country, Uhamu being the favourite in all the upper parts, and it was said that Usibepu would side with him in the event of an outbreak. I, knowing this, as also the feeling of Cetywayo's own party on the subject, strongly dissuaded him from taking such a step as he contemplated. He, however, held out, and said he was determined to send forth his impi. Had I followed my first inclination, and not thought of the future, I should have liked nothing better than to have joined an impi, but as I had made up my mind to make the Zulu country my home, and as I should have been a great sufferer by any defeat Cetywayo might sustain, I made up my mind to do my best to dissuade him from taking the course he intended. After failing in all arguments, I told him to recollect that all tribes out of Zululand were now armed with guns, and that he must remember what the few guns I had had at the battle of Undondakusuka (fought between him and his brother Umbulazi in 1856, as I have related) did, and that he knew that he had not the whole Zulu nation on his side, but only a small portion, and that if he suffered the slightest defeat the whole country would turn on him, and that I would also suffer. I said, "Wait until you also have guns." After a while I could see that my arguments began to tell on him. "But," said he, "where am I to get guns? The Natal Government will not let people bring them into my country, and you won't help me." I answered that if he

would put off sending his impi out I would try what I could do, and I would go to Natal and see the Governor. This promise gained my point. The next day I started back home, and a day or two afterwards started for D'Urban. On my arrival I luckily found the then Governor, Mr. Keate, and the present Sir Theo. Shepstone, at the Royal Hotel, where I also put up. I went at once to Mr. Shepstone (as he was then) and told him plainly the position I had taken in Zululand, and that it was my object to arm Cetywayo's party as strongly as I could, because I believed that in so doing it would be the cause of preventing another civil war in Zululand, as, if it was known that Cetywayo had guns, he would soon get all the nation on his side. Mr. Shepstone advised me to go straight to the Governor and state my views to him—he himself did not think I was far out. Mr. Shepstone then went and saw the Governor, and after a short absence returned and told me to go in to His Excellency. By his look I was encouraged to state my case plainly, which I did, and concluded by saying that as I did not wish to smuggle, I would take it as a great favour if His Excellency would grant me a permit, on behalf of Cetywayo, to purchase 150 guns, and ammunition for them. This, after consideration, he promised to do, and afterwards carried out. On a subsequent occasion he also granted me another permit to purchase 100 more guns and necessary ammunition, but owing to the people of Natal taking up and opposing the course pursued, I was requested not to make any more applications, which I refrained from doing, and as the Government had acted very liberally towards me, I determined not to smuggle any guns or ammunition through Natal—a resolution I stuck to, although often tempted to break it, as many influential people offered me guns, &c., at low prices.

On my return to Cetywayo, with the guns and powder, he was greatly delighted, and said he now really saw that I was his friend, and was advising him for the best. When I went on the trip during which Watson was mauled by the lion, Cetywayo gave me a number of young men to take with me in order that I might teach them to shoot. Some of them went with me when we started to search for the lion, which, when killed,

they ate every particle of. He was very fat, and Dawney and his friend also tried some of the meat, which they said was not bad, I hope my readers will not go away with the idea that the lion was eaten raw, for a large fire was made, and all was well roasted first.

Being now in good favour, and no more being said about the impi going out, I tried to carry out a scheme I had in view, *videlicet*, that of getting a further grant of land on the Tugela, which was totally uninhabited. This was a belt of country lying between the Tugela and Matikulu Rivers. After a time I succeeded, and upon this fact becoming known amongst a lot of Natal Kafirs—who had been attached to me whilst I was residing in Natal—a number got permission from the Natal Government to come across the border and reside with me. This I also got Cetywayo's consent to and was the commencement of my starting an independent tribe, acknowledging me as their chief and head. Any Natives leaving their headmen or chiefs in Zululand, and coming to reside in the district over which I was chief, were looked upon as having left the Zulu country, and the King's service, and they were not subject to the King's call to arms, unless under me, and they were as free from allegiance to their former master as Zulus who had crossed into Natal, but, they were not allowed to remove their cattle, which were considered to be forfeited to the King. This those inclined to me did not mind, as long as they were permitted to come under my protection, although many a squabble I had to prevent my people being taken away and killed—life was held very cheap in Zululand in those days, and if Cetywayo has, in some future day, to give an account of all the lives he has taken in cold blood, he will have a heavy score to settle.

The object I then had in view was to try to get the whole of the district (which was sparsely populated by the Zulus) from the Tugela to beyond the Ungoye, under me. I had succeeded, so far, in obtaining both ends, and intended gradually to try and populate the middle district, and to get a title from the King and Zulu nation to a strip all along the coast and the Tugela, to be, as I have said, under me as an independent chief, and being a favourite of the people, I knew that many a Zulu who had got into trouble with his own people would come to me for

protection, thinking nothing, as stated, of the loss of his cattle, owing to the knowledge of the fact that I would never let a child starve for want of milk if I had any cattle.

My position had now become one of some consequence in the country, and I was looked on as being second to Cetywayo in authority—the poor old King Pande only holding a nominal position. I now began to feel a difference, as I no longer had the free and easy time I had had of it before, but had constantly to receive some big man as a visitor—Cetywayo's brothers included—and I was now more frequently sent for by Cetywayo. On one of the occasions on which I went to him he was at one of the Ondini Kraals. On my arrival he said Somsen (Mr. Shepstone) was at Nodwengo, and had sent for him, and he wished to know why? On my saying this was the first I had heard of it, he said he thought I would have heard why he had been sent for, and after a long talk, we separated, and I turned in. Whilst lying in the hut that had been assigned to me, a little before daybreak I heard someone asking "Where is the hut John Dunn is sleeping in?" I jumped up quickly and got hold of my gun, and crept to the sliding wicker-work that forms the covering of the low door, which I quietly pushed aside, and looked out. Presently I heard Cetywayo's voice calling to me, and on my answering, he said, "Come out—I want to speak to you." On my going out he said, "I have not slept the whole night. My head has been thinking why Somsen sent for me. I wish you to go ahead before I see him, I will follow, and you can tell him I am coming, but send me back word should you see anything wrong." I knew what he meant. As I had left word at home that I should be back the next day, having just inoculated a lot of cattle I had got from Cetywayo, I sent word home about looking after these cattle during my absence, as I could not say when I should be back, and as soon as it was light I started for Nodwengo.

On my arrival there I delivered my message, which Mr. Shepstone was glad to get. The next day Cetywayo arrived, and the one following he held an interview with Mr. Shepstone, and returned to the kraal he:

was staying at. I did not return until late in the afternoon. On my arrival I found Cetywayo in a very bad temper, and talking a great deal. As soon as I sat down, he spoke to me and said, "Does Somseu know about the way his Induna, Ungoza, is going on? Walking about the King's Kraal as if it was his own, and even going into the Isigoblo (the Harem). What does he think he is? What is he but a dog? If it was not from fear of the 'White House' I would kill him at once." When I spoke to some of Cetywayo's men about this, I found that it was true, and than Ungoza was presuming too much, and making himself too big a man.

On going to Mr. Shepstone's camp the next day, I mentioned this, and advised him to caution Ungoza, or else he would get into trouble. Mr. Shepstone thanked me for telling him.

After waiting at Nodwengo a couple of days for the headmen, who did not arrive, the meeting was put off, and seeing nothing to detain me, and as I was anxious to get back to look after my inoculated cattle, to which Cetywayo did not object, I returned home. A day or two after my departure the meeting between Mr. Shepstone and Cetywayo took place which meeting, according to all accounts, was rather a stormy one, owing to Cetywayo speaking so strongly on the actions of Ungoza, but with no disrespect or danger to Mr. Shepstone. Much to my surprise, I heard some years afterwards that Mr. Shepstone had stated that his life had been threatened, and that, knowing of the danger, I had left without warning him. If I had seen any necessity for remaining, or if Mr. Shepstone had thrown out the slightest hint that he wished or expected me to remain to the last, I would willingly have done so, even at the sacrifice of my private affairs. I was warned and told to be on my guard, as Mr. Shepstone was one of my bitterest enemies. This I heard confirmed lately by one who ought to know well.

The above shows how one's actions can be misrepresented by one who should know better, and how easily one makes enemies without just cause. At the same time, Mr. Shepstone has never said an indignant word to me on the subject, but, on the contrary, whenever he met me he always professed a friendly and fatherly spirit, and always expressed his

pleasure at my getting on. As far as I am concerned, I can assert that, at the interview with Cetywayo, there was no knowledge of danger, or intention on my part to leave him in hostile hands, but my action was simply ruled by my domestic affairs. I am certain there was no danger, as I knew Cetywayo's aim, at the time I am writing of, was to keep on good terms with the English Government, and it was nothing but the conduct of Ungoza which exasperated him and made him speak in the way he did, as intrusion into the harem by a common-born man like Ungoza was a flagrant violation of Zulu etiquette.

It was some years after this time that Cetywayo's feelings towards the English began to change, and the fault lay with the Government, and the messengers they sent, assuming a tone of authority he did not recognise. This feeling was also fanned, at first, by a light breeze from the late Bishop Colenso, and that breeze eventually broke into a whirlwind which ruined the Zulu nation.

I now had to do all Cetywayo's correspondence, and no messenger was sent to the Natal Government without his first consulting me, and when the Natal messengers returned, I had to write the letter. I always heard the verbal message, and read the answer from the Government.

CHAPTER LV.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

THUS matters went on until Umpanse's death, in 1872. Some time after this Cetywayo requested me to go with a deputation to the Natal Government at Pietermaritzburg, and ask that Mr. Shepstone might be sent to represent the English Government, in London, at his installation as King. This request was acceded to by the Government, and in July, 1873, preparations were made to go up to the Amathlabatini, where Panda died, Cetywayo being at his kraal Ondini, near the coast, and eight miles from the former place.

At the time of starting my eldest son was taken dangerously ill, and I was called home, where I daily received messengers from Cetywayo. Eventually he put off going to Mathlabatini, as he said he would not go without me. His principal reason for this was that some mischief-makers had been spreading a report that his late rival Umbulazi had not been killed in the fight, but had escaped to Natal, and that now Pande was dead, it was the intention of the Government to make Umbulazi King instead of him. Hence his saying he would not go without me, as he wanted my advice and assistance in the emergency. On my riding over to him one day and telling him it would be impossible for me to leave home, as I daily expected my son to die, he really burst into tears, and said "If you can't go, I will not, the Spirits would not be with me if you did not go." He, however, sent his principal Doctor, and the next day, much to my surprise, two of his *incekus* or household servants, came with a large black ox. They had orders to sacrifice this animal in order to appease the Spirits, and thus beg of them to allow me to go up. I told them that I did not believe in this, and would have nothing to do with it. But the men said that, whether I liked it or not, they must obey their orders, and before stabbing the ox they went through a lot of incantations and exhortations. Although I had often listened to their

sermons at their own kraal, I had never been so impressed as I was now with what was said. It was quite a prayer. Strange to say—whether he was carried away by the excitement or the novelty of the thing or not—but my boy, who had hardly been able to move in bed without help, much less to rise up, begged to be lifted out of bed, and, with help, walked to the door to witness the ceremony, and smiled as he looked on—the first time he had done so for a couple of weeks. I can assure you, reader, it had a strange effect upon me. You can laugh at the superstition, but an incident of this kind goes a long way with the Zulus. Further on I will relate another incident of this kind that happened, to my knowledge, some two years afterwards.

Shortly after this my son began to show signs of getting better, and I was able to return to Cetywayo, and we then made a start. The muster was a grand sight, thousands on thousands of plumed warriors with women and boys—the two latter being the commissariat train. I was in charge of, and driving his carriage, one I had bought for him. It was the best in D'Urban at the time, and a fine trap. I had four of my own horses in, all greys. I was afterwards sorry I had promised to take charge of the trap as I lost all the sport, but it was Cetywayo's wish to go in the carriage, and he would not trust himself to anyone but me. But it subsequently turned out that he had been persuaded by the Indunas not to go in the carriage, as they were afraid I might serve them the same as I did upon our journey to the Mangwini kraal, and leave them behind, so their argument was urgent, more especially as the rumour had got afloat that Umbulazi was coming with Mr. Shepstone, and that therefore Cetywayo required extra looking after.

After starting and proceeding about a mile, the commencement of a grand hunt was made, and the whole of the following was thrown out to form an immense circle of about five miles in diameter, taking in the site appointed for our camping ground, to which I drove as fast as I could, as getting through the crowd of followers was a very difficult task. As soon as I had unharnessed my horses, I took my gun and made for a good position, but the country was so swarming with

people (as well as with game) that although I had many a good chance of a shot, I was afraid to fire in case I might hit someone, especially as, as usual, they closed in with a rush at the termination of a hunt of this sort. The slaughter of game was great, and since this hunt, which took place in the Umhlatuzi valley, the game has been very scarce here. So many bucks were killed that they sufficed for the food of the vast concourse, and Cetywayo had no occasion to give his followers any cattle to kill. Only two beasts were served out that evening, one for his brothers and one for myself. My own men had also killed a lot of game. We had a severe thunderstorm that night—a most unusual thing at that time of the year—which drenched us all.

The morning was fine, and a start was made in the same order. Cetywayo announced his intention of walking a certain distance this morning, and then of getting into the carriage. So I drove on to where he said he would get in, and, on arriving there, left the trap in charge of a boy, and went to try and get a shot, but again the same drawback occurred; no sooner did a buck show itself than there were a dozen heads in a line with him. At the foot of Inkwenkwe hill, as Cetywayo was coming up, a fine bush buck came running towards me, but I no sooner made towards him than there was a general rush for him. This turned him towards Cetywayo, and one of his Incekus, making a good shot with an assegai, bowled him over within ten yards of his Chief. Just as Cetywayo got in sight of the carriage, the horses, for some reason, took fright, and swerving round, broke the pole. I was not in view at the time, and a boy came running from Cetywayo to tell me. On getting there I found a pretty mess, but with the help of some bush-wood I made a splice of the pole. Cetywayo had in the meantime gone on, and, on my overtaking him, I wished him to get in, but he shook his head and declined, saying that I was to go on to look for a place to camp. I found out afterwards that he looked upon the breaking of the pole as a bad omen. I must not forget to mention that I had bought him some tents, so that, in camping out, he was quite comfortable, and seemed to enjoy the novelty. This day a great number of small buck were again killed

but wood being scarce where we camped, the people had a hard night of it, as it was very cold and there was very little shelter.

The next morning we started in the same manner, hunting on the way. In the evening a lot of the men of Upper Zululand, under Cetywayo's brother, joined us. Cetywayo, in order to show off, had all his men, who had guns, collected in a body and on our arrival at the kraal we were going to sleep at that night, he made them fire two volleys. He had me always close to him to show the up-country Zulus that he had made me his friend. On starting from this place—the Umkindwini—he said that, after the first hunt, he would ride in the carriage, and that I was to go on and wait for him, as he saw that the broken pole stood all right. So I went on for about six miles and waited for him. On reaching me, after a little hesitation, he got in. I think more on account of feeling tired than of any inclination to ride for riding sake. But after we had gone on about a mile or two, he seemed to enjoy it, and was greatly delighted to see some of his big, stout followers who were—an odd collection—our escort on horseback, making ludicrous exertions to keep up with our pace, as I had four good horses in front of me; so that, as I say, they had to do their utmost to make their ponies keep at all near to us. The escort included several dignitaries, such as Sirayo, Gouzi, and several others of the same stamp. They could not possibly have kept up to us if I had not taken compassion on them, in spite of Cetywayo's urging me to push on. I knew from experience that I would only have caused a bad feeling against me for leaving them behind, as some time elapsed before they forgave me for out-pacing them in going to the Mangwini kraal. Cetywayo was in high glee when we got to our camping place in the evening, and said he would ride the whole distance in the trap the next day. But the night's rest again made him alter his mind, or perhaps he had again been persuaded not to ride. So that in the morning he walked.

We got to our camping ground on the Intonjanini early. It was on the exact spot where Cetywayo was reinstalled in the year 1883, on his return from England. We expected to meet all the people from the northern parts

this day. This evening he was very liberal, and gave his followers sixty head of cattle to kill for their suppers. It was the custom for the head Indunas to come to my camp every evening to have something to warm them, as the weather was very cold. On this evening I asked Sirayo what the order of proceedings was to be on our meeting the up-country people. He said, "You ask of us who have come every evening to ask of you. How should we know what is to be done? Have we ever put a King on the throne before? You must tell us. Have you not spoken to Cetywayo as to what is to be done?" I said I had not and as there were so many rumours about what was to take place, one being that the northern Zulus were going to take Cetywayo by force, we had better go to him in a body and ask him, as, if there was any fighting to be done, we ought to be prepared, but I told them I was surprised at their not knowing the order of procedure, as also at their not consulting Cetywayo about it. My proposal was agreed to, and so we went in a body to the tent of the latter, which was about a hundred yards away. We found him in very good spirits, and, on my mentioning the purpose of our errand—as I was spokesman—he seemed much amused and burst out laughing. He said, "Are you then afraid?" I said, "No, I am not, but the Indunas here are, as they don't know what is to take place." He was surprised, however, at what I had told him, and at the Indunas—much older men than he—being so thoroughly ignorant, and said, "Is it then true what John Dunn says? Are you really not joking? Why did you not speak to me before?" He then went into a lot of details with them, in which I took not much interest as I began to think seriously of the situation, and began also to be a little suspicious of their (the Indunas') interest in what was to take place, and that if they were really anxious about the King, why they had not consulted with him as to what was to be done, as I thought that, as a matter of course, everything had been settled.

I now recollected that on several occasions, when I had asked any of them about Uhamu, I had always got an evasive answer, and as no one seemed to know what Uhamu's intentions were, or whether he would be with the northern people or not, I began to feel

that there was every likelihood of a fight, and if so, Cetywayo would not be the favourite of his own party, which they professed he was. After sitting with him till late, I returned to my camp, having learnt what the order of the proceedings was to be, which was, that the whole of the following were to collect in a body, and not to scatter.

Accordingly next morning, as soon as it was warm enough, a move was made, and all the armed force was collected and formed into a circle, and the order for the advance given. It was a fine sight to see these thousands move off. Cetywayo, with myself, and few followers, took the lead, he still walking. Our course lay over the brow of a hill, on arriving at which he ordered a halt of the followers: whilst we—the staff—proceeded about half a mile in advance to a knoll, his object being to have a good view of his followers. He then ordered an advance, and so we went on for about three miles and encamped, as this was the spot he had decided to remain at until the whole nation was collected. This spot was the Makeni, not far from the place of slaughter of the Boers by Dingaan. We were at this spot for about three days until that of the great meeting was at length announced. I had secured a photographer for this occasion, but owing to the cloudy weather and the water being bad, he could not succeed in taking a good picture. I had stationed him at a capital spot, and led Cetywayo, in full dress, and with all his staff, to within fifty yards of where he was. The failure was a great disappointment, and a very great loss to the public in general and to posterity, as such a sight no man will ever again have the opportunity of witnessing, and I believe the photographer, and myself, are the only white men who have ever seen a similar sight.

From what I could make of the gathering, there were three distinct bodies, firstly, Cetywayo and his followers; then came Uhamu and Umnyamana, and a lot of their followers, and then the largest body of all, who were from the north-east, and led by Usibepu. Masipula, although Prime Minister, made his appearance, but with no particular followers. I was very much surprised at there being no one who seemed to know what was to take place.

CHAPTER LVI.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

THE ground round about where the photographer was stationed was selected for the assembly, and as soon as we—*i.e.*, Cetywayo, myself, and the staff of the former—arrived on the spot, the north-eastern party moved in sight, and, on getting about half-a-mile from us, they commenced to form in order. From what I could make out from the remarks made around me, I gathered that our people were beginning to feel uneasy, and now believed in the rumour that Cetywayo was to be taken by force. I now thought it time to speak to Cetywayo, which I did, and while I was talking, Sibebu's party made an advance. Uhamu, Umnyamana, and their party were setting on a mound to the west, so that, if mischief was meant, we were between two fires, which showed very bad generalship on the part of Cetywayo. Usibebu's party first advanced slowly, and then came on with a rush, and some of Cetywayo's staff—Undconewane, who subsequently was with him when he was presented to the Queen in London, amongst others—began to prepare for flight. I alone told Cetywayo that unless the advancing party was stopped there would be a fight. I had nothing in my hand, by the way, but my hunting-crop. From the expression on Cetywayo's face when he answered me, I could see that he had never considered the danger. "Imbala," said he (meaning, "You don't say so?") I said, "Yes, don't you see? Send some Incekus at once to stop them," which he immediately did.

On looking round to the hill on the west of us, I could see that the party with Uhamu and Umnyamana had also taken the alarm. I could now see that Cetywayo began to take a more serious view of the situation. He gave quiet orders for our party to arm themselves, as we had come on to the ground unarmed—at least Cetywayo's followers had, but I had 200 of my hunters with me. These were always in the habit of carrying their guns and ammunition with them, so that I, with them, could make a stand. Fortunately, on

the arrival of Cetywayo's messengers, the leaders of Usibepu's party had influence enough to stop the advance, or else there certainly would have been great slaughter. This fact I found out long afterwards. As soon as I saw the check in Usibepu's party, I left Cetywayo, who I could see did not know exactly how to act, and passing through my men to give them confidence—telling them, however, to prepare for the worst—and after telling one of my men who I knew to be a bad shot, that, in the event of a scrimmage, I would take his gun, I walked quietly up to where Umnyamana was sitting. As soon as he saw me he got up and came towards me, calling out to Uhamu to come also. As soon as he reached me he took hold of my hand, and said, "What is this you are doing? Why are you arming your party?" This I laughed at, saying, "Why should we arm? Who have we to fear?" He said, "All right; remain with us, then"; to which I assented. I had left Cetywayo without telling him where I was going. Shortly after I had been with Umnyamana, I saw Cetywayo's party coming up to where we were. Whether he had missed me, and not knowing where I was had got uneasy, or whether he had changed his mind as to the place of assembly, I can't say, but he came up to where I was, and the whole of the parties then came up and formed a great circle.

As each lot came up it fired blank charges, but they fired so close to one another in some instances that there was a serious danger of being knocked over by the powder. In fact, Sedweledewe, one of the principal men on our side, and Colonel of the Ngobamakosi Regiment, had a charge so closely fired behind him that the paper and wadding from the gun cut a hole in his cow-tails, which comprised a principal part of his dress, and also burnt a hole in his shoulder. If the man who had fired the shot had had his gun loaded with a heavy charge of powder the affair might have proved fatal. Everything, however, passed off quietly, and I firmly believe that it was owing to my advising Cetywayo to send messengers to check Usibepu's party in their advance that a general massacre was avoided. Another check on the opposite party was the knowledge of the fact that my hunters were there with their deadly guns, and the opposite chiefs also

knew that those of Cetywayo's men who were armed with guns, and considered to be under me, were also present. The whole ceremony seemed to be a novelty to all, old as well as young, as they had no precedent to go by. After all was over Cetywayo sent for me and we returned to his private tent (a photograph of which was taken) and after a talk on various matters, and a drink of Kafir beer, which I much enjoyed, I returned to my camp. This night the whole of the nation were assembled. That is to say, the male part, but as a matter of fact a good portion of the girls and young married women were also present. I felt very much disappointed again at the photographer not having been able to take a good picture.

The next day another meeting took place, but the number of the people had greatly diminished. On this day Cetywayo was proclaimed King by Masipula, the Prime Minister, and, so far, the ceremony ended for a time. All this time we were awaiting the arrival of Mr. Shepstone, and after the lapse of three days without any news of him, the King decided to move on to the vicinity of Nodwengo Kraal. On arriving close there he, owing to some superstition, struck off from the main road, across country, not going near the Nodwengo Kraal. His object in thus doing was to keep the site of the intended kraal a secret in order that the abatagati (according to Native superstition) or wizards might not bewitch the spot.

Nothing of any particular interest took place for several days. At last it was announced that Somseu had crossed the Tugela on his way up, and eventually reported as being at the Intonjanini, from where he sent a messenger to say he expected to have found the King awaiting him there, and that, as he had not done so, he hoped to see Cetywayo there as soon as convenient. But the latter strongly objected to this course, as did most of his headmen. The King then asked me to go to Mr. Shepstone with some of his messengers, but I objected, as I did not wish to be involved in the dispute. I said, at the same time, that I thought he (the King) was quite right, but advised him to send some men of standing instead of the usual class of messengers. He sent Sibepu and Sirayo to settle matters, and it was a day or two after their return that a party of Mr. Shepstone's escort rode over. Amongst

them were Lewis Reynolds, and the late Mr. Baines, the traveller, and two officers, one of whom was Major Clark, of Transvaal notoriety, their object being to see if everything was on the square, as they expressed it. On my stating my views, they quite agreed with me that there was no danger, and they themselves were anxious to come on.

I must not forget to mention an amusing incident connected with this party. No sooner they were seated in my tent than old Baines asked for a piece of paper, and he at once commenced to make a sketch with his pencil, which on finishing, he handed to us, saying, "I defy any of you to sketch yourself in the act of falling from a horse." It appeared that that morning, whilst *en route* to me, they had galloped across country, and Baines' horse had put his foot in a hole and fallen with him. It was a very good natural sketch. They returned to their camp the same day well pleased with their ride, and fully determined to persuade Mr. Shepstone to come on to a spot near to where I was with the King. Whilst waiting to receive Somseu, the King decided to have a hunt, and to sleep out. We did not, however, go far the first afternoon, as it was late before a start was made, and only a few small buck were killed. We encamped for the night in the Bush.

The next morning an early start was made, and the people thrown out to surround a tract of country about four miles in diameter, and by twelve o'clock a lot of game of all sorts were killed. I only managed to get a shot at one buck, which I killed, as there was difficulty in free firing owing to the people about; indeed, it was wonderful that no accident happened, for the bullets were flying about in every direction. About one o'clock the King gave the order to return home. It was a very hot day, and as he had had nothing to eat since supper, I expect he began to feel the want of something. I myself had taken the precaution to put a couple of biscuits in my pocket. As I said before, it was a very hot day, and I expected to see the King perspiring profusely; but, on the contrary, to my surprise he kept as dry as a bone. This shows what hard condition he must have been in. To all appearance he was fat, but on touching his flesh it became apparent that it was all firm flesh. This is a peculiarity of all his family. They have all immense thighs. There are only two of his

relations, to my knowledge, who are given to be flabby, viz., Uhamu and Mahanana. This peculiarity points to the fact that they are a distinct tribe, and it is a great pity that no history has been traced. This, as I have said, I attempted to do, but was frustrated by the loss of all my notes, notes which no man will ever again have the opportunity of taking.



CHAPTER LVII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

CETYWAYO's ancestors descended from the younger son, Zulu; his elder brother being Quabe, the founder of the present races known by that title, the representatives of whom are the present Musi and Mafongonyana, now living in Natal. The quarrel between Quabe and Zulu, the two brothers, occurred about a white cow, bought by their mother, and given by her to Zulu. This much enraged Quabe, and hence the strife and the breaking up of the family. Pongosi, the ancestor of the present tribe of that name, of whom the late Gauzi (one of the Chiefs appointed by Sir Garnet, now Lord Wolseley) was head Induna, and he sided with Zulu, and collected all his tribe together.

But, to return to our hunt story. On our way back, a hare jumped up, at which several shots were fired. Cetywayo also fired, and made a good shot, and bowled him over at about sixty yards. This was not bad, considering that it was a bullet he fired with. He was in high glee, and said I could not now laugh at him. But soon after that I had an opportunity of distinguishing myself, as I fired when the whole of the men of the hunt were looking on. As we were walking along there was suddenly heard a shout of "Inyamazana!" (game) and two rhee bucks came cantering over the brow of a hill about 200 yards off. I called to the King to shoot, but he would not do so, saying they were too far. I then took sight and made a good shot, hitting one in the head, and so, of course, rolled him over. Cetywayo shouted out some expression of praise, when the whole lot took up the shout. From this day my reputation as a good shot was established amongst the nation. The King said to me. "I have often heard of your shooting, but now I am satisfied." At this moment two men came running towards us, and, on reaching us, reported that the kraal was on fire. The King immediately ordered all the men to run as hard as

they could and extinguish the flames, and we followed at a good pace, broiling hot as it was, and still he did not perspire. Sure enough, as soon as we got in sight, we saw the King's kraal was in a blaze, but, before we got up to it, the fire had been put out, but not before it had demolished a great portion of the huts, and scorched a good many people; one man and a girl in particular were badly burnt. Although the fire at the kraal had been extinguished, it had passed on, and was still raging in the grass (which was very dry) away to the West. The King's huts and tents had fortunately escaped, so on getting to these, we went in, and he called for some beer, but before taking any he took a drink of water. I never saw such a change come over a man. About ten seconds after he had drunk the water he broke out into profuse perspiration, which simply streamed from him at every pore. This lasted for about a quarter-of-an-hour, when he began to get dry.

After finishing the beer I went to my camp, which I had just reached when there was a cry of fire again, and on going out I saw that the wind had changed, and the fire was raging along, making for the kraal, which it soon reached, burning down the huts, and a few minutes after came charging for my camp, where stood a wagon of mine with a lot of ammunition. I at once set all the hands I could muster on to it, and ran it into an old bare mealie garden, not however, before the fire had overtaken it, and scorched some of the fellows' legs, but they bravely stuck to it and saved it. In the meantime I had collected all the men I could to carry water in calabashes to me. These I emptied all round the enclosure where my tents were standing, which checked the flames and gave us time to beat them out, not, however, before some of the fence had caught fire within two yards of my sleeping tent. I can assure you, reader, I breathed with a sense of relief when the furious flames passed on beyond my camp without doing any serious damage. In the adjacent kraal—one of Cetywayo's—more than half of the huts were consumed, his own again escaping. Many of the poor people had a hard night of it, as no shelter was to be had, and all their blankets were destroyed, as the fire came on so suddenly that they had no time to save any-

thing, and there was a good deal of grumbling and ironical good wishes for Mr. Shepstone for detaining them so long.

At last the Natal Representative was reported as approaching, and he shortly after took up his position about three miles from us. All this time the people were under the impression that Umbulazi was being brought up by Mr. Shepstone, and all his actions were therefore looked upon with suspicion, and closely watched. A day of meeting was at length fixed on. The King first intended to go with me in the carriage, but he was persuaded by his headmen from doing so, as they were afraid that, if any treachery was brewing, I might drive off with him at a gallop and hand him over to the English, so he asked me to go on with the carriage and await him. He shortly afterwards followed, with about fifty of his principal men. Whilst I was talking with Mr. Shepstone they came in sight, but walking very slowly, the pace getting slower as they got nearer. I could see the King expected someone to come and meet him, so I asked Mr. Shepstone to allow me to do so. He answered that he would be glad if I would do so, and thus give Cetywayo confidence, also saying that when the King came within a hundred yards he would also step out to meet him. This was accordingly carried out, and after a short talk, Mr. Shepstone, with Cetywayo and some of his followers, retired to a tent to consult on different subjects. Whilst this was going on inside, an amusing scene was taking place outside between two Izibongi (jesters or praisers), each yelling out the strings of praises of their respective Chiefs—Mr. Shepstone and Cetywayo—and trying to outdo each other. At last they got so excited, being urged on by the crowd of whites and blacks who had formed a ring round them, that they were very nearly coming to blows. Seeing the matter was getting serious I stepped in and separated them by taking Cetyway's man away. The scene had indeed been highly diverting. The lively and extraordinary grimaces and the other visual contortions of the men must have been very edifying to anyone who had never witnessed such a scene before. After a day had been fixed for another preliminary meeting to consult, the King and I drove to my camp.

The second meeting took place at the Umlambang-

wenya Kraal, at which the King was staying for a time. This assembly took place in the middle of the cattle kraal, and was attended only by Mr. Shepstone and one of his sons, and the late Colonel Durnford, and also by three or four of Mr. Shepstone's Native Indunas, on the one side, and of Cetywayo, myself, and a few of his men on the other. Nothing of importance transpired, and after a talk which lasted some time, I opened a couple of bottles of champagne and claret—a favourite blended drink of mine—and mixed them in a tin can, when several of us refreshed ourselves, Cetywayo included.

At this meeting the subject of Amatonga labour was brought up, and Mr. Shepstone proposed that an agent be appointed by the Government. The King agreed to the introduction of the labourers, but, turning to me, he said, "There is no need to appoint anyone; here is one that will do." Mr. Shepstone remarked to me that he did not know if I would accept the position. I said that I would if I was well paid for it.

CHAPTER LVIII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

BEFORE proceeding further, I must retrace my steps and finish the story about the fire. The evening after the day of the great fire, I was sent for by the Indunas who wished to consult me on some matters, and whilst sitting with them in the hut, a cry of fire was again raised. The grass was so dry that before anything could be done twenty or thirty huts were burned down so close to Cetywayo's quarters that the people of his household huddled all the things out and carried them some distance. A good deal of pilfering went on, and many of the things were never seen again. Amongst the things was a tin box containing about two dozen bottles of Chlorodyne that I had bought for him. This pilfering showed what little fear these people have for death, well knowing that on the slightest thing being found in their possession, and which belonged to the King, death followed for a certainty. Cetywayo was very down-hearted on account of these fires, and said openly that he did not think they were the result of accident, but were lit intentionally, and he began to be very suspicious.

The day was now finally fixed for the great ceremony of the Coronation of Cetywayo by Mr. Shepstone, with which, however, the former was not at all satisfied. What he had expected he never revealed, but expressed himself as being disappointed with what took place, which was nothing but a lecture of advice. There was a very small show of people, most of them being tired of waiting so long, and having returned to their homes. The photographer again failed to take a picture although I had secured him a good position within the kraal. This was again a disappointment as it ought to have been a good picture. There had been a large marquee erected, which, with a lot of things, were made a present to Cetywayo after the ceremony was over. After Mr. Shepstone and all the escort had left, the King went into the marquee to

inspect the things. Here he was again disappointed, as there was not a single thing he could put to his own use. And so all the ceremony was over. He had been proclaimed King by Masipula before the arrival of Mr. Shepstone, and now this had merely been confirmed by him, and now he was the acknowledged King of the country by the Natal Government, as well as by the Zulus.

The next day Mr. Shepstone broke up his camp and set off for Natal, and so we were once more left to ourselves to do as we liked, a proof of which was shown a few days afterwards. As the last of the staff of Sir Theophilus (as he is now known—having received this title in 1876) was moving off, I was sitting with the King in his hut, when two messengers from Sir Theophilus were announced. They stated that they had orders to deliver their message personally to the King, and he gave orders for them to be brought in—at the same time saying to me “Sit on one side so that the messengers cannot see you.” On their arrival he told them to sit outside the hut and deliver their message, which was simply relating to me. They said they had been sent by Sir Theophilus, and that though he had assented to my being appointed Amatonga Agent, the King must not deem this to be conclusive, as the Governor of Natal might object to me and appoint someone else. On the King asking if that was all, they assented. He then said, “Tell Somseu that that question is settled, I want no one else.”

Soon after the above, Sir Theophilus wrote me a rather severe letter, I thought, warning me not to assume too much authority, as he could not recognise it. At this I felt much hurt, as I had given no cause for his saying so, and in answer, wrote him to that effect.

However, I got the appointment of Amatonga Agent at a salary of £300 a year, and retained it until the war broke out. I encountered a deal of difficulty for some time, as it had been the custom of the Zulu people to look upon the Amatongas as objects of legitimate plunder; but having been fully authorised by Cetywayo to do as I thought fit, I soon set matters right, and they still continue unmolested to this day.

One afternoon it was reported by one of the King's

Incekus, or household servants, that a tin can resembling the one that had disappeared on the night of the fire, with the chlorodyne in it, was at the kraal of another Inceku, who had gone home the day after the fire, and who was residing on the coast. The King at once sent off a man to see. This man pretended to be on a visit to the suspected man, and whilst at the kraal of the latter the tin was produced by the thief, saying he was going to give his visitor a treat of some grog he had bought, and which was very nice. On this he took out about half-a-dozen bottles of chlorodyne and emptied them into a pot of beer, which he gave to his wives. The stuff, being sweet, would naturally give a good flavour to the beer, which the ladies soon finished. The description that I got from the witness of the scene that follows was very amusing, as these people are very happy in their manner of relating anecdotes, &c. Shortly after the women had finished the beer, they began to yawn and laugh consumedly at each other, each accusing the other of making her yawn. This went on for some little time, much to the amusement of the spectators and the husband, who himself was getting nearly as bad, owing to having taken a couple of mouthfuls of the drug himself. At last they could not keep their eyes open, and they were eventually taken out of the hut insensible, and their state was put down to the strength of the supposed spirits. The women were, of course, very ill for some days afterwards, and one was nearly dying. As soon as the man who had been sent by the King saw the effects of the chlorodyne he quickly sent off to inform the latter, and in about two days a messenger came to summon him, as well as the man who had stolen the can. One morning, about eight o'clock, I was sitting in front of one of my wagons talking to some of my men when I saw a gathering of the Indunas at the gate of the King's kraal, I remarked that there was some mischief brewing. After they had been talking for some little while, I saw at once a scrimmage, and a man knocked down and pounced on. Seeing me in view, the Indunas sent to tell me that they had been trying the thief, and that he was to be killed. The poor fellow lay on the ground for a short time, for he had only been stunned. His arms had been twisted right round behind his head and tied together straight bolt upright over his head. As soon as he re-

covered his senses he prepared to march. Having often witnessed a similar scene, he knew, from terrible experience, the routine. So he got up of his own accord, and, without being told, took the path to the place of execution, and was followed by about half-a-dozen men, who had been told off to go and finish him.

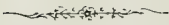
This was the first man killed after the coronation of Cetywayo, almost before Sir Theo. Shepstone could have reached Maritzburg. But it served the fellow right, as he was guilty of a great breach of trust. The Zulu is only to be ruled by fear of death, or the confiscation of his entire property.

The policy at present adopted by the Home Government is only making the fine Zulu nation a race of rogues, who will eventually stick at nothing. The alteration in them during the last five years is something astonishing. The most noticeable but unaccountable thing is the spirit of invention—to put it mildly—that seems to have sprung up suddenly amongst them. At one time almost anything told was to be believed, but, in these days, one has to be very cautious in believing anything, as many of them will invent and twist, and turn a tale to suit their own views, without the slightest regard to truth.

I must not omit to mention an event of great note which took place about the time of the Coronation. This was the death of Masipula, the Prime Minister. He had been to a meeting of the principal Indunas held at a temporary kraal or encampment where Cetywayo was residing until he took up his position as king. The meeting was rather a strong one, I was told, as I was not at it, having received a hint that my presence was not necessary, as the subject of discussion was only the rule of the late King Umpande. On the breaking up of the meeting Masipula called on me as he was passing to his kraal where he resided. After sitting with me for some time in my tent, he got up to leave, and turning to me, said, "Good-bye, child of Mr. Dunn, I have finished my part and am now going to lie down—I am now going to sleep—look after your own affairs—I have no more a voice in matters"—meaning that he wished to retire from public life, as Umpande, to whom he had been chief Induna, was dead, and he now wished to end his days in peace. The poor old fellow little thought, when he thus

spoke, that his end was so near—that the words he then said to me were among his last, and that the sleep he wished for was to be everlasting, for that same evening, as soon as he got to the Umlambangwenya kraal, where he was staying, on entering his hut he was suddenly taken ill, and died before morning. There was, of course, much consternation amongst the people, and, as usual, many rumours afloat, one of which was, that having displeased the King, something had been put into his beer.

Shortly after the killing of the chlorodyne man, one of Pande's old servants was put to death, and this was the opening of the ball of killing without trial which was usual in Cetywayo's reign.



CHAPTER LIX.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

ABOUT a month after his coronation, Cetywayo gave orders for all of the late King's cattle to be collected and brought to him. In due course of time the cattle were reported to be in the vicinity, and he appointed a day for the first lot to be brought. It was a wonderful sight to behold the continuous stream of cattle, from day to day for more than a week. As soon as one lot passed, another came, according with the different military kraals, the system of the apportioning of these cattle also according with the numbers taken in battle, which, as above stated, were distributed amongst the military kraals. The cattle were now again distributed by the Indunas to men who became responsible to them, and reported to them all deaths of cattle, and they in their turn again reported to the King. Consequently, rightly speaking, these cattle were the property of the State, the same as the land was, and were supposed to be drawn upon for state purposes, even although considered to be the property of the King. But he himself would not take any number from any particular kraal, without first consulting the Indunas in charge of such cattle, even if he wanted any for slaughter. In the same way he would not part with any of the land of the country without first consulting the leading men, and only with their consent could he do so. I will quote an instance. Some years ago, the Natal Land and Colonization Company made a proposal to me to try and secure for them the title of a certain tract of land in the Zulu Country. Accordingly I spoke to Cetywayo on the subject, although he was not King then. He seemed well pleased with the tempting offer I made him, and appointed a meeting with me, as also with some of the Company, to meet him and his head men. Accordingly I went to D'Urban and the Company selected a man to return with me. On getting near the Tulwana kraal, I went on to announce my arrival, and a meeting was appointed for next

day. On our arrival at the kraal we found a large gathering of the headmen seated with Cetywayo. After the usual greeting, Cetywayo said to me "Speak." I then spoke on the subject in hand. After several of the Indunas had asked a few questions, Umnyamana spoke and said, "Yes, what you say, child of Mr. Dunn, is very good, but our land is our home, we don't like parting with it; besides, we are afraid of you white men. If we give you a piece for more than one to live on, they will want more, and so on until they get the whole, and we will have to wander about as if we had no land. It is well with you personally. You are living with us—you are one of us, but we don't know any other white man." Cetywayo turned to me, and said, "You hear? I can say no more—the Indunas have conquered me." Thus ended our land scheme, all this proving that the King was ruled by the voice of the Indunas in matters of cattle and land. Cetywayo though not King at the time, yet had all the power of the King.

The cattle came pouring in day after day. Out of each lot the King selected some fancy coloured, and gave many cattle away as presents. He obliged me to be with him the whole of the time, and I got heartily sick of sitting with him and looking on. I estimated the number of cattle at about one hundred thousand head. After all was over he made me a present of one hundred head of young stock, and the whole lot again dispersed. But this particular muster ended in serious disaster. It was the death-blow to cattle-breeding in Zululand. "Lungsickness" had been, and was very busy with many of the herds collected, and mixing them up spread the disease all over the country, and judging from the number of hides that the traders carried from the country during the two following years, the number of cattle must have been reduced by at least a half. So that Zululand, from being one of the richest, is now one of the poorest cattle countries in this part of South Africa, and I believe it will never be one-half as well off in cattle as in the olden days. Oxen are at present very scarce, and the Zulus set a greater value on an ox than a white man does. After having been with the King four months from the time of my starting from the Ondine, he gave his consent to my returning home, and right glad was I to do so.

Things after this went on well and peacefully, owing, I am sure, to nothing but my having advised Cetywayo, and shown—to the intimidation of the rival factions—that he could produce a good stand of arms. Otherwise I am convinced that there would have been bloodshed at the first meeting of all the Zulu tribes before the arrival of Sir Theo., who established him as King, *so that he owed his position to the countenance of the English, when he was not a favourite with the Natives.*

All now remained quiet until he took it into his head that he ought to establish his supremacy by following out an ancient custom of washing the spears of the nation in the blood of some neighbouring tribe. When he conceived this idea, he sent for me to write a letter to the Natal Government, stating his wish to go against the Amaswazi. In reply to this letter the Natal Government signified its "Entire disapproval of the warlike step in contemplation."

The answer of the Natal Government made the King change his plans, although it enraged him, as I could plainly see. A journey of eighty miles which I had frequently to make to the King's place was no joke for me, but there was no help for it; and, as my argument had weight with him, whenever he had a difficult question to unravel, the Indunas always advised him to send for me, consequently I had constantly to be going backwards and forwards. On one of these occasions he sent for me to read a letter purporting to have come from the Government in Pietermaritzburg. On his handing the supposed despatch to me, I was surprised to find it to be an appointment of a Dr. Smith and a Mr. Colenso to act for him (the King) as his agents in all diplomatic affairs connected with the Colonial Government. On my saying to him, "This is no message—where is the other letter?"—thinking there was some mistake, he said that it was the only one. I then told him the purport of the document, at the same time asking him who these men were that he had appointed. His answer was, "I am the same as you; I don't know them—or anything written on that paper; the words are not mine." He then sent for the messengers (his own, who had returned to him), and on their arrival he asked them the meaning of what was in the letter they had brought. Their answer was, "Yes, we delivered the

King's message as it was given to us, but on going to Sobantu (the late Bishop Colenso) he advised us to make the statement we did, and as we thought it was for the good of our King, we did so—Sobantu further stating that if the King trusted to the Inhlwana of Sonzica (meaning the Little House of the Shepstone's) he would go astray, as they (the Shepstone's) had to leave the Amaxoza country for having got them (the Amaxoza) into trouble with the whites, and they would treat Cetywayo likewise unless he appointed some white men to look after his interests with the Government of Natal, proposing the before-named gentlemen to be such agents." I advised Cetywayo at once to rectify the mistake, which he agreed to, and sent off messengers to the Government. Not long after the return of the messengers from Natal, Mr. Colenso came into Zululand to get an explanation from Cetywayo, and to claim certain expenses which he thought himself entitled to in consequence of the appointment. On arriving at the Amahlabatine he took up his quarters with Mr. Mullins, a trader, and one morning he came over to my camp and explained his mission to me, requesting me to assist in his recovering from Cetywayo the sum of five hundred pounds, a sum he said he felt he was entitled to. I, knowing the circumstances, tried to persuade him that he was wrong, and that there was small probability of his getting redress, at the same time declining to intercede for him. At a meeting between himself and Cetywayo I was present, and after going into particulars, Cetywayo spoke out very straightforwardly, saying that although he looked upon Sobantu (Bishop Colenso) as a friend and a father, he did not wish him or his to interfere between him and the Government.

Not long after this the King confided to me that he had been told not to put his trust in me, as I had been offered a box full of money, and all the land along the coast, if I would kill him, at the same time saying "I tell you because I don't believe this, but I won't tell you who says this. It is, however, one of your own race. I think this is said against you from jealousy." I tried hard to get him to reveal who had been trying to make this mischief between him and me, but he would not divulge the secret.

CHAPTER LX.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

ABOUT this time a fight took place between two sections of the Undini kraal, the Tulwana and Ngobamakosi, two separate regiments, but located in the same kraal. This was at the Umkosi, or Meeting of the Feast of First Fruits. I was sitting with the King in the Nodwengo kraal, where he was holding state, and several regiments had been going through the prescribed ceremonies, when, on looking towards the Ulundi kraal (which was about a mile and a half away) to see if the regiments mentioned were coming out, I saw that some scrimmage was going on, and said so to Cetywayo, but he asked "Between who? They all belong to the same kraal." But I still persisted, and said that although it was so, yet there was something wrong. Just at that moment we could distinctly see that one body was charging another right through my camp, which was opposite the Ulundi kraal. The King then said I was right, and sent off some men to see what was wrong. They were not away long before they returned stating that there was a severe fight between the Tulwana and Ngobamakosi regiments, and that they (the messengers) could not approach within a certain distance for fear of being killed, as the latter regiment gave no quarter to a man with a ring on. (For the information of such of my readers as may not be acquainted with the peculiarities of this people, I may say that at a certain mature age the men are allowed to encircle their heads with a ring which is worked on to a rim of hair left on the clean shaved head, and composed of cow-dung, ungiane—a sticky exudation from the Mimosa and other trees—grease, &c. This ring is then highly polished.) Fresh messengers were sent by the King to stop fighting, but without effect, and so it went on until nightfall, and as I saw no chance of the fight abating I went back to my camp, telling my men to keep close to me, knowing that they would not be

molested so long as it was known that they were in my personal charge. On our way, several parties of Ngohamakosi, who were lying in ambush to cut off any of the Tulwana who might be returning, sprung up and ran close up to my party with assegai drawn, but as soon as I called out, saying it was me, they drew back.

On getting back to my camp I found a sanguinary mess. On lighting up my tent I found that one poor fellow must have run for refuge there and been stabbed in the tent, as there was a squirt of blood right round the canvas, over the table, and covering a Worcester Sauce bottle and salt cellar all over. On going to my sleeping tent I also found the front of it all covered with blood, and my servants told me that one man had been killed there, whom they had dragged outside, and there he lay about three yards from my wagon. Another was lying against the fence where my cook had his kitchen. This poor fellow was not dead, but unconscious, and moaning frightfully. I tried to get him to drink some water, and tried to make him swallow some spirits, but he was too far gone, and died during the course of the night. All round the cattle kraal the dead and wounded were lying, and everything was covered with blood, the hottest of the fight having taken place there. Feeling rather hungry after the long day, and having performed my ablutions, I went to my dining tent expecting to find the table laid as usual, but was surprised to find no preparations. On calling to my cook and asking for an explanation, the fellow stared at me and said, "Where am I to put your food." I told him, where it was always put. "What," said he, "with all this blood?" and he pointed to the tent and table. But I told him to get some water and wash the table, a job he did not at all like, for although Zulus do not mind shedding blood, and ripping a man up in battle, they have, in their cooler moments, a great dread of touching a dead body, or the blood of men. After I had finished dinner and the servant had cleared the table, he said, leaving the tent "You white men are monstrous, you eat your food where blood has been spilt, as if it was water." I gave him a good night-cap and told him not to mind, as neither he nor I would be the worse for it. I turned in after taking a walk round, and doing what I could for all the poor fellows who were lying near wounded, but

could not get much sleep owing to the groans of the wounded, swelled by the cries of friends and relatives calling out to find some missing one the whole night long. Early the next morning Dr. Oftebro, and the Rev. Mr. Gunderson, Norwegian Missionaries, came to my camp, and we took a walk round to see if we could do any good in relieving the wounded. The doctor had a lot of bandages, &c. Many a mournful family, sitting in groups did we meet with, and sympathetically heard them moaning over some dead or badly wounded relative. Others again were carrying some of the dead to be buried. One poor old man we saw, with his two daughters, sitting over the corpse of his only son. He seemed quite stupefied with grief, and sadly said to me "He was my only one." We met with several pools of blood from where the victims had either got up and gone away, or had been carried off, by their relatives. One poor girl had only just arrived the same day, having brought food from home for her two brothers, but since the fight she had heard nothing of them. She went in search of them and found them lying side by side, both killed, which so much affected her that she gave one heart-rending, piercing shriek, and dropped down dead by their side.

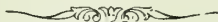
We estimated the killed on both sides to amount to between sixty and seventy. To give an example of the absurd difference of opinion between some people as to the number of killed, I was riding with the present Lord Wolseley, after the battle, over the field of Ulundi, which was near where the fight above described took place, and talking about the probable number of killed, when I heard a man say to the then Sir Garnet that there were more killed in the fight between the two Zulu regiments than by the troops at Ulundi, and on Sir Garnet asking him what number, he said he thought seven and eight hundred. I have said that my estimate was between sixty and seventy.

A great many of the wounded were carried to Mr. Gunderson's Mission Station, and were taken care of by Dr. Oftebro, and he must have had a very trying time of it. With kind attention we brought many round, but some died. I also took charge of several of the wounded who made the fence of my cattle kraal their home for the time, and I did my best for them. A great many of them were

buried about two hundred yards from my camp, in gullies and ant bear holes, and the neighbourhood being infested with wolves, they made a hideous howling and great noise over some unfortunates, whilst, strange to say, others were untouched. This particularly struck me one morning when I went to the scene of the conflict. One body lay apparently quite exposed, but whilst the wolves had not touched it, on the other hand they had disinterred a man who had been very securely buried, having a heap of stones over his grave.

The scent getting rather high around my camp, I was glad of an excuse of returning home, but before doing so I was fortunate enough to be the means of saving the life of Usidweledewe, Colonel or Commander of the Ngobama-kosi Regiment. After this I went over to the Indaba-kaombi Kraal, where the King was staying, as he—deterred by superstition from passing over the ground where so many had been killed—could not come to me. On my entering his hut he said “Have you heard what happened last night? The Baboon was here again, and left evidences of its presence in the enclosure.” This referred to a belief that Usidweledewe made use of a Baboon which he had power over, to send around his charms of witchcraft, and that he had constantly sent this animal at night to lay his charms at the door of the King’s hut, in order that he might be continually in favour. So if any dog got into the enclosure about the huts of the King, and left its traces, the matter was laid to the charge of the said Baboon; a rather knowing excuse for the gate keepers to get out of a scrape, and out of clearing up any impurity, as such dirty work was the duty of certain medicine doctors. Well, to continue with Cetywayo’s account, he said to me, “He does not do this to injure me, but to turn my heart so that I may not get angry with him. Usidweledewe has sent his isilwana (wild beast) as he was afraid I might kill him after what took the other day,” meaning the fight between the regiment of the Colonel in question and the Tulwana. After a long talk with him, in which I tried to persuade him not to listen to what was said against the slandered Colonel, as I knew he was one of his staunch adherents, and that what was said against him was only from jealousy, I went out, and whilst walking amongst

the different groups of headmen, I heard a conversation between three of the Indunas, who were sitting apart, which was to the effect that a message was to be sent to the Colonel to say that the King wished him to return, and nothing further would be thought of the fight, and that as soon as the messenger returned and reported that he was on the way, men were to be sent to way-lay and kill him. To explain the cause of ill-feeling on this occasion, I must go back to the fight ; which was supposed to have been caused by the Colonel's assumption of authority in ordering his regiment to break through the Tulwana one, on which Uhamu went straight home in high displeasure, and on being sent for, refused to return until Colonel Usidweledcwele had been brought to task, and as the King had refused to have him killed, this tale of the Baboon had been trumped up in hopes of inducing Cetywayo to comply with their wishes. There was also a deadly hatred against the Colonel, on account of his being so great a favourite with the King, who persisted in shielding him, therefore the antagonistic party determined to act for themselves, and have him quickly put out of the way. On bearing this conversation, I at once started back to my camp, and sent one of my men off to the Colonel, to warn him not to take any notice of any message he received which recalled him, any such message would be a deluding one. This course saved his life, for sure enough a day or two afterwards, messengers were sent to recall him in the King's name, but having been put on his guard by me he made some excuse for not going. This diabolical plan I managed to frustrate, before going home, without anyone but the intended victim and my messenger knowing anything about it.



CHAPTER LXI.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

FROM this time the tone of Cetywayo towards the English Government began to change, and I could see from the constant secret meetings which took place, that his intention was to make war somewhere, but I did not for a moment believe it was his intention to fight against the English, although I could see that he was greatly exasperated at the tone of the Government, assuming authority over him that he did not think they had a right to.

About this time I could perceive that there was a determination on the part of the English Government to make war with the Zulus, and to try and avert the evil, I wrote to the "Aborigines Protection Society" in England, pointing out the unfairness of favouring the Boers against the Zulus, and saying that otherwise the Zulus were well disposed towards the English. I was, however, persuaded not to send the letter.

In the earlier pages of this book I mentioned an incident connected with the illness of my son and the sacrifice of an ox. the termination of which served to strengthen the Zulus in their superstitious belief. I think it was in 1877 that a severe drought occurred, which lasted some months, and, after all the rain doctors had expended all their charms and devices, some of the Zulus persuaded the King to resort to the old custom of offering a sacrifice of oxen at the graves of the departed Kings. To this he at first demurred, being rather stingy with his cattle. At last he agreed, and a number of oxen—I think ten—were collected, and the principal old Indunas went with about two thousand men with these oxen to Um'Pande's grave, and from there to the graves of ancient Kings. Strange to say, they had not been gone an hour when, although there had been no sign of rain, the sky became overcast with heavy clouds, and as soon as they reached Um'Pande's grave and solemnly commenced the deep and

impressive National Chant, the rain began to descend, and continued for about a week. I was so much surprised at this that I wrote a letter to the *Colonist* stating the facts of the case, and saying that the thing would probably be stigmatised as heathenish superstition, but that if a congregation of whites had prayed in Church for rain, and it had descended from God in answer to their prayers, the matter would have been alluded to as an additional illustration of the wonderful efficacy of prayer. If this holds good with one, why not with the other? They are both creatures of a Great Creator.

Matters now began to assume a very serious aspect, and not long after I arrived at my home—which, as I have said, was more than eighty miles from where the King resided—he again sent for me. Messengers were now constantly passing between Cetywayo and the Government, and reports began to be rife that a move was being made by the troops in Natal towards the borders. On my arrival at Maizekanye (meaning “Let it come—i.e., the enemy—all at once—if it is determined on coming”) where the King was, I found that none of the head Indunas were there. After being with him a little while, and writing two letters—I think to the Natal Government—he wished me to write a letter conveying rather an angry message. This I refused to do, saying that I now plainly saw that it was his intention to quarrel with the English. I would not have anything more to do with his messages until Umnyamana and all the principal Indunas, including Uhamu, had come, as, in the event of an open rupture with the English, they would try to throw the blame on my shoulders. I further said that I did not believe he would have gone so far in sending word to the Governor with only Sirayo and Rabanina to advise him, as he knew they were not recognised as Indunas of any position. After bandying a few words with me, he acknowledged that I was right, and next day he sent off to summon Umnyamana and the others. I could now see he was in earnest, and intended to fight, as I noticed a marked change in him, and I wrote to that effect to the Governor of Natal. His manner towards me became also quite changed, and he sent to me one morning saying that as we two had the country to look after, and that

there were now so many reports, I had better leave and go home, and watch what was going on in the lower part of the country, and report everything to him, and he would likewise report to me. This I could see was only an excuse to get me out of the way. I sent back word to him to say that I would go as soon as the Indunas Umnyamana, Uhamu, Sibepu, and others had arrived, as I wished to talk to them first and explain to them the course I had taken. He did not say anything, but I could perceive he did not like my remaining. I, however, waited until the Indunas arrived, and I explained to them what had taken place, and that I refused to go further with Cetywayo in sending messages to the Government with only Sirayo and Rabanina as his advisers, as I could plainly see they were leading him astray. A day or two after this, after a meeting of all the headmen, about dusk one of the King's servants came to me and warned me to fly, as Sirayo and Rabanina had advised that I should be killed, as I would report everything they said now that it was decided to fight with the English. This I suspected was only a ruse to try and frighten me away. I, however, that night slept with my double-barrelled gun close beside me, determined, if mischief was really their intention, not to fly, but settle a couple before they killed me. However, all passed quietly off that night. Next morning I made up my mind to go to Cetywayo and tell him I knew everything that had been said the day before, and that if he thought fit to kill me just for giving him good advice, that I was not the only white man on earth, and that he would find out his mistake before he had finished. I said that my only reason for staying was my desire to explain everything to Umnyamana and the Indunas, but having done that, I was now ready to leave. I never in my life saw a man look so ashamed of himself. He would not look at me, but bent on one side, pretending to take snuff. After remaining silent for some time, he spoke in a very subdued voice. "Yes," he said, "you are right; the people look on you as a spy, and don't like your being here, this is why I wanted you to leave, but now you have spoken I want you to remain." This I refused to do, saying, "No, now I can go, as I know that no one can blame me if anything

goes wrong between you and the English." All this time he was getting his soldiers up and marshalling them. On the day after I had spoken to him he had two regiments up before him in order to talk war, and lay wagers, and challenge each other, as is their custom when preparing for war. I had been sitting on a mound a short distance off looking on, and being disgusted with the turn affairs were now taking, I returned to camp and told my people to prepare, as I intended to start for home next day. From my camp I could see the gathering, which broke up in an unusual manner, as the soldiers shouted in an excited way, and a great number left their usual course and came in the direction of my camp. My people began to get very uneasy, but I told them not to be alarmed but to remain sitting quietly. The soldiers of the gathering came swarming past, and several went right through my tents. On my speaking to them they shouted out, "That is past (meaning my authority) ; a white man is nothing now in this country ; we will stab him with an assegai and disembowel him." I had hard work to keep my temper, but several of their captains, who had come to me for a drink of water, and were sitting beside me, persuaded me to keep quiet. That same evening I went to bid Cetywayo farewell. He tried hard to persuade me to remain, saying, "I am not a child ; I see the English wish to have my country ; but if they come in I will fight." I said, "Yes, I see, it is no use talking to you any more ; your soldiers are leading you to a precipice over which you will go headlong—*they* will turn back, and you will be pushed over yourself." This forecast turned out to be too true, as he was captured almost alone. Several Indunas and many of the soldiers were not for war, as I understood from several private conversations with them. On one occasion Umyamana said to me, "What are you troubling yourself for any more ? Cetywayo will not listen to what we say—leave him alone and he will see what he will see." In a conversation I had with Uhamu, he made use of words to the same effect.

CHAPTER LXII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

ON reaching my home, I sent several messengers to Cetywayo in succession, trying to persuade him to relinquish the idea of fighting with the English, but without effect. In the meantime troops were being massed in Natal, and were on their way to the border, and eventually I received a message from Cetywayo, and also, at the same time, a letter from the Secretary for Native Affairs, in answer to a letter of mine begging him to inform me whether it was the intention of the Government to make war, as, in such an event, I should wish to quit the country or remain neutral. The answer was that a message had been sent to Cetywayo telling him to send some of his headmen to meet certain officials despatched by His Excellency to convey him the terms on which peace could be maintained, and requesting me to be present at the meeting. The message from Cetywayo was to the same effect, saying that the Indunas were coming, and requesting me to go with them. Accordingly a day was fixed and a meeting was held, as we all now know, at Tugela Drift, overlooked by what was afterwards named Fort Pearson, after Colonel Pearson of the Lower Column at Inyezane, &c., and the famous Ultimatum was read to the Indunas, and then handed to them to convey to Cetywayo. They returned with me and slept at my lower station, Emangete, four miles or so from Tugela Drift (Ford). They tried to persuade me to accompany them back to Cetywayo in order that I might read the Ultimatum to him. Seeing that matters were coming to a crisis, I refused their request. They then left the written Ultimatum with me, and I have it now in my possession.

CHAPTER LXIII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

ALTHOUGH the Ultimatum never reached Cetywayo, but was left at my place at Emangete—about four miles from the Tugela—I nevertheless despatched one of my own men to the Zulu King, conveying through him the full purport of the document, as I felt convinced that his own messengers would not tell him one-half of it. My men arrived some days before the King's own messengers reached him, and brought back a message from Cetywayo, complaining of the short time given to collect the cattle demanded, and at the same time sent another message to me, saying that if it came to fighting I was to stand on one side. I wrote a letter to the Natal Government stating the King's complaint as to the shortness of the time given to collect the cattle, and received for reply that the word of the Government, as already given, could not be altered, and saying that unless the prisoners and cattle were given up within the time specified Her Majesty's troops would advance, but, in consideration of the disposition expressed to comply with the demands of the Government, the troops would be halted at convenient posts within the Zulu border, and would await the expiration of the term of thirty days, without in the meantime taking any hostile action, unless it was provoked by the Zulus.

About the time of the above date, Lord Chelmsford and Commodore Sullivan came up to the Tugela, and so I crossed that river and requested an interview with them, which was granted.

In course of the conversation Lord Chelmsford asked me what course—in the present aspect of affairs—I intended to take? I told him that my intention was to remain neutral. To this he answered, "I cannot allow you to do that. You must either take one side or the other—join us, or take the consequences." I told him that I had no quarrel with the Zulus, and did not like taking up arms against them, but begged him to advise me what to do.

After considering for a little while, he said, "Take my advice, Mr. Dunn, and cross over to this side of the river (the southern boundary of Zululand) with all your people, and bring as many more with you as you can. We will give you room to locate them, and will feed them free of expense to you; and after the war is over I promise to see you reinstated in your possessions." For this advice I thanked him, and promised to act on it. Up to this time I did not believe that matters would culminate in war, but now I could see that it was not to be avoided.

Lord Chelmsford said he was afraid that he would not get the Zulus to fight. But, from my experience, I knew that if the fighting die was once cast, Cetywayo would concentrate his forces, and risking everything on one great battle, fall upon the column that he thought would give him most trouble, so I advised Lord Chelmsford to divide his forces into two strong columns, so that either would be strong enough to cope with the whole of the Zulu army. Lord Chelmsford laughed at this idea, and said, "The only thing I am afraid of is that I won't get Cetywayo to fight." I said, "Well, my lord, supposing you get to his kraal, and he won't fight, what will you do?" His answer was, "I must drive him into a corner, and make him fight."

I asked the above question, as I had begged Cetywayo not to fight, even if the English army invaded his kraal.

I felt sure that no real grounds for war—beyond an unreasonable dread on th part of the public of the Zulus—existed, hence my advice to Cetywayo.

I must not forget to mention that, before meeting Lord Chelmsford, I had written to the Natal Government, impressing upon them the imperative necessity of sending two very strong columns into Zululand if war was once entered on, as I felt sure Cetywayo would try to take them in succession, and I also knew that if the Zulus were properly met at the start, and were defeated, the war would very soon be over. But Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Chelmsford much underrated the Zulus, and hence the disaster at Isandhlwane and the prolonged war. Whereas, as I say, if the Zulus had been properly met at first, the war would have been over in two months, and the best of terms made.

My people all this time were in a great state of perplexity, as they were at a loss as to my intentions, for I had not divulged them to anyone beyond leading my people to believe that I was going to take them coastwards out of the way. But on the 30th of December, 1878, I gave notice to all my people at the Ungoye (about 35 miles from the Tugela River) to collect bag and baggage and join me, the time being opportune, as most of Cetywayo's men—who might have interfered with mine—had gone up to the King's kraal to attend the Feast of First Fruits. My people, with their cattle, got down safely the next morning to Emangete, from which place I went on to the Tugela. The latter river was full, and the scene can be imagined. The river and its banks were crowded with thousands of natives and cattle. I had three thousand head of my own—and the lowing, or rather bellowing, of the cows and calves, the bleating of sheep, goats, &c., the crying of babies, blended with the shoutings of women, made a perfect babel of confusion. However, with the kind assistance of the Naval Brigade, I managed to get all safely across the river in two days, but the discomfort of the first night on the Natal side I shall never forget. Before I could get shelter for my family, a cold rain set in, and so everything was wet and miserable, and it was only owing to the perseverance of my cooks that we got anything to eat; my people meanwhile shifting for themselves amongst the bushes, &c. When my people arrived on the Natal side of the river they were deprived of all the guns they had, which were mine, and which were given to the Native Police for the defence of the border. For this loss I was never compensated.

The next day being fine was passed in drying and getting ready to start, which was effected during the course of the day, my people and cattle going on to a site selected for my location near the Border Agency. The next day I followed with my family. My natives, I must say, before leaving the river were very much disheartened on seeing what they thought was the whole force of whites, and I had hard work to dissuade many of them from going back to Zululand, and throwing in their lot with the Zulus. However, the arrival of more troops gave them fresh confidence.

The spot I was located on turned out to be a very unhealthy one for both people and cattle. Hardly a day passed without some deaths occurring among my people, and during the time I was there I lost three hundred of my cattle, but I was fortunate enough to sell a considerable number to the Government at a very good price.

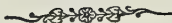
Lord Chelmsford broke his promise as to feeding my people, and I had to do so myself at a very heavy expense, having to kill cattle for them and supply them with mealies, which were only to be had in any quantity from the Government, who parted with them as a favour and at a high price. Fortunately I had wagons and oxen at my disposal, and I could send to D'Urban for supplies, otherwise the expense of transport, which was, at that time, very high, would have been very heavy. While I was staying at this place, and shortly after the Isandhlwane disaster had happened, an amusing false alarm occurred. One evening I had just finished my dinner when I heard a cannonading going on at the Lower Tugela Drift, where the troops were stationed. I was then living about three hundred yards from the Border Agency Station. I jumped up and at once went over there, knowing that, the river being in flood, if there was an attack by Zulus at all, and it must be on the further bank of the stream, at Fort Tenedos, where the Naval Brigade was stationed, as I felt sure the Zulus would not cross the river in the dark. On reaching the hut of the Border Agent, I found his horse, ready saddled, standing outside, and on entering his hut I found him fumbling among some things. He was ready booted and spurred. On my asking him what he was doing, he said—handing me a pistol—"Good God! where is your horse! let's be off to a place of safety, don't you hear? the Zulus must be across." I said, "What? and leave my people to look after themselves? No, I won't do that; where are my guns that you took from my people? let me have them back, I will not leave." I then told a couple of men, who were with me, to shout out the call of my tribe, and within ten minutes I had all my men with me eagerly calling out to be armed. I asked the Border Agent to give me out the arms, at the same time asking him if he had sent out in the direction of the firing to see what was wrong? He said he had not

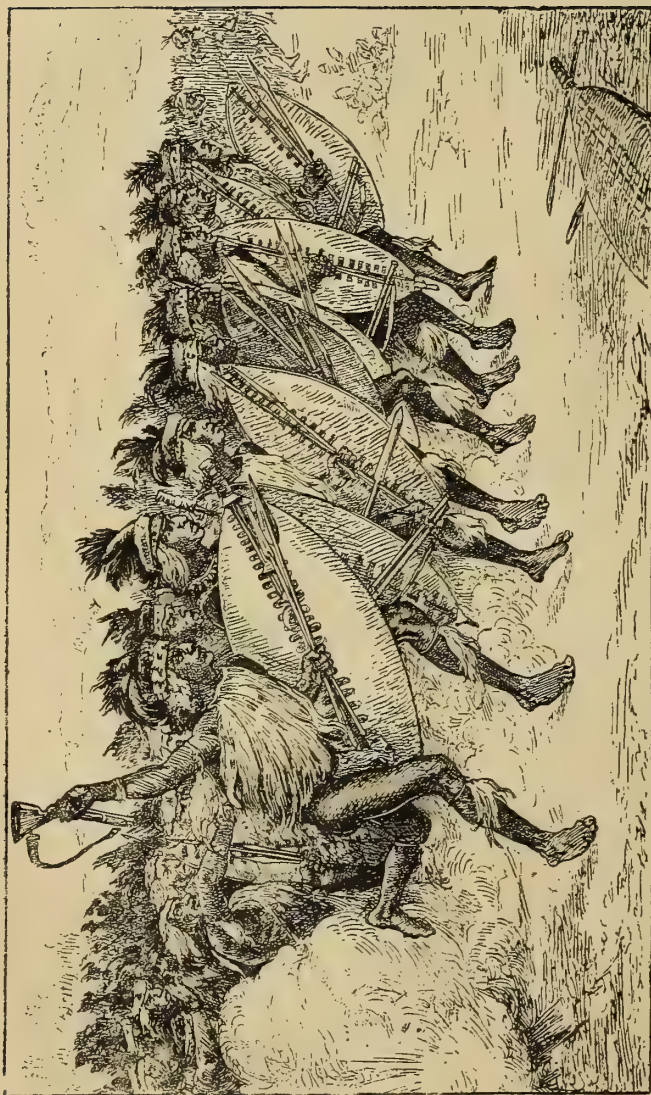
done so. He then went with me, and opened a place he called his magazine, where my guns were supposed to be, I, in the meantime, having sent some of my own men to run and ascertain the cause of alarm. On his opening the "magazine" only about a dozen guns were there, and none of those mine. He only then recollected that my guns had been given to the Native Police. Any-one in my (then) position can imagine my feelings, and I could not help making use of a strong expression, saying, "Here are my men, who really could be of some service, hemmed in like a lot of old women with nothing to defend themselves or families with." Whilst I was looking over the guns to see if I could select a serviceable one, the Border Agent said to me, "Dunn, will you take charge? I am off to give the alarm." The firing, by this time, had ceased, and away he went. His own police were very much disgusted with his leaving them without any orders. He had not been away half-a-hour when my men, whom I sent to learn the cause of alarm, returned, saying that the affair was a false alarm which had occurred on the further side of the river.

I at once sent off a man to Mr. Jackson, the Magistrate at Stanger (to where the Border Agent had gone) with a short note stating that the alarm was a false one, and that there was no danger at all. The troubles of the Border Agent, however, were not over. In taking a short cut to get into the main road, he had to go through a cane field. The night was very dark and a drizzling rain was falling. Just as he got on to a slippery siding, he heard a number of Coolies, who had taken the alarm, jabbering, shouting and making night hideous, and having Zulu on the brain himself, he turned his horse to fly, when the animal lost his footing, and great was the fall. In the scrimmage up he lost his spurs, and was altogether in a deplorable plight, scared, covered with mud, wet, and miserable. He told me the tale himself, acknowledging that he was in a great fright, as, he said, he was no fighting man, and had a great dread of having an assegai sticking in him. The man I sent reached Stanger, and found that the alarm had already been given, and all the people about were going into laager. My note, however, reassured them and they returned to their homes next morning.

At daylight on the ensuing day it was found that the only damage done by the cannonading of the Marines was a dead horse and a lattered bag of mealies, both of which were riddled with bullets. Thus ended this farce.

The crossing of the troops into Zululand, and the march to Etshowe, I will leave to others to describe, but after Isandhlwane, the Colony was in a constant state of alarm.





Murray & St. Leger.

Cape Town

ZULU METHOD OF ADVANCING TO THE ATTACK.

(Reproduced from engraving published in the "Illustrated London News," April 19 1879.)

CHAPTER LXIV.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

SOME time after the happening of the events, as above described, when I was on my way back from D'Urban, and when I was at the Umhlali Hotel, I received a note from the late Mr. Reynolds, saying that Lord Chelmsford was at his place, and would very much like to see me. So the next morning, about nine o'clock, I started in compliance with his wishes, but met the General—who had also started to see me—on the road. He got off his horse and asked me to allow him to get into my trap, while my groom, who was with me, could ride his horse, as he wanted to have some private conversation with me. I then turned back and drove him part of his way on his journey. We had a long conversation, the purport of which was that he had been greatly misled by people who knew nothing of Zululand or the Zulus, and that he would be glad if I would give him my advice and assistance. I promised to raise a body of one hundred and fifty of my own men to act as scouts and hand them over to the officers in command of the Forces at the Tugela, which I did as soon as I got back to where I was staying. These men that I raised were attached to Major Barrow's Horse, and did good service.

The force at the Etshowe was now entirely cut off, and no communication could be had with them, and I was again asked for assistance, and high reward offered if I could get anyone I could depend on to run despatches to the besieged. This I succeeded in doing, as I started two men at dark, who went right through during the night, reaching Etshowe at daybreak. The first time they met with no adventure, but the second time they walked right in amongst a lot of Zulus, who were on a watch. They were chased, and several shots fired at them, but, the night being dark, they escaped. On the last occasion, however, they were again chased, and one of them—the one who had the despatches—was killed. Lord Chelmsford promised that these

messengers should be rewarded, and the relatives of the man who had lost his life compensated. But nothing came of it, beyond what I paid myself and a couple of sovereigns given by the Rev. Robertson. So much for the word of anyone representing the authority of a military Government. In the first place, I had to pay for all the food I got from the Government at a much higher rate than I could have bought it for privately, and this supply, which was granted as a great favour, was so insufficient that I had to keep on killing cattle for my people. In the second place my despatch-runners, one of whom, as I have said, was killed, got no reward; and in the third place I had, to suit political purposes, been appointed a Chief, and after all was over, was quietly told to resume my old position, which was simply an impossibility.

Some little while after I had supplied my men to act as scouts, the detachment entrenched at Etshowe under Colonel Pearson proclaimed that they were running short of provisions, and could not hold out a certain time, so, as we know, a relief column was organised under Lord Chelmsford himself. He asked me to put down in writing what I thought the duty of the scouts to be. This I did, and sent him the writing, in reply to which I received the following letter:—

“Lower Tugela, 25th March, 1879.

“DEAR MR. DUNN,—

“I am much obliged to you for your suggestions regarding the employment of your men as scouts, which will be carried out.

“I think it will be very advantageous if you yourself were to accompany me as far as the Inyezani River. I would not ask you to go further. Your presence with me would ensure the efficient scouting of your men, and I feel sure that I should myself derive much assistance from your experience of Zulu warfare and from your knowledge of the country passed through.

“I quite understand that you do not feel justified in running the risk of depriving those who look to you for support of your helping hand, but I do not think what



Murray & St. Leger.

LIEUT.-GEN. LORD CHELMSFORD,

Cape Town.

I ask you to do entails any particular risk. Awaiting your reply,

“I remain,

“Faithfully yours,

“(Signed) CHELMSFORD.”

“I should not of course ask you to do any work with the scouts, but simply to accompany me as an adviser.”

“C.”

“I shall probably start the day after to-morrow.”

Lord Chelmsford backed up the foregoing letter by sending one of his staff to induce me to comply. However, I replied to neither letter or message, but rode over next morning and had an interview with the General. After a long talk, during which I explained to him my reason for not wishing to join against the Zulus, he said, “Well, Mr. Dunn, I feel sure you can be of much service to me, which, if you will render, you will receive the thanks of Her Majesty’s Government, to say nothing of my own personally, but if you do not, you know what will be thought of you for withholding the assistance you can give, and you can expect nothing after the war is over.” I then asked him to allow me until next morning to consider, which he did. On reaching home I began to think earnestly of the situation. I could see that I could be of service in pointing out the means of averting another disaster, and besides, I knew that in the fighting between the Boers and the English at the Bay, (D’Urban) my father had suffered by remaining neutral, so I made up my mind to go with Lord Chelmsford to the relief of the Etshowe garrison. The next morning I rode over and conveyed my decision to the General, at which he was very much pleased.

A few days afterwards a start was made, and at the end of the fourth day we had done a distance of about eighteen miles and I selected a good position for the Ginginhlovu camp, as I felt sure there was a strong force of Zulus in the neighbourhood, and I did not like the idea of being caught on the line of march with men of whom I knew nothing—martially or otherwise. Shortly after we formed

laager at Ginginhlovu a heavy thunder-shower fell, which drenched everything. As soon as it was over Lord Chelmsford asked me to go out with him to reconnoitre. This we did, but found the Inyezani river so full from the heavy rains that we could not cross. On our way back to camp I saw several small columns of smoke rising here and there in the vicinity, and I was at once convinced that they arose from the Zulu camp, and told Lord Chelmsford so, and advised that mounted men should be sent next morning to draw them on to an attack *before* we broke camp for a forward march. This he agreed to. On our return to camp we found everything in a pretty mess of slush and mud in general. Tents there were none, and so we had to pick out the driest spots under the wagons, the General doing the same as the others. There was no distinction, and so no grumbling, and we were all most thankful for something to eat.

The next morning, about daybreak, there was a call to arms, and shouts of "There they are!" and, sure enough, on my getting up on to a wagon, I could see dense masses of Zulus coming down on to us, and trying—with their usual tactics—to encircle us. When they came to within about fifteen hundred yards the order was given to fire. I got on a buck wagon—*i.e.*, a wagon without a tent—with my rifle. This was an ammunition wagon. I reserved my fire until the Zulus got within three hundred yards, and when I was picking off my men at that range, I noticed that the bullets of the volleys fired by the soldiers were striking the ground a long way beyond their mark, and on looking at their rifles I found that they still had the long range sights up, and that they were firing wildly in any direction. I then called to Lord Chelmsford, asking him to give orders for lowering the sights. This was done, and the soldiers began to drop the enemy faster, and consequently check the advance, but again, when I had my sight down to one hundred yards—as the Zulus came nearer, I noticed that the soldiers had up the three hundred yards sights. The bullets from the Zulus were now flying thickly, and several passed unpleasantly near to me, as, being on the top of the wagon, I was rather a good mark. The battle only lasted for a short time, but for that short time it was very hot. At last we beat them off


and followed them for some distance, my men doing good work. I know I fired over thirty shots, and missed very few. I was much disappointed at the shooting of the soldiers. Their sole object seemed to be to get rid of ammunition or firing so many rounds per minute at anything—it didn't matter what. I calculated the loss on the side of the Zulus to be about seven hundred. Our loss was comparatively very small, although many oxen and mules were killed. I had three of my men wounded. The battle was over early, and the rest of the day was spent in burying the dead and preparing for a forward march.

Whilst acceding to the request of Lord Chelmsford to accompany him, I had only agreed to go as far as the Inyezani River with him, my intention being, however, to go the whole way to Etshowe, but this I had not told him until now, and he seemed much pleased when I so announced my intention.

From the way that the Zulus scattered, I could see that it was a complete defeat for them, and that there was no danger of their again molesting us on the line of march, which turned out to be the case. We made an early start and reached the garrison at Etshowe late that evening, having travelled a distance of about fifteen miles. On the morning of the second day we again made a start on our return, as we had accomplished our object, viz., the relief of the Etshowe garrison, and right glad was it to be free again. We returned to our laager at Ginginhlovu and then went on to Fort Pearson, on the Tugela, but we did not reach our destination that evening. We had to camp in a very nasty spot amongst bushes, but the moon being full it was a splendid night, so that a man could be seen plainly at a distance of a hundred yards. We turned in anyhow, as our blankets had miscarried. Towards morning there was a false alarm, and I was roused from a sound sleep by hearing firing and shouts. I seized my rifle and jumped up, but what was my horror when I recognised the voices of some of my unfortunate native scouts calling out "Friend! Friend!" which they had been taught to respond to the challenge of the sentries. I called out, "Good God! they are shooting my men down!" and ran out, calling out to the soldiers to stop

firing. On passing the line of fire I came upon one of my men lying dead in the trench with a bayonet wound in his chest. On examining the lot I found ten more wounded, two of whom died the next day. To account for this mishap, I must describe the mode that had been adopted as regards the placing of the night picquets that were stationed all round the encampment. My men were stationed outside as fielders to the soldier picquets, with orders that, on any alarm being given, they were to retire in order on the soldiers, and each lot to retreat to the enclosure. Well, it appears that an alarm had been given for no cause whatever, and my men had retired and were coming on with the soldiers, when, although it was known that there was a picquet in that direction, they were taken to be Zulus. The picquet, being of the 60th Rifles, wore dark uniforms. The soldiers, without waiting to be certain, commenced firing. The white picquet took the brunt of the firing off my men, five of them being hit, and in trying to rush into the enclosure eleven of my men were bayoneted, three of whom died.

As soon as it was fairly day we moved on until we reached the laager at Ginginhlovu, but the smell from the dead being unpleasant, Lord Chelmsford did not stop there, but we went on and formed camp about two miles further on the main road.



CHAPTER LXV.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

DURING the short time I was with Lord Chelmsford, the opinion that I formed of him was that he was a thorough gentleman and a good and brave soldier, but no General. Should this ever meet his eye, I hope he will forgive me, but my reason for forming this opinion was that I could see that his personal pluck led him to have no regard for the safety of his men. He would select any spot for a night encampment without studying the surroundings. Another of my reasons for my opinion was that he did not keep his men sufficiently together on the line of march, so much so that if the Zulus had been properly led they would have given us much trouble, and cut many a column up. Colonel Crealock—one of Lord Chelmsford's staff, and brother to General Crealock (who was subsequently appointed to the command of the Lower Column)—came to me and said that he had been sent by Lord Chelmsford to beg me to join the Lower Column officially as Chief of the Intelligence Department, as he fully saw my worth, and felt assured I could be of much service to the Imperial Government, and of great assistance to General Crealock, who had just arrived in Natal, and was appointed to take command of the Lower, or Coast Column; and that as he was a new man in the field, he would require some reliable assistance. I asked Colonel Crealock to give me time to think of the offer, which he did, and I saw I could be of service by inducing the Zulus to give up fighting, and perhaps might even persuade Cetywayo to come to terms, and thus put a stop to unnecessary bloodshed. Up to this time nothing had been said to me as to remuneration for my services, past and to come. Ultimately I decided to accept the offer, and so went to Lord Chelmsford and announced my intention of joining the Lower Column under General Crealock. He expressed his pleasure at my decision, and said that, "as regards pay, you will receive the pay of a Commandant, that is, thirty shillings a day, with rations

for yourself and two horses." This, he said, would commence from the first day of my joining him at the Tugela, my time being my own until I joined General Crealock.

I must not omit to mention one of those in command in this column of the relief of the Etshowe garrison. I allude to Commodore Richards of the Naval Brigade. I liked him very much, and we took to each other from the first night we met, when we slept under a wagon together. He was a very pleasant fellow. The Naval Brigade did good service. I much preferred their style of going to work in action, travelling, and things in general, to that adopted by the other branch of the service.

As soon as we reached the Tugela Lord Chelmsford went on to D'Urban to meet General Crealock and the Prince Imperial of France, of whose arrival he had been apprised on the night of our return. I followed a few days afterwards in order to be introduced to General Crealock. On this occasion I was fortunate enough to be introduced to many a good fellow, amongst whom was Major Poole of the Artillery, who, on the capture of Cetywayo, took charge of him, and was with him at Cape Town, until he (the Major) was ordered to join the force sent against the Boers, and lost his life at Laing's Neck, shortly after his arrival there.

On my being introduced to General Crealock by Commodore Richards, he said to me that from what he heard he had no doubt we would get on well together, that he did not know the exact date of his being able to take command at the front, but in the meantime I was to let him know of any information that I might obtain.

An advance post had now been established at the Inyezane River, called Fort Chelmsford, near the Ginginhlovu battle field, about twenty-five miles from Fort Pearson on the Tugela River. General Crealock was not detained long in D'Urban, and in due time arrived at Fort Pearson. The work of moving forward now commenced. Trains of transport wagons with provisions, and escort, were now being constantly despatched to Lord Chelmsford, and troops of cavalry and bodies of infantry sent forward until there was a considerable force there, and a large supply of provisions.

CHAPTER LXVI.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

My work now also commenced in earnest. Messengers from Cetywayo used to arrive at Fort Chelmsford, and were detained at that place, and I had to ride over there and received these messages and send back the answers to them. On my arrival, on one occasion, at Fort Chelmsford, I was greatly amused to see a batch of these messengers being taken out for an airing by the soldiers, with nosebags covering their heads. This was a precaution taken to prevent spying. They certainly did look very ridiculous figures as they were led along thus blindfold.

It took some considerable time before General Crealock could manage to get sufficient supplies to the front, owing to the slow transport, and as I was now in full swing of work, the delay was tedious to me, so I got permission to go in advance to Fort Chelmsford. Luckily, we had not to wait many days after my arrival there before General Crealock, with the main force, came up, and an advance was made towards Port Durnford. I was ordered to go with the advance column under Colonel Clark. I went on in front scouting with some of my men, with the object of trying to light on some Zulus and endeavouring to have some communication with them, and persuade them to come in and give themselves up, and by doing so enable me to send them round again and persuade many others of the folly of holding out. I felt convinced that as soon as it was known that I was with the troops many would listen to my voice and surrender, especially if it was known that all who did so would not be molested nor have their cattle taken from them. After a while I was fortunate enough to see a few stray Zulus, and on sending some of my men to them, two of them came up to us. I kept these two with us that night, and in the morning sent them with messages to different people of theirs. They were glad to be set free, saying that they would

not have come in at all if they had not known my messengers personally, and therefore were certain that it was I who sent for them. I was now leading the column a short cut in the direction of Port Durnford, so after two days' march we came to the Umlalazi River, and as, owing to the heavy rains, it was too deep to ford, a bridge of pontoons had to be made. This took two days, and in the meantime the whole force came up. I rode over with a few of my men, and again espied a few Zulus sitting on a hill. I again sent a man to call them, and one came to me, and I at once sent him off to a man named Guzana, whom I knew well, telling him to come to me the next day with his people. On my return I informed General Crealock of what I had done, and he arranged with me to go next day and meet Guzana. The next day I got a message from the latter to say that he sent the bearer first to ascertain whether it was really my own self who wanted to see him, and if it was, the man was to say that he would meet me at a spot a few miles off, which I was to name, as he was afraid to come in among the soldiers.

Accordingly, about two o'clock we went over and met him, with about six men, and we, including the General and myself, only numbered five. After a little talk, the General told him the terms of submission, and told him to bring all his family in the next day. This he promised to do, and did, coming in with about a hundred and fifty men, women, and children. We had a nice little family now on our hands, but as food was plentiful they were not much trouble. I now had plenty of available men to carry on communication with, and whom I could now send to the different head men I knew and advise them to come in.

We now advanced to Port Durnford. But before proceeding further, I must not omit to mention an unfortunate accident that happened to the General. The day after Guzana came in we were riding round in the direction of Guzana's kraals, when we espied a cow running towards us. The General called out, "The first man that reaches her can claim her," and he started off. I was in advance, and was reining in my horse to give the General the lead, which, fortunately for me, he took. As soon as he got up to the cow she charged him, and before he had time to get

out of her way she struck his horse with her horn between his hind legs, ripping out his entrails. I then shot the cow; but the General lost a good horse, as it died shortly afterwards. The General was a very good shot with the rifle. One day we were riding along, and saw a Paauw (Bustard). I always used to carry my rifle, and I handed it to the General to have a shot at the bird, which was a couple of hundred yards away. He took aim, and dropped it.

When we got to Port Durnford we found a vessel waiting for us there, and we had not been there many days before the effects of the peaceful messages to the Natives became apparent. Hardly a day passed without someone coming in with his family, and in a short time the country was swarming with people who had surrendered, and brought all their cattle with them. I received instructions to select all the cattle that had belonged to Cetywayo, and to return the remainder to their owners. About this time we received the news of Sir Garnet Wolseley's landing at Natal. He had come to supersede both Lord Chelmsford and General Crealock, and, at a certain day, was to be at Port Durnford. That day having arrived, he appeared, and signalled from his ship that he wished to see me as soon as he had landed, and I received orders to be down on the beach in waiting, but owing to the weather turning out to be too rough, he could not land, and had to return to Natal and come by land. Before he arrived at our camp, however, we received the news that Lord Chelmsford had fought a battle at Ulundi, and that the Zulus had, even by their own account, been completely defeated. People from all over the country now began to come in to where they heard I was, and that from distances of sixty and seventy miles.

A day or two afterwards, Sir Garnet held a meeting of all the chiefs who had surrendered, and after his telling them the condition of surrender, he asked them if they had anything to say. Undhlandaga, one of the principal headmen, acted as spokesman, and said, "Our word is but one—we wish no more for a Black King—we wish for a white one, and the white one we mean is that one (pointing to me) John Dunn. He knows us, and knows our ways, and we know him and like him." The rest of the men then

said "our voice is one, we say the same." Dr. Russell, the correspondent of the London *Times*, who was present, turning to me, said, "Well, Dunn, that is a great compliment, and one that you might well be proud of." After the meeting was over, Sir Garnet took me to his tent, and on thanking me for my services, said that he understood that I held a tract of country with a tribe under me as an independent Chief, and asked me if I should like this tract extended. I said, yes, I should be glad of it, and after a conversation as to the future settlement, and examining a map, we separated. Preparations for breaking up now began; we, that is the part of the column that was to proceed with Sir Garnet to the Ulundi (for the purpose of getting Cetwyayo to surrender or capture him) and General Crealock and his staff. I had got on well with the General, who was a very pleasant gentleman, and many a fat fowl had I helped to demolish at his table.

The opinion that I formed of this General was that he was a good commanding officer, looking well after his commissariat, and sick in the Hospital, but if ever he should read this, he must excuse me for saying that if fighting had occurred he would not have shone as a General. But I might be wrong.



CHAPTER LXVII.

JOHN DUNN'S NOTES.

I WAS now under command of my third General, Sir Garnet Wolseley, who was accompanied by his brilliant staff. Our part of the column, under Colonel Clark, now moved on to the Umhlatusi River, from which encampment it was the intention of Sir Garnet to go and meet Lord Chelmsford, who was on his way homewards from Ulundi, and on his (Sir Garnet's) return, start back for Natal and join a column that was to be formed in an up-country division of that column, and proceed with it and meet us near Ulundi. Large numbers of people and cattle continued to come in daily, and messages also from Cetywayo, but without any tone of submission. From here I sent three of my own men to him trying to persuade him to come in himself and surrender, offering, if he would do so, to go and meet him. On Sir Garnet's return from meeting Lord Chelmsford, I had some misunderstanding with a Mr. Fynney who was acting as an interpreter to Sir Garnet. As he was meddling in my business, which very much annoyed me, I went to Sir Garnet and begged him to allow me to resign, stating my reason. This request of mine Sir Garnet would not listen to, saying, "No, Dunn, I think you will find it to your advantage to remain with me until this business is over. Mr. Fynney returns from here with me." On these conditions I consented to remain, and proceeded with Colonel Clark; Sir Garnet and his party returning to Natal. Nothing of any note happened on the way to Ulundi. One night as I was returning to my wagon, having dined with Colonel Clark, I was much amused on hearing a conversation between some young soldiers going to relieve guard, and who were walking in front of me. It was a very cold wet night, and one of them was saying something that I could not catch. One of his companions said to him, however, "There is not a bit of use in your grumbling, my fine fellow; when a man once enlists to be a soldier not even his blessed

tongue is his own ; even every hair of your head is all fixed bayonets." I thought this was very good, as it proved how much a good soldier thought himself a mere machine. Sir Garnet overtook us at the foot of the Inton-janini—the site of Cetywayo's late installation by Sir Theo. Shepstone. The General was accompanied by Mr. J. Shepstone, the Acting Secretary for Native Affairs. I was glad to see this as it did away with my friend Mr. Fynney. This was, I think, the coldest night I ever felt. I dined with Sir Garnet that night, and I know I was very glad to reach my wagon and get between the blankets. On the line of march I had the advantage of many in having my own wagon and provisions with me, as also plenty of liquor stuff, so as not to be dependent upon rations. I was fortunate enough to give many a hungry fellow a good feed and drink.

On the morning after this cold night, one hundred and seven oxen were found dead and tied to the yokes—a great loss. My own team I had directed my driver to allow to run loose to take their chance, which was fortunate, for they found a sheltered nook in a ravine, and were, consequently, all right. From this place we went on, leaving the column to follow, as Sir Garnet had made up his mind to camp on the site of the Ulundi Kraal. On arriving there the time was passed in looking for curios. Amongst those found was a portrait of the Queen, which was dug up by some of Sir Garnet's Staff. It had suffered much by its burial, but was nevertheless a trophy. This picture, I well recollected, used to hang in Cetewayo's European cottage which he had had built inside the kraal. Often when I had been sitting with him, before he had been spoilt by the faction I have spoken of, he, on looking at the picture, had said, "There is my mother—I would be glad to see her." He little thought then how soon his wish was to be fulfilled in a way he never dreamed of. We only spent one night on the site of the Ulundi Kraal, and the next day Sir Garnet moved on about three miles further.

The messengers I had sent to Cetywayo had, in the meantime, returned without having been able to see him, his place of hiding being kept secret. The day we arrived here a Hollander of the name of Vijn, who had been with Cetywayo during the whole time of the war, came with a

message from the latter to Sir Garnet, and was sent back with an answer. As Cetywayo now refused to give himself up, parties were organised to search for and capture him. After considerable trouble he was at length taken. Thus ended his reign for a time, and thus was the Zulu power broken.

A day was now fixed for a meeting of all the headmen of the country, and the appointment of Chiefs, as Sir Garnet had decided to cut the country up into thirteen different independencies. He sent his Private Secretary with a copy of the conditions under which the Chiefs were to be appointed, asking me if I would accept a Chieftainship. After reading the conditions over *I assented, on condition that Cetywayo should never hold any position in the country again.* To this Sir Garnet gave his word, and on this condition I accepted the Chieftainship.

Such was the rise and fall of Cetywayo, and the end of an unjust war—not to Cetywayo, but to the Zulu nation. It was a fine race, and if it had only been properly handled and treated as an independent power, it would have been a staunch ally of England. The prime cause of the ruin of the Zulu nation was the tone of authority assumed towards the Zulu Kings by those wielding the Government of Natal—a tone presumed on by the native messengers sent by that Government, and a tone which rankled in the breast of the last King until it broke out into expressions of disgust towards the Government, which, being spoken out publicly, were taken up by the people, and eventually led to a bad feeling towards the whites.

I say the war was unjust, because I think that there was no valid reason for it, although, as long as the Natal Government held their dictatorial tone, it would have come sooner or later. The so-called settlement of Zululand was the maddest piece of policy ever heard of, as the Zulu people, after their defeat, naturally looked upon themselves as subjects of the Government, and then they would willingly have allowed themselves to be moulded into any shape. The country ought to have been annexed and brought under British rule at first, without sending Cetywayo away.

The Settlement as made by Sir Garnet Wolseley, having no alternative, would have worked well for some

years if the Resident had been vested with greater authority, and a small force had been at his command to carry out his orders. But seeing that he had not been vested by that authority, he should have been content, with his nominal position, and merely advised the Chiefs instead of doing what he did. If any trivial complaint against an appointed Chief was brought to him, he would go through the form of taking down the complaint in writing, which course naturally gave rise to the idea that any commoner could bring a complaint against a Chief, and that the Chiefs were assuming an authority they did not possess. I spoke to the Resident shortly after his appointment to the above effect, but I suppose he had his instructions. The Settlement would have worked well, had it not been only an experiment, for some time. If it had not been for this, and the outside agitation, I say things would have gone better. But the Resident had no power to check this outside agitation. Another great cause of failure has lain in the fact of the Resident assuming, I say again, a power he did not possess, and yet being afraid of acting on his own responsibility in any case when he saw that by so doing he could do good. The Resident's fear of criticism, combined with the interference of the late Bishop, have also added to the failure.

The War against the Zulus was an unjust one, but the restoration of Cetuywayo to power, after having taken him away from his people and dividing them into sections, has proved itself a much greater act of injustice, as witness the great loss of life that has taken place in the short time that passed since his return. A calamity that I predicted in letters to my friends.

The next morning after the Settlement, preparations were made for a break-up, Sir Garnet to start off for the subjugation of Sekukuni, and I to return with Colonel Clarke's Column to take possession of my territory.

Let self-considered wiser heads than mine say what they like, I am confident that if my services had been more utilised, even after the restoration of Cetuywayo, I could greatly have assisted in bringing about a more peaceful settlement of affairs in Zululand, from my actual knowledge of the feelings of the people. But no ; I

was set up by a certain faction, *to suit their end*, as a rival to Cetywayo, hence the consequences.

The opinion that I formed of Sir Garnet was that he was a good General, a thorough soldier, and, in fact, a man fit for any emergency. I had got on very well with him and liked him, and in pointing out different important situations to him we had many a pleasant ride together.

I have now recorded the opinions I have formed concerning the three Generals under whom I served in my capacity as head of the Native Intelligence Department. Shortly after getting settled in my territory I received a most amusing number of letters from all parts of the world, some containing applications for situations—others for pecuniary assistance—others from people (of the same name as myself) claiming relationship with me as daughters, sons, nephews, nieces, &c., but the most amusing one I got was from a woman claiming to be my wife. She said I had deserted her thirty-six years ago in Ireland. I need hardly say that I did not know one of the writers; in fact, never heard of them before. Some other local letters I received from people begging me to secure their safety when Cetywayo was on the eve of attacking the Transvaal Boers.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

General Chronology pertaining to South Africa.

Prince Henry of Portugal first sends ships southward ...	1413
Bartholomew Diaz sent by King John II of Portugal down the west coast of Africa to try and discover a way to India, August	1486
Landed Algoa Bay	1486
Cape of Good Hope discovered	1486
De Gama doubles the Cape of Good Hope; arrived at Natal, December 25, having discovered St. Helena in Nov....	1497
Vasco de Gama reached Calicut (India) <i>via</i> the Cape, May 20	1498
He returned to Lisbon from India, Sept.	1499
King Emanuel of Portugal sent out a fleet of thirteen ships to the east, under Cabral, B. Diaz and his brother accompanying it. In this voyage, the vessel in which B. Diaz was, was wrecked, and he was drowned on May 23	1500
Cabral in Mossel Bay	1500
St. Helena Bay entered by Joan de Nona	1501
De Gama sailed from Portugal on his second voyage to the east with a fleet of twenty ships	1502
Sofala and Mozambique established	1502
Francisco and Alfonso d'Albuquerque sail for the east with two squadrons, but do not touch at the Cape ...	1503
Antonio de Saldanha leaves Portugal for India. He gave his name to the present Table Bay	"
Another fleet of thirteen ships left under Lopo Soares, but did not touch at the Cape	1504
A fleet of twenty-two ships sailed under command of Francisco d'Almeida, first viceroy of the Portuguese conquests in the east, doubles the Cape without seeing land, and anchors at Mozambique	1505

Eight ships sailed and arrived at Delagoa Bay, but the crew were repulsed, and some massacred by the natives in return for Portuguese treachery ...	1505
A fleet of fourteen ships under Tristano d'Acunha sailed for the Cape. The islands were named after him ...	1506
Viceroy d'Almeida, and sixty men of his fleet, were killed in a fight with Hottentots on the shores of Table Bay, March 1 ...	1510
De Gama's third trip to India ...	1524
Died at Cochin, December ...	1525
First murder;—natives kill David Janssens, October 19 ...	1553
First account of the Cape by a Catholic priest, wrecked at Agulhas ...	1579
Sir Francis Drake passed the Cape on return of his voyage round the world, July ...	1580
Archbishop Vincenti Fonseca sailed from Lisbon, April ...	1583
Drake was followed by Candish, who also passed without calling ...	1588
Three ships, <i>Penelope</i> , <i>Royal Merchant</i> and <i>ed Bona Ventura</i> left Plymouth under Captain Raymond as Admiral ...	1591
<i>Penelope</i> being lost, Captain James Lancaster took command, and anchored in Table Bay (Agoado de Saldanha), August 3 ...	1591
A Dutch fleet under Cornelis Houtman sight the Cape, April 2 ...	1595
The first of Linchoten's valuable books published ...	1595
Fleet of Dutch vessels sailed by the Cape to India. They saw the Cape, August 2 ...	1595
Four Dutch ships under Pieter Both (after whom the high peak in Mauritius was named) sailed for the Indies, December ...	1599
Three Dutch vessels sail for the Indies under Spilbergen, May 5 ...	1601
Paulus van Corinden touched at St. Sebastian's Bay ...	1601
Dutch Admiral Speilberg called at St. Helena Bay ...	1601
Lancaster again arrives at Saldanha Bay (Table) Sept 9 ...	1601
Spilbergen reached Cape anchorage under Table Mountain, and transferred the name Saldanha to another bay, and then christened the place "Table Bay" ...	1601
The Company of the States General came into existence March 20 ...	1602
Sir E. Michalborne visited Table Bay ...	1605
Davis, the Arctic Voyager, visits Table Bay ...	1607
Henry Middleton visits Table Bay ...	1607—1609
Capt. Sharpey visits Table Bay ...	1608
Cpts. Keely and Kealing visit Table Bay ...	1609

Dutch Fleets from this date, put into Table nearly every season, establishing post offices by burying letters under stones	1616
Directors of Dutch East India Company reject overtures made by English East India Company to join in building a fort at the Cape	1619
Fleet of 14 ships put into Table Bay under Shillinge and Fitz-Herbert, English colours hoisted on Lion's Rump (which they then called King James' Mount) July 3	1620
Return Fleet under Wollebrandt Geleynsen put into Table Bay	1648
Dutch ship <i>Haarlem</i> bound home from India wrecked in Table Bay	1648
Jantz and Proot return to Holland after their enforced sojourn at the Cape	1648
Jantz and Proot present to the directors of the Dutch East India Company Service a document setting forth the advantages to be derived from the occupation of Table Bay, July 26	1649
Jan van Riebeeck, with the <i>Dromedaris</i> , <i>Reijger</i> and <i>Goede Hoop</i> , with a large fleet of Merchant, start for the Cape, Sunday, December 24	1651
Van Riebeeck off the Cape de Verde Islands, January 20	1652
The chief mate of the <i>Dromedaris</i> sights Table Mountain, April 5	1652
Van Riebeeck enters Table Bay, April 7	1652
Van Riebeeck and family leave the <i>Dromedaris</i> and take up their residence on land, April 24	1652
The ships <i>Walvisch</i> and <i>Olifant</i> left Texel, Jan. 3, and dropped anchor in Table bay, May 7	1652
Ship <i>Hof van Zeeland</i> arrives at Cape and lost 37 men on passage, May 25	1652
<i>Dromedaris</i> sails back to Holland, and left party of occupation to its own resources, May 28	1652
The wife of Willem Barcnds Wylant (a passenger by the <i>Dromedaris</i>) gives birth to the first European child born in Cape Colony, June 6	1652
Scouts from the Kaapmans (Hottentots) arrive at the fort and say that their clan is approaching, Oct. 1	1652
First fires of the Kaapmans began to be visible to the northward, October 1	1652
First wheat reaped at Cape, January 13	1653
The Galiot <i>Zwarte Vos</i> arrived in bay—Skipper Theunis Eysen, left Texel 4th preceding September, reported war broke out between the Netherlands and Commonwealth of England, January 18	1653

The <i>Huas</i> started from Holland at the same time and on the same errand, but did not arrive until March 26	1653
Van Riebeeck directs Chamber's attention to Ophir near Mozambique, May 4	1653
<i>Rode Vos</i> arrived June 2	1653
First movement against the natives by Van Riebeeck, Oct.	1653
Second child of European parentage born in the fort Good Hope. (The infant was the son of the Commander Jan Van Riebeeck, and afterwards in 1709, when he was 56 years of age, Governor General of Netherlands India, which he held until his death in 1713), October 18	1653
First expedition against aggressive natives—Strandloopers Herry's tribe—Corporal Jan Herwarden and seventeen soldiers were sent October 23	1653
Thanksgiving held on second anniversary of arrival of Van Riebeeck and party, April 6	1654
First Malays banished for crimes arrived from Java, July	1654
Ship <i>Vlieland</i> arrives, August	1654
Vines first introduced from the Rhine, season of	1654
Beginning of Boers, the Company first resolved to locate free families about the fort	1655
An English ship, the <i>East India Merchant</i> , arrived, informing Van Riebeeck of cessation of hostilities, December 19	1655
First ground allotted to the first Burghers (Boers) of South Africa, according to arrangements entered into with the Company. The first party of free Burghers consisted of five men, named Herman Remajeune, Jan de Wacht, Jan Van Passel, Warnar Cornelissen, and Roelof Jansen. They had selected a tract of land just beyond the Liesbeek. As Remajenne was the principal person amongst them, they called themselves Hermanus Colony. Feb 21	1657
Native difficulty first felt	1657
Labour being urgently needed, ships were sent out to look for Slaves, and the India man <i>Amerspoort</i> arriving in Table Bay, with remainder of slaves—(170) captured from Portuguese vessel—the rest died miserably. March 28	1657
European population at the Cape, 134 souls, April	1657
Company's servants move away from its garrison, and squat inland. Beginning of Boers trekking	1657
Herry banished to Robben Island, (but was afterwards pardoned, but sent back there in July), June	1658
First Maize brought in the <i>Hasselt</i> from the Coast of Guinea, brought to the Cape	1658

Ship <i>West Friesland</i> took half Aum Cape Beer. So that brewing malt preceded wine making at Cape, Nov 18	1658
First passage through Berg river mountains ...	1658
Culture of Vine extended beyond Table Valley. Van Riebeeck planted out 1200 vines at place beyond Rondebosch, and so-called Wynberg ...	1658
A small quantity of wine, for the first time in South Africa, was made in this season, Reibeeck superintending ...	1658
Expedition against Kaapmans under Doman (Successor to Herry the Interpreter); the Kaapmans had murdered, plundered farms, and were generally aggressive, June, July and August ...	1659
Hottentots on coming to the Cape Peninsula for pasturage, and finding the Europeans all over their land, try to drive them out by raiding on their cattle at night. Early in ...	1659
First Dutch Rose gathered, November 1 ...	1659
First Ripe Cherry, November 13 ...	1659
Cape Settlement measured and found to be a distance of 3,673 roods, February 25 ...	1660
A party under Jan Danckert, including Wreede and P. van Meerhof, start north to find Monomotopa ...	1660
Peace renewed with the Kaapmans, April 6 ...	1660
Ship <i>Marechal</i> , bound to Madagascar, wrecked in Table Bay, with her crew, amongst whom were 44 Huguenots, who enter the Company's service at the Cape, May 9 ...	1660
Zacharias Wagener welcomed as successor to Commander Van Riebeeck, April 2 ...	1662
First ripe apples plucked, April 17 ...	1662
Commander Wagener duly installed, May 6 ...	1662
Van Riebeeck and family sail for Batavia by the <i>Mars</i> , May 7 ...	1662
After ten years and one month of Government at the Cape he was afterwards appointed head of Company's Establishment at Malacca till 1665, and subsequently Secretary of the Council of India ...	1662
Thirteen volunteers under Cruythof start off north to find the city of Vigiti Magna, October 21 ...	1662
Towards the close of this year six Dutch ships left the Cape in order to wrest Mozambique from the Portuguese, but fever, scurvy, &c., drove them back	1662
The first South African author, George Frederick Wreede, a run-away German student, who had enlisted as a soldier, writes a vocabulary of Dutch and Hottentot words ...	1663

Site of Castle of Cape of Good Hope, selected by Commissioner Isbrand Goske and Board, August 26	1664
First English slave brought to Cape October 10	1664
Company re-occupy Mauritius, which they deserted in 1662, after turning loose many cows, goats and pigs	1664
Vocabulary of Ottento language sent to Holland by Governor Wagener. It was by G. F. Wreede, Chase says: "Mr. Moodie when compiling the Cape Record could find no trace of it. Sir George Grey in vain applied for it to the Hague through the Secretary of State"	1664
Wreede sent as Commandant to Mauritius	1665
Information having been received that the English were sinking Dutch ships in the Channel, Commandant Goske founded the present Castle whereon to mount heavy guns, August	1665
First resident Dutch Clergyman arrived (Rev. Johann van Arkel) in the ship <i>Nieuw Middelburg</i> , August 18	1665
Commander Wagenaar tried to capture the <i>Royal George</i> , an English Indiaman, which put into Table Bay, September 21	1665
Foundation stone of Castle laid Saturday, January 2	1666
Van Qualberg—Wagenaar's successor—reached South Africa, August 25	1666
Took over Government, September 27	1666
Wagenaar and his daughter sailed in the <i>Dordrecht</i> for Batavia, October 1	1666
Escutcheon of Dutch dignitaries removed from walls of Dutch Reformed Church to its tower (where they still are, 1888)	1666
Sixteen free families living in Table Valley. Of these four kept canteens, one a retail grocery, one a baker, and the remainder mechanics	1666
Letters describing De Ruyter's exploits up the Thames received, May	1667
Mr. Borghost, Wagenaar's successor, arrived in Table Bay, the evening of June 16	1668
Assumed control of affairs, June 17	1668
Mr. Van Qualberg left for Batavia, August 12	1668
The yacht <i>Voerman</i> sent to examine coast as far as Natal, but stopped at St. Francis Bay, August	1668
Corporal Cruse sent for cattle to George district, comes for the first time in Cape history, in contact with the Bushmen or Sonquas. They attack him, and he is obliged to shoot a lot	1668
Qualberg having dismissed Wreede as Governor of Mauritius, he appealed to the Holland Directors, who sent him back to his post in the <i>Grundel</i>	1669

A large party of miners and assayers sent from Europe, to search for metals in vicinity of the Cape ...	1669
Commissioner Mattheus Van der Broek arrived early in Pieter Hackius, successor of Mr. Borghorst, reaches Table Bay, March 18 ...	1670
Protestants begin to leave France owing to cruelty of Louis XIV ...	1670
Pieter Hackius installed in office, March 25 ...	1670
Died, November 30 ...	1671
During the ten years from January 1, 1662, to the 31st December, 1671, 370 of the Company's ships put into Table Bay. Also twenty-six French, nine English, and two Danish ...	1671
Commander Albert van Breuzel arrived in ship <i>Macassar</i> from Texel, March 23 ...	1672
First farce of buying land from natives (Schacher) took place for "£800" but the value of goods actually transferred to him was £2 16s. 5d. The document is dated April 19 ...	1672
William of Orange appointed Stadtholder of Holland ...	1672
Brandy first distilled at Cape ...	1672
Isbrande Goske installed as "Governor" of Cape, Oct. 2 ...	1672
Population of Cape settlement—the founders of a great Colony—numbered sixty-four burghers, thirty-nine of whom were married, sixty-five children, fifty-three Dutchmen, servants of the Company, in all with slaves, not exceeding 600 souls ...	1672
First step to extend the settlement towards the interior. Sergt. Cruythof and twelve men left to commence putting up necessary buildings at Hottentots Holland, October 18 ...	1672
Party of hunters murdered over the Berg River by Gonnema's people, June ...	1673
Ensign Cruse and party go in revenge, and shoot twelve Hottentots and bring back 800 head of horned cattle and 900 sheep, July 25 ...	1673
At the beginning of winter the old fort demolished, and garrison went into new Castle ...	1674
Intelligence received of peace with England. Working at Castle therefore not hurried on ...	1674
First large armed expedition sent against the Gonnema's, March ...	1674
Orphan Chamber created. First President Hendrik Crudo. And the first Secretary Johannes Pretorius ...	1674
English make peace with Holland, July ...	1674
The black girl, Eva, married to Van Meerhof (she was interpreter to the Company after Harry), died July 29 ...	1674

Gonnemas attack Hottentots	1675
Matrimonial Court established	1676
Commander Johann Bax—successor of Goske—arrived in Simon's Bay, January 1	1676
Johann Bax installed as Commander, March 14	1676
Death of Van Riebeeck at Batavia, January 18	1677
Governor and wife and little son set example and work at the Castle, November 25	1677
Jochim Marquard and Hendrik Alberts lease land at Hottentots Holland, and so become the pioneer colonists of the interior, January	1678
Henning Huising and Nicholas Gerrits and Cornelis Botma became sheep farmers there. These were the only pioneers who settled beyond the isthmus at this period. On so small a scale was the commencements of the occupation of the interior districts of the Colony, February	1678
Bosjesmans living at the back of Wynberg hills descend at night on farmers kraals. The prisoners caught were sentenced to death as highwaymen	1678
The little wooden Church inside the fortress being full of graves, it became necessary to select a site for a new Church, and so a foundation was laid. That stone rests under the Church to this day, 1888, the present building being only an enlargement of the original one, April 9	1678
(First service held in it under Rev. Petrus Calder on January 6, 1704)
Commander Bax died, Hendrik Crudop acting, June 29	1678
Intelligence of peace between France and Netherlands received, February 10	1679
Census taken of settlement, eighty-seven free men; fifty-five women; 117 children; thirty European men servants; 133 men slaves, and twenty slave children April 9	1679
Permission given to Hendrik Huising and his partner to graze their sheep along the Eerste River, August	1679
Ship <i>Vrye Zee</i> arrives at Cape with Commander Van der Stell (the elder) successor to Bax, and family. (Van der Stell was born in Mauritius November 14th 1639) October 12	1679
In the afternoon the Commander and his attendants rode into a lovely valley—afterwards Stellenbosch, Nov. 6	1679
Eight families—having secured good terms from the colonising Governor, settle at Stellenbosch, May	1680
First farmer who put his plough into the ground at Stellenbosch followed the above May	1680

The Company's garden (now at top end of Adderley Street) greatly improved. For nearly a hundred years from this date writers of various nationalities could hardly find words to express their admiration of this famous garden ...	1680
Ships put into Table Bay from 1st January, 1672, 368. Of these 344 belonged to the East India Company—eleven were English, ten were Danish, and the remaining three were French. This is up to Dec. 31	1681
The Governor General, Ryklof van Goens, visits the Cape in search of health, February 16 ...	1682
English East Indiaman <i>Joanna</i> wrecked to westwards of Cape Agulhas on night of June 8 ...	1682
To provide for trivial disputes of burghers, Court of Heemraden instituted, August 30 ...	1682
Specimens of Copper having been brought in by Namaquas, an Expedition was sent to Namaqualand, and returned empty handed, October ...	1682
Larger one sent out under same leader, Ensign Olof Bergh, failed, August 27 ...	1683
First School at Stellenbosch established, first teacher, Sybrand Mankadan ...	1683
Third expedition returned north with party of Namaquas, under Schryver, collected some ore, the pure metal of which sent to Directors in Holland, February ...	1684
First export of Grain from Cape took place ...	1685
Ryklof van Goens, (the younger) formerly Governor of Ceylon, arrives at Cape, October ...	1684
Johannes Mulder appointed first Landdrost of Stellenbosch. Salary £2 a month, with 15s. m intainuance allowance. He named the burghers Gerrit Van der Byl, Henning Huising, Jan Mostert, and Herman Smidt, as Heemraden, July 16 ...	1685
Van der Stell (the Elder) starts on journey to Namaqualand, August 25 ...	1685
Louis XIV, having annulled the Edict of Nantes, Chamber of Seventeen determine to send out French refugees to the Cape, October 3 ...	1685
Van der Stell returns with his expedition, January 26	1686
Dutch Ship the <i>Stavenisse</i> wrecked seventy miles south of Natal, February 16 ...	1686
Yearly fairs established at Stellenbosch ...	1686
Court house & residence for Landdrost built at Stellenbosch	1686
Portuguese Ship, <i>Nostra Senora de los Milagros</i> wrecked between Capes Agulhas and False, April 16 ...	1686
The ketch <i>Bona Ventura</i> of London wrecked at St. Lucia Bay in Zululand, December 25 ...	1686

Crew of <i>Stavenisse</i> with the help of crew of <i>Good Hope</i> wrecked at Natal Bay, build a little vessel which they name <i>Centaurus</i> and sail for Cape, February ...	1687
Stone of first Church laid at Stellenbosch, Feb. 14 ...	1687
<i>Centaurus</i> arrived Table Bay, March 1 ...	1687
Three of the crew of the <i>Good Hope</i> and an Englishman and a Frenchman belonging to the wreck <i>Bona Ventura</i> , of London, wrecked at St. Lucia Bay, having formed connections with the Kafirs, at the last moment prefer to stay in Natal ...	1687
Church opened for use in Stellenbosch, October 19 ...	1687
Drakenstein established, named after the Lord of Mydrecht	1687
The Commander Simon Van der Stell personally inspected False Bay and called it after himself "Simon's Bay" ...	1687
<i>Centaurus</i> purchased by Company and then sent back to look for missing crew of <i>Stavenisse</i> . Rescued seventeen of them and a French boy—only survivor of a boat's crew left behind by a passing ship beyond the Kei off Cove Rock. Reached Cape again (Feb. 19, 1688) ...	1687
The <i>Voorschoten</i> sailed with twenty-two French Huguenots from Delftshaven, for the Cape, Dec. 31 ...	1687
The <i>Borssenburg</i> sailed with Huguenots for Cape—January 6 ...	1688
The <i>Oosterland</i> left Middelburg with twenty-four Huguenots for Cape, January 29 ...	1688
The <i>China</i> sailed from Rotterdam with thirty-four Huguenots for Cape, twelve died on voyage, March 20	1688
<i>Voorschoten</i> turned up at Saldanha Bay, April 13 ...	1688
The <i>Zuid Beveland</i> sailed from Middelburg, passengers all lost, except Parson Simond and wife, April 22 ...	1688
First Huguenot emigrants arrive at Cape, April ...	1688
The galiot <i>Noord</i> dispatched to look for the missing men from the <i>Stavenisse</i> , who started to walk overland to the Cape, October 19 ...	1688
First schoolmaster of Drakenstein appointed, salary £1 18s. per month, November 8 ...	1688
<i>Noord</i> arrives Delagoa Bay, November 15 ...	1688
And leaves there, December 29 ...	1688
And anchors off the Bluff at Port Natal, January 4 ...	1689
Where they picked up two of the crew of the <i>Stavenisse</i>	1689
<i>Noord</i> leaves Natal, January 23 ...	1689
Old man, one of the crew of the <i>Stavenisse</i> , swims off from near Cove Rock—said that two white men had lately started for Natal, January 28 ...	1689
Huguenots arrived in <i>Wapen van Alkimaar</i> from Texel, January 29 ...	1689

<i>Noord</i> reached Table Bay, February 6	1689
<i>Zion</i> arrives with Huguenots. Abraham, Pierre, and Jacob de Villiers, vine dressers from Rochelle, came in her, May 6	1689
The Company import stud horses from Persia, and asses, and Spanish rams	1689
<i>Noord</i> is again sent eastwards to survey Algoa Bay, and buy that and Natal from the Natives, also to try and find the nine missing crew of the <i>Stavenisse</i> , Oct. 28	1689
She arrived in Natal, December 9	1689
And three men of the <i>Stavenisse</i> were found and taken on board, and the desired purchase of territory effected	1689
<i>Noord</i> sails from Natal, January 11	1690
Arrives at Baya de Lagoa (Bay of the Lake) Algoa Bay, January 15	1690
<i>Noord</i> wrecked 15 miles west of Cape St. Francis, Jan. 16	1690
Eighteen of her crew started on foot for the Cape, taking muskets and provisions, Jan 23	1690
The mate of the <i>Noord</i> , Theunis Van der Schelling with three companions, arrived at Cape, and reported the loss of the <i>Noord</i> , March 27	1690
Huguenots allowed by Chamber of Seventeen to have a Church at Drakenstein under certain restrictions, December 6	1690
Simon Van der Stel promoted from Commander to be Governor—he was the last of the Cape Commanders—December 14	1690
Instructions arrive to give out ground so that Huguenots and Dutch will be obliged to mix up—consequently in two generations there was no perceptible distinction, June	1691
Mr. Cornelis Linnes appointed Landdrost of Stellenbosch. He was the second one, Johannes Mulder having been the first, June 12	1691
Four hundred and twenty-four ships, <i>i.e.</i> 339 Dutch—forty-six English, twenty-three French—thirteen Danish and three Portuguese—appeared in Table Bay during the ten years that ended, Dec. 31	1691
Simon Van der Stel abdicated, succeeded by his son (Elder died) 1712	1699
2,000 Cattle taken from Hottentots by foraging party,	1702
Eight of Company's ships wrecked in Table Bay, 207 lives lost, May 20	1737
Swellendam takes its name from Commander Hendrik Swellengrebel,	1739
Gamtoos River the eastern boundary,	1742

La Caille, the French Astronomer, took up his residence No. 2 Strand-street, Cape Town, and measured an arc of the Meridian,	1715
Ship <i>Doddington</i> wrecked near Algoa Bay, 197 lives lost, July 17	1755
Kaapmans and Gomachquas fight against Burghers, first Native War,	1759
Census taken—Company's servants' 1,356—sick in Hospital, 599—Colonists of European extraction, 7,949—slaves, 7,187—917 children.—Cattle, 3,231— Horses, 307—Sheep, 244—(Martin British Colonies)?	1769
Sparman, the traveller, arrived at the Cape	1772
Capt. Cook's second visit to the Cape	1772
Thunberg visits the Cape	1772
The <i>Jonge Thomas</i> wrecked in Table Bay (Woltemaade)	1773
Beginning of series of Commandos against native races begun	1774
Commander Anson visits the Cape	1774
The English fleet— <i>Romney</i> 50 guns, Commodore John- stone; <i>Hero</i> , 74 guns; <i>Moxmouth</i> , 64 guns; <i>Jupiter</i> , 50 guns; <i>Isis</i> , 50 guns; <i>Apollo</i> , 38 guns; <i>Jason</i> , 36 guns; <i>Acive</i> , 32 guns; <i>Diana</i> , 28 guns; <i>Infernal</i> , Fireship; <i>Terror</i> , Bomb. Cruizers, cutters, &c., &c., in all forty-six sails, sail from Spithead, but being knocked about in engagement with Suffren, return to Europe and India—	1781
First Xoxa—Commando under Van Jaarsveld	1781
Amsterdam Battery built at Cape	1781
Several buildings in the Castle re built	1782
<i>Grosvenor</i> wrecked a little north of the Umzimvubu mouth, August 4	1782
Governor Plettenberg issues paper currency	1782
Van Reenen's expedition in search of survivors of the <i>Grosvenor</i>	1790
A strong Commando against Bushmen went out under Van der Walt	1792
Nine English ships sailed into Simon's Bay— <i>Monarch</i> , 74 guns, Vice-Admiral George Elphinstone; <i>America</i> , 64 guns, Capt. Blankett; <i>Ruby</i> , 64 guns, Capt. Stanhope; <i>Stately</i> , 64 guns, Capt. Douglas; <i>Arrogant</i> , 74 guns, Capt. Lucas; <i>Victorieuse</i> , 74 guns, Capt. Clark; <i>Sphinx</i> , 24 guns, Capt. Brind; <i>Echo</i> , 16 guns, Capt. Hardy; <i>Rattlesnake</i> , 16 guns, Capt Spranger, June...	1795
Boer rebellion in Graaff-Reinet and Swellendam, in Sluysken's time	1795
English ships open fire upon Muizenburg position, August 8	1795

Fifteen English ships containing 3,000 men arrive at Cape, September 4	1795
5,000 men marched to Wynberg and took possession of the camp there, while 4 ships were sent to make a demonstration in Table Bay, September 14	1795
Sluysken surrenders Cape to British, and General Craig takes possession, September	1795
Capture by the British of the Dutch fleet under Lucas, August 17	1796
The Earl of Macartney arrived at the Cape, and assumed the reins of Government, May 4	1797
The Earl of Macartney leaves the Cape for England, November 20	1798
Funds of the Dutch Church at the Cape £22,168	1798
South African Missionary Society established	1799
A convict ship, the <i>Hillsborough</i> , bound from England to Botany Bay, lands the first missionaries of the London Society, March	1799
First Cape Gazette published, October 24	1800
Large Dutch force took possession of the Cape according to the treaty of Amiens. (27th March, 1802.)	1803
Commissary General De Mist left Cape in February	1805
Fleet under General Baird anchored off Table Bay, Jan. 4	1806
Battle of Blaauwberg, January 8	1806
Cape Town capitulates to British, January 10	1806
Dutch again give up Cape to General Baird and Sir Home Popham at Hottentots Holland, January 18	1806
Sir David Baird caused a corps of Hottentot infantry to be formed who were afterwards the celebrated Cape Mounted Riflemen, (<i>regulars</i>)	1806
Sir David Baird left the Cape by the <i>Paragon</i> , leaving the Commander of the forces, Lieut. General Grey, as Lieut. Governor, January 24	1807
Du Pre, Earl of Caledon, proclaimed Governor of the Cape, May	1807
Dr. Burchell the traveller arrived at Cape	1810
Sir John Cradock appointed Governor	1811
Dr. Van der Kemp died	1811
First Kafir (and English) war	1811—1812
Colonel Graham with large force of military and burghers forces 20,000 natives across the Fish River	1811—1812
The Missionary Campbell made his first journey northwards in	1812
Cape Colony finally surrendered to England, April 13	1814
Lord Charles Somerset Governor	1814
Possession of Cape by England ratified (finally) by the Congress of Vienna	1815

Dr. Latrobe arrived	1815
Boer Rebellion Graaff-Reinet	1815
Slachter's Neck affair, March 6	1816
Wesleyan Missions first established	1816
Worcester founded	1816
Three thousand three hundred and fifty two military and burghers assembled under Colonel Brereton to restore Ngqika to his supremacy and dominions. The latter brought 6,000 fighting men into the field, December 3	1818
Second Kafir War	1818
Ex-President M. W. Pretorius born, September	1819
European Hunters begin to penetrate the country between Cornet Spruit and the Caledon	1819
The two first vessels bringing the first of the Albany settlers, the <i>Chapman</i> and <i>Nautilus</i> , left Gravesend on the 3rd December, 1819, and arrived in Table Bay (Algoa Bay first discovered by Diaz 1486—Taken possession of by Dutch 1785. The English in 1798 built a stone defence on the Hill above the landing place), March 17	1820
Port Elizabeth founded by settlers, April 20	1820
Captain Duncan Campbell (the godfather of the present writer) and Mr. Miles Bowker appointed as "Assessors" or "Heemraden," under Col. Jones, for the district of Albany	1821
Waterboer succeeds Adam Kok in Griqualand West	1821
President Brand born, December 6	1823
Waves of war emanating from Zululand, began to roll over the Barolong country	1823
Lieut. Farewell arrives at Natal	1823
First number of the <i>South African Commercial Advertiser</i> published by Mr. John Fairbairn and Pringle the Poet. It was printed in Cape Town by Mr. George Greig, January 7	1824
Lord Charles Somerset suspends the <i>Advertiser</i> , May 17	1824
In the winter Moshesh takes possession of Thaba Bosigo	1824
Mr. Fynn and twenty-four others sail from Table Bay to Port Natal	1824
Paul Kruger born, October 10	1825
First steamer (the <i>Enterprise</i>) entered Table Bay, Oct. 13	1825
Sir Richard Bourke arrives as Governor of Cape, Feb. 9	1826
Lord Charles Somerset leaves the Cape, May	1826
Major Dundas, Landdrost of Albany, sent by the Governor of Cape on mission to Tshaka, July	1828
Matiwane's power completely broken, August	1828
King at Port Natal, September	1828

Tshaka murdered by Dingaan and Umhlungwana near Stanger, September 23 ...	1828
Dutch Courts of Law first abolished at the Cape ...	1828
Free Press granted on appeal, April 30 ...	1829
Rev. Shaw visits Faku at his place at the Umgazi, May ...	1829
Rev. W. Shepstone founds the "Morley Station" among Depa's people ...	1829
Dr. Cowie of Albany visits Dingaan ...	1829
Missionaries from the Paris Evangelical Society arrive in Lesuto, and spread themselves, <i>i.e.</i> Bisseux, Rolland, Lemue, and Pallissier ...	1829
The Buntingville Mission commenced by Revs. Boyce and Tainton ...	1830
Umziligazi and the Lions "master" of the region of the Transvaal and Free State ...	1830-1
Umziligazi with his Madebele* falls upon the Bangwaketse ...	1830-1
Umziligazi's (Madebele) Impi attempt to take Thaba Bosigo—failed—and being beaten by Moshesh retired and never returned ...	1831
Dingaan sends a regiment to destroy John Cane and his Kafirs—People at Natal bolt, but return—Isaacs does not ...	1831
Barend Barend Griquas attack Umziligazi ...	1831
Sir Lowry Cole leaves the Cape and Lieut. Col. Wade takes his place, August ...	1833
Sir Benjamin D'Urban (the Good) arrives as Governor, January 16 ...	1834
10,000 hostile natives poured into the Cape Colony in the night between Dec. 21 and 22 ...	1834
Piet Uys, C. Uys, H. de Lange, S. Maritz, and Gert Rudolph arrive at Port Natal, and return to Cape Colony on hearing of the '34 war ...	1834
Dingaan retires north of Tugela ...	1834
Sir Benjamin D'Urban makes Convention with Andries Waterboer about defending northern boundary ...	1834
Capt. Allen F. Gardener pays first visit to Natal, Jan. ...	1835
Hintza shot by G. Southey, May 13 ...	1835
In consequence of what Mr. Chase calls "unscrupulous rumours," circulated and sent home by the members of the London Society's Mission House, Cape Town. Lord Glenelg reversed the policy of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, and a sad string of troubles set in. The first was the Great Boer Trek of 1835, Dec. 28 ...	1835
Third Kafir War, ...	1835
First American Missionary arrived in South Africa, ...	1835

* Properly Amandebele. The comparatively mild Bechuana tribes are terrified at the very name of "Le-Debele."

First Pioneer of the Great Trek left after the close of thirty-five war with forty-eight others—men women and children. This man, Louis Trieckhard was violently anti-English. Sir Harry (then Colonel) Smith had offered 500 head of cattle for his apprehension, which led to his leaving at once ...	1835
Potchefstroom laid out, January 25 ..	1836
Trieckhard and Rensburg reach Zoutpansberg, May ...	1836
Madebele attack the Camp of Erasmus and kill two Boers, October	1836
Embassy sent by Sir Benjamin D'Urban for peace, and to re-establish missions destroyed to Kreli, Vadana, and Faku. Capt. Delaney, (75th Regt.) Revd. Palmer, and William Fynn went with it ...	1836
Potgieter's party of Emigrants settle in the Orange River Free State,	1836
Battle between Boers and Umziligazi, ...	1836
Boers and Griquas under Maritz leave Thaba Nchu to invade Umziligazi's country, January 3 ...	1837
Boers capture the capital of Umziligazi, Mosega, Jan. 17	1837
Retief's band of Emigrants arrive at Thaba Nchu, and the former was then elected Commandant-General over the 1,000 collected emigrants, April ...	1837
Capt. Gardiner visits Natal again, bringing Revd. Owen, from England, June	1837
Arrival of Peter Retief and first party of Dutch Emigrants in Natal, October 19 ...	1837
First Boers settled in Natal, October 22 ...	1837
Hendrik Potgieter and Piet Uys' Commando attack the Madebele at Marikwa, and chase Umziligazi over the Limpopo, November ...	1837
Sir George Napier arrives as Governor, January ...	1838
Murder of Retief and party by Dingaan,* February 4 ...	1838
Trieckhard reaches Delagoa Bay, where fever decimates his party, April	1838
Prince of Orange visits the Cape, May ...	1838
Slaves declared free in Cape Colony, December 1 ...	1838
Capt. Jarvis lands at Natal, December 3 ...	1838
Dingaan and his party of 10,000 routed by Pretorius and 460 Boers, 3,000 of the Zulus being killed, and only three Boers wounded, December 16 ...	1838
Faku moves from the Umgazi to the Umzimhlovu, short distance North of St. John's ...	1838
Hendrik Potgieter takes up his residence on the Mooi River—Transvaal,—and founds Potchefstroom ...	1838

* Properly "Dingana."

Piet Uys, (the elder) killed by Zulus	1838
Bloody Battles near the mouth of the Tugela River, between Natal armies of white and black and Zulus under Dingaan	1838
Major Charteris takes possession of Natal	1838
Dr. Adams and Revd. D. Lindley return to Natal	June	...	1839
<i>Mazeppa</i> sent for Triecharde and remnant of party (25) land at Port Natal, July	1839
Capt. Jarvis and his troops abandon Natal, Dec. 24	1839
Boer declaration of war against Dingaan, January 4	1840
Pande installed by Pretorius as king of Zululand, but as a vassal—Zululand to be an appanage to the "Republic of Natal," February 14	1840
Wreck of Steamer <i>Hope</i> at Zitzikama, March 11	1840
Revd. Alden Grout returns to Natal and joins Dr. Adams at the Umlazi, June	1840
Village of Weenen laid out,	1840
Combined forces of Boers and Zulus (under Pande) put Dingaan to flight,	1840
Capt. J. C. Smith (27th Regt.), Cape Mounted Rifles under Capt. Varden, a Lieutenant of Artillery, with a few guns and gunners, and a company of Engineers marched from Fort Peddie to take up position at the Umgazi to support Faku—Two subs in the Cape Mounted Rifles (<i>regulars</i>) were afterwards Generals—Somerset and Bisset, January 28	1841
Smellekamp arrives at Port Natal in <i>Brazilia</i> , March 24	1842
Smellekamp and J. N. Boshof leave Maritzburg <i>via</i> Graaf- Reinet for Cape Town, April 30	1842
Capt. Smith leaves the Umgazi for Natal, April	1842
Second military occupation of Natal by the British, May 4	1842
Battle of Kongella. Capt. Smith defeated, May 23	1842
Boers capture guard at the Point and a party under Servaas van Breda seize the <i>Pilot</i> and <i>Mazeppa</i> and cargoes—including Smith's personal property. Two soldiers and Charlie Adams shot by Boers at the Point, May 26	1842
After truce of five days Boers invest and open fire with three guns taken—on Smith's camp, May 31	1842
Pretorius sends Revd. Archbell to propose Smith's women in camp leaving by <i>Mazeppa</i> , June 1	1842
Hundred men of the 27th Regt. under Capt. Durnford, left Algoa Bay in the <i>Conch</i> , to relieve Smith 11th June 1842, and arrived at Port Natal, June 24	1842
<i>Southampton</i> , frigate, sails from Simon's Bay, with wing of 25th Regt. under Colonel Cloete (14th June) and arrived at Natal during night of June 25	1842

Col. Cloete lands troops and takes Port Natal, June 26 ...	1842
Colonel Cloete, Major D'Urban, Lieuts. Napier, Maclean and Fuller go to Maritzburg to palaver, July 14	1842
Grout having gone to Zululand, Pande wipes his mission station off the face of the earth, July 25 ...	1842
The large Spanish vessel the <i>Sabina</i> twenty souls and cargo (£90,000) lost off Cape Recife, near Algoa Bay, August 7 ...	1842
Sir George Napier appoints Advocate Henry Cloete (brother of the Colonel, and after, Recorder of Natal, and Puisne Judge at the Cape) Her Majesty's Commissioner for the district of Port Natal, April 23 ...	1843
Sir George Napier sends 200 rank and file 45th Regt. to D'Urban, where they reached, July 21 ...	1843
The Volksraad at Maritzburg signed the peace agreement before Mr. Commissioner Henry Cloete—their names were. J. Maritz, President, M. J. Potgieter, P. A. R. Otto, P. M. Zietsman, B. Poortman, M. J. Pretorius, J. A. Celliers, G. R. Van Rooyen, G. J. Naude, C. F. Rotman, L. J. Moyer, G. F. Potgieter, P. R. Nel. A. J. Spies, P. G. Human, J. A. Kriel, M. A. Van Aardt, G. C. Viljoen, Gert Snyman, H. J. Van den Berg, A. Z. Visagie, M. Prinsloo, C. A. Ruthman, N. J. S. Basson, J. Bodenstein Secretary, August 8 ...	1843
Overberg farmers, under Mocke, leave Maritzburg in disgust and wrath, August 9 ...	1843
Major Smith occupies Fort Napier at Maritzburg with 200 men and two guns to protect "submission" Boers against their "rebel" brethren, August 31 ...	1843
Mr. Henry Cloete leaves D'Urban to go to Pande in Zululand. Mr. C. J. Buissinne, Clerk; Mr. Joseph Kirkman, Interpreter; Gerrit Rudolph and Henry Ogle. Mr. D. C. Toohey went as guide, Sept. 8 ...	1843
Mr. Cloete interviews Pande, October 1 ...	1843
An agreement drawn up in writing, and signed by Pande, extending the boundary of Natal to the Umzinyati from the Tugela to the westward of its junction with it. Natal then recognised the independence of the Zulus. St. Lucia Bay ceded by Pande to British, October 5 ...	1843
Mr. Cloete returns to D'Urban, October 21 ...	1843
First Civil Servants appointed to the New Colony of Natal viz:—Samuel Woods, Collector of Customs, and George Prestwich, tide waiter, November 21 ...	1843
Joachim Prinsloo, Gerrit Rudolph Cornelis Coetzee, and young Buizuidenhout go to Delagoa Bay on horseback to see Mr. Smellekamp, December ...	1843

Sir P. Maitland succeeds Sir George Napier as Governor, March 18	1844
Celebration by the British Settlers of 1820 in Graham's Town, Port Elizabeth, and other parts, of the jubilee on the 25th year of their sojourn in South Africa, April 10	1844
Natal to be part of the Cape Colony, by Letters Patent, May 31	1844
The <i>Fawn</i> , an old tender with an armed crew, under Lieut. Nourse, left Port Natal, June	1844
Faku gets land south of Umzimkulu by treaty signed by Sir Peregrine Maitland at Fort Beaufort, Oct. 7	1844
Theophilus Shepstone and William Fynn, sent with treaty to Faku, who signed it—Witnesses—Shep- stone, Fynn, Revd. T. Jenkins, Faku's son Ndamasi and four Pondo indunas, October	1844
First Postmaster, Mr. William Cowie, D'Urban, Dec. 22	1844
The first Harbour Master, Capt. William Bell, late master of the <i>Conch</i> Likewise Surveyor-General and staff, Dr. William Staanger, appointed January 2	1845
Battle of Zwaartkopjes between British and Boers, April 30	1845
Ohrigstad founded, July 30	1845
Ncapai (father of Makaula) killed in battle with the Pondos, July	1845
Sir P. Maitland issues Proclamation defining boundaries of Natal, August 21	1845
Mr. Martin West appointed Lieut-Governor for Natal, Advocate Henry Cloete, Recorder. Donald Moodie, R. N., Secretary to Government. Walter Harding, Crown Prosecutor; and a few days later, Mr. Theophilus Shepstone, Diplomatic agent for Native Affairs, December 4	1845
War "of the Axe" declared, March 31	1846
Forces took the field, April 11	1846
Sandilli attacks troops under Sir Henry Pottinger, June 16	1847
Sandilli surrendered, October 19	1847
Affair on the Goolah Heights,	1847
Battle of Boomplaats, between the British and the Boers, and Orange Free State taken from the latter, August 29	1848
Agulhas lighthouse started, March 1	1849
Arrival of Convict Ship <i>Neptune</i> , September 15	1849
Colonel Boys, 45th Regt, appointed administrator of Natal, August 2	1849
First Bishop of Cape Town, Dr. Gray appointed,	1849

Anti-Convict movement at Cape,	1849
Order of revocation received and the unfortunate <i>Neptune</i> left Simon's Bay, after a five months' detention, and the Anti-convict Association was dismissed, Feb. 13	1850
Fourth Kafir War (British Kaffraria, lasting about two-and-a-half years,)	1850
His Honour B. C. C. Pine appointed Lieut. Governor of Natal,	1850
Battle of the Boomah Pass, Dr. Stewart shot, and Capt. Bisset wounded by Sandilli's Kafirs, Dec. 24 ...	1850
Expedition against Dushani,	1850
Between December 24th 1850 and 21st of October 1851, twelve officers were killed—eighteen wounded; 195 soldiers killed and 364 wounded,—	1851
Orange Sovereignty declared separate British Colony, ...	1851
Sikwate (Swaziland) died, September 21	1851
Battle of Berea between British and Basutos,	1852
Andries Waterboer died, and Nicholas his son succeeded him,	1852
Transvaal declared independent by Cathcart,	1852
Attack on Water Kloof by Kafirs, March 3	1852
Sand River Convention approved by Volksraad, March 18	1852
Engagement of Koonap Heights, June 17	1852
Execution of Pieterse at Potchefstroom, June 25	1852
General Andries Pretorius, President of Transvaal Republic, died, and his son, Martinus Wessels Pretorius, succeeded him, July 23	1853
Discovery of Zambesi Victoria Falls,	1853
Treaty of Peace, Transvaal with Montsiwa, October 14...	1853
Orange Sovereignty abandoned to the Boers by the British,	1854
Introduction of Steam Press printing at the Cape, August 10	1854
After withdrawal of British authority from Free State, first Boer Volkraad assembled at Bloemfontein, and shortly afterwards elected, J. P. Hoffman as President of Executive, March 28	1854
Mr. John Burnet appointed Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate of Aliwal North, by Sir George Gray in lieu of his position as British Agent at Bloemfontein, April	1855
Free State Burgher force march against Witsi—son of Moshesh with them, May	1855
Mr. Jacobus Nicholas Boshof, installed as President, August 27	1855
Battle between Cetywayo and Umbulazi, on the banks of the lower Tugula, December 2	1856

The head-quarters of the German Legion arrived in the Cape Colony, men, including officers—351—women 373—children 178—January 28	1857
False Prophet tells Xosas to kill cattle, February 18	1857
Lydenburg secedes from Transvaal Republic, March 11	1857
First Transvaal paper issued—i.e. the "Oude Emigrant" October 15	1857
The Affair of Matyana.	1858
M. W. Pretorius re-elected President of Transvaal, Feb. 18	1858
War against the Basutos proclaimed at Bloemfontein, March 19	1858
Moperi and Molitsane defeated at Korranaberg, by Commandant Pretorius, March 25	1858
Nehemiah and Poshuli repulsed, March 28	1858
Beersheba Mission station under Mr. Rolland, wrecked by Basutos, March 28	1858
Senekal elected Commandant General in place of Weber, April 25	1858
Boshof writes to Sir G. Grey to intercede "as a humane and Christian act," April 27	1858
Boshof sues Moshesh for peace; armistice arranged, June 1	1858
Sir G. Grey reaches Bloemfontein, August 20	1858
Treaty with Moshesh signed October 15	1858
Mr J. N. Boshof resigns (Snyman acting) Feb. 21	1859
Mr. M. Pretorius made President of Orange Free State, February 21	1860
Boer union with Lydenburg, April 4	1860
Bushmen with Poshuli's Basutos plunder farm house June 20	1860
Prince Alfred (Duke of Edinburgh) arrives at Cape Town, July 24	1860
Moshesh with twenty-five of his chiefs, and an escort of 300 men wait on Prince Alfred at Aliwal North August 24	1860
Sir Harry Smith dies, October 11	1860
Adam Kok abandons his land to Free State, Dec 26	1861
Sir Philip Wodehouse arrives, January 15	1862
Two of Poshuli's captains with Moshesh's concurrence attack Jan Letele, January 3	1862
Kok arrives and occupies Umzimvubu Valley, Jan.	1863
Griquas under Adam Kok trek to Southern slopes of Drakenberg,	1863
Sir Philip Wodehouse appointed High Commissioner, January 15	1863
Pretorius resigns in Free State, J. J. Venter acting, March 5	1863
Mr. John H. Brand assumes office as President, Feb. 2	1864

Sir Philip Wodehouse arrives at Aliwal North, March 16	1864
M. W. Pretorius third time President of Transvaal, May 10	1864
Ramelana's Basutos attack the Border Guard near Harri-smith, December 27	1865
Griquas drive robber bands of Nehemiah and Poshuli from their fastnesses, March	1865
Fearful storm in Table Bay. Eighteen vessels were driven on shore, including the Mail Steamer <i>Athens</i> , in which every soul perished. Loss of life, seventy souls—Loss of Property £100,000, May 17	1865
The President calls the Burghers to arms, June 9	1865
General Fick attacks Moperi. June 14	1865
Poshuli and Morosi ravage country, junction Caledon and Wilgeboom Rivers, killing thirteen white men, June 20	1865
Murder of Pretorius' family by Ramelana's Kafirs on the Drakensberg, June 27	1865
Sir Philip Wodehouse proclaims neutrality at Cape Town. Ramelana raids into Natal, June 27	1865
Two hundred and fifty Boers engage large army of Moshesh, and beat it, June 28	1865
Wepener with 240 storm Vecht Kop, Poshuli's stronghold, and take it, July 14	1865
General Fick takes the Berea Mountain, Chapman, Oliver and Bertram first men on top, July 25	1865
Five hundred Barolong under T'sepinare, join the Free State Forces, July 26	1865
Wepener routs Letsia's force, July 31	1865
Attempt of Free State forces to take Thaba Bosigo by storm, failed, August 8	1865
Another assault on Mountain made, and Wepener killed, August 15	1865
Paul Kruger and Transvaal Burghers attacked by Molapo's followers, six Boers killed—and fifty-four Basutos, September 29	1865
Combined Burgher forces have victorious engagement with enemy in large force by Cathcart's drift on the Caledon, October 23	1865
Engagement between 450 Burghers under Fick, and some 300 Basutos at Platberg, December 6	1865
Expedition against Isidoi, December 6	1866
Expedition against Ukane, December 6	1866
Molapo's warriors attack the village of Bethlehem, January 22	1866
Commandant de Villiers with 200 men defeated 2,000 of Molapo's and Ramelana's warriors, February 19	1866

Mr. F. Senekal—Commandant in 1858—killed while leading a partrol belonging to above force, Feb. 21	1866
Treaty between Free State and Molapo entered into, March 26	1866
Mr. Hendrik Oostenwald Dreyer killed in returning forage on Basutos in Witsi's Hoek, March 29	1866
Peace made with Moshesh, April 3	1866
Great rejoicing in Boer Commando, April 4	1866
First Diamond found in South Africa,	1867
Two Free State Commandos under J. I. J. Fick and J. G. Pansegrouw enter ceded territory, March 12	1866
Moshesh in letter to High Commissioner, recedes from treaty of March 18	1867
An English Trader—Bush—murdered near Makuatling, by grandson of Molitsane, June	1867
The President of Transvaal calls out Burghers and proclaims Martial Law, July 16	1867
A great natural fortress, Makwai's Mountain taken by Commandant Pansegrouw division, Sept. 25	1867
Tandjesberg taken by storm by Pansegrouw. Poshuli, brother of Moshesh killed, January 28	1868
Pansegrouw brigade take Kieme, the stronghold of Letsia, February 22	1868
Basutoland proclaimed British Territory by Wodehouse, March 12	1868
Free State deputation leaves for England, May 26	1868
Sir Walter Currie with Police received by Moshesh at Thaba Bosigo, March 26	1868
First Diamond found on Diamond Fields in Griqualand West	1869
Sir P. Wodehouse visits Noman'sland, March	1870
Moshesh died, March 11	1870
Deed of Submission of Waterboer, March 1	1871
Diamond Fields annexed	1871
Mr. M. Pretorius resigned, Mr. Burgers succeeding him	1871
Governor Keate awards Bloemhof Arbitration, October 17	1871
Griqualand West ceded to British by Nicholas Waterboer, he receiving an annuity of £1,000 per annum, October 27	1871
Annexation of Basutoland to the Cape ratified by the Queen in Council, November 3	1871
President Burgers sworn in at Transvaal, July 1	1872
Um Pande died, November 19	1872
Responsible Government Established at Cape Town, November 23	1872
Livingstone died, May 4	1873
Coronation of Cetywayo, September 1	1873

Troops march against Langalibalele, October 30	...	1873
Langalibalele Rebellion. Three Volunteers shot at Bushman's Pass, November 4	...	1873
First trek of Boers to Damaraland, May 27	...	1874
Second trek of Boers to Damaraland, April 29	...	1875
Sir Christopher Brand died, May 18	...	1875
Sekukuni's Rebellion began, against Boers, March 7	...	1876
President Burgers returned from Europe, April 21	...	1876
Battle at Mothibi's Kop, July 5	...	1876
Boer attack on Sekukuni's Mountain failed, August 2	...	1876
Sekukuni's Kafirs attack Fort Burgers, September 30	...	1876
Mathebi's engagement with D.F.V. ? December 2	...	1876
Sixth Kafir War, Gcaleka	...	1877
Sekukuni signed treaty of peace with Boers, February 16	...	1877
Cape Town Exhibition opened, April, 4	...	1877
Annexation of Transvaal to England, April 12	...	1877
Railway opened to King William's Town, May 5	...	1877
British Flag hoisted at Pretoria, May 25	...	1877
Gcaleka invasion of Fingoland, August 9	...	1877
Fight between Gcaleka and Fingoes, August 29	...	1877
Mr. Trollope visited Natal, September 15	...	1877
Kreli deposed, October 11	...	1877
<i>Mabel</i> wrecked, four lives lost, October 28	...	1877
Gcaleka War, November 13	...	1877
Fight at Umtata, November 14	...	1877
Stanley arrives, November 15	...	1877
Opening of Telegraph to Cape, January 24	...	1878
Second Sekukuni's War began, February 8	...	1878
Zulu border commission appointed, April 12	...	1878
Smith Palmer, a Griqua, and eighteen of his men, shot by Capt. Blyth's Party in Griqualand East, April 14	...	1878
Korannas attack Damaras in Namaqualand	...	1878
Battle Burns Hill, Cape Colony, April 30	...	1878
Tini Macomo taken prisoner, May 28	...	1878
Sandilli killed	...	1878
Engagement at Koegas, June 6	...	1878
Engagement at Magnet Heights, June 17	...	1878
Engagement with Korannas, Griquas, and Ngqikas, at Kuruman, July 2	...	1878
Sir Bartle Frere arrives at D'Urban, September 23	...	1878
Publication of Zulu award, December 13	...	1878
Seventh Kafir War, began in Zululand*, Jan. 11	...	1879
Sir Bartle Frere's proclamation of War against the Zulus, January 4	...	1879
Zulu War began, January 11	...	1879

* The seven important Kafir wars in South Africa run thus:—1811; 1818-19; 1834-5; 1846-8; 1850-3; 1877-8; 1879.

Attack on Sirayo's Kraal, January 12	1879
Battle of Isandhlwane and Inyezane, January 22	1879
Defence of Rorke's Drift (afternoon), January 22	1879
Insurrection of Morosi, February 24	1879
Sir O. Lanyon sworn in as Administrator of Transvaal,			
March 4	1879
Affair at the Intombi River, March 12	1879
Affair at the Zlobane, March 28	1879
Piet Uys (the younger) killed by Zulus at Hlobane			
Mountain, March 28	1879
Battle of Kambula, March 29	1879
Prince Imperial arrived at Durban, March 31	1879
Battle of Ginginhlovu, April 2	1879
Relief of Etshowe, April 4	1879
Colonial Defeat at Morosi's, April 8	1879
Death of Umbelini, April 9	1879
Orange River rebels defeated, April 28	1879
Home Government announce appointment of Sir Garnet			
Wolseley as Governor of Natal and Transvaal, May 26	1879
Prince Imperial of France killed by Zulus, June 1	1879
Body of Prince Imperial of France arrives in Maritzburg,			
June 8	1879
Body arrives at D'Urban, June 10	1879
<i>Boadieea</i> sails with body for Simon's Bay, June 12	1879
Body arrives at Simon's Bay, June 16	1879
<i>Orontes</i> leaves with the body for England, June 16	1879
Sir Garnet Wolseley arrives at Cape Town, June 22	1879
His second arrival in Natal, June 28	1879
He arrives at Greytown, June 30	1879
Battle of Ulundi, July 4	1879
Body of Prince Imperial reaches Spithead, July 10	1879
Funeral of Prince Imperial at Camden Place, Chislehurst,			
July 12	1879
Lord Chelmsford arrives at D'Urban from Zululand,			
July 20	1879
Telegraph opened to Lorenzo Marquez, July 23	1879
Amampondos attack Xesibes	1879
Donker Malgas, his brother and seven Griqualand rebels,			
shot dead. Outbreak considered quelled, July 28	1879
Sir Garnet Wolseley arrives at Rorke's Drift, August 14	1879
Capture of Cetywayo, August 28	1879
Cetywayo arrived in Cape Town, September 15	1879
Telegraph opened to Pretoria, September 20	1879
Sir Bartle Frere arrived in Natal, September 23	1879
Sir Garnet Wolseley arrives at Pretoria, September 27	1879
Sir Garnet Wolseley sworn in as Governor of Transvaal,			
September 29	1879

Remainder of Principal Zulu Chiefs surrender to Sir Garnet Wolseley, September 29	1879
Storming of Sekukuni's stronghold by Wolseley, Nov. 28	1879
Sir Henry Bulwer left Natal	1880
Empress Eugenie arrived at D'Urban, April 23	1880
Arrival of Sir George Colley, July 2	1880
Recall of Sir Bartle Frere, August 2	1880
Basuto and Cape War (1880-81)	1880
Lerothodi's kraal burnt, October 22	1880
Railway opened to Pietermaritzburg, December 1	1880
Rising of Transvaal Boers, December 16	1880
Attack on 94th Regt. by Boers at Bronkfos Spruit, Dec. 19	1880
People of Pretoria go into camp, December 22	1880
Damaraland Trek Boers enter into Convention with Portuguese Government (Mossamedes), Dec. 28	1880
Engagement between British and Boers, at Zwartkops near Pretoria, January 6	1881
Arrival at Cape of Governor Sir Hercules Robinson, Jan. 21	1881
Battle of Laing's Neck, January 27	1881
Battle of In-ogo, February 8	1881
Engagement at Red House Kraal, February 12	1881
Battle of Amajuba, and death of Sir George Colley, Feb. 27	1881
Armistice arranged, March 21	1881
Peace proclaimed in the Transvaal, March 23	1881
Transvaal independence begins, August 8	1881
Loss of U.S.S. Co.'s steamer <i>Teuton</i> , with 227 lives, Aug. 30	1881
Ratification of Convention by Transvaal Volksraad, Oct. 25	1881
Last British troops leave Pretoria, November 17	1881
Ex-President Burgers died, December 9	1881
Sir Evelyn Wood left Natal, December 22	1881
Responsible Government offered to Natal, and refused by the country at general election, February 2	1882
Sir Henry Bulwer, for second time Governor of Natal, March 6	1882
First sod of Ladysmith Railway Extension turned, May 3	1882
Cetywayo visited England, and obtained his restoration to Zululand, August	1882
Sekukuni murdered by Mampoor, August 13	1882
Cetywayo landed at Port Durnford (from England) (Lord Chelmsford crossed the Buffalo River on the same day of the same month exactly four years before), Jan. 11	1883
Cetywayo reinstated, January 29	1883
President Kruger sworn in for five years, May 9	1883
Execution of Mampoor, November 22	1883
Death of Cetywayo, February 9	1884
London Convention signed, February 27	1884
British Resident (Mr. George Hudson) left Pretoria May 20	1884

Dinizulu succeeds Cetywayo, May 21	1884
Battle between Kafirs and Boers at Mamusa—Captain Schwietzer killed, December 2	1885
British Protectorate of Bechuanaland proclaimed, Jan. 27	1885
Railway opened to Kimberley, November 29	1885
First sod Delagoa Bay Railway turned, June 2	1886
Railway opened from Maritzburg to Ladysmith, June 21	1886
Dubulamanzi shot by Boers, September 22	1886

LIST OF CAPE COMMANDERS AND GOVERNORS UNDER THE BATAVIAN GOVERNMENT.

Jan van Riebeeck	1652
J. Wagenaar	1662
Cornelius van Quaelberg	1666
Jacob Borghorst	1668
Peter Hackius	1670
Conraad van Breitenbach	1672
Albert van Breugel	1672
Isbrand Goske	1672
Johan Bax	1678
Hendrik Crudop	1678
Simon van der Stel	1678
William Adrian van der Stel	1699
John Cornelis d'Abling	1707
Louis van Assenburg	1708
William Helot	1711
Mauritz Pasques de Chavonnes	1714
Jan de la Fontaine (Acting)	1724
Pieter Gysbert Noodt	1727
Jan de la Fontaine (Acting)	1728
Jan de la Fontaine (Effective)	1730
Adrian van Kervel	1736
Daniel van den Hengkell	1737
Hendrik Swellengrebel	1739
Ryk Tulbagh	1751
Joachim van Plettenberg	1771
Pieter Baron van Rheede van Oudtshoorn died on passage to Colony on the <i>Asia</i>	1773
Cornelis Jacob van de Graaff	1785
Johannes Isaac Rhenius	1791
Abraham Josias Sluysken (Commissioner)	1793

BRITISH GOVERNORS.

J. H. Craig	1795
Earl Macartney	1797

Sir Francis Dundas (Lieut.-Governor)	1798
Sir George Young	1799
Sir Francis Dundas (Lieut.-Governor)	1801

UNDER THE BATAVIAN GOVERNMENT.

Jan Willem Janssens	1803
---------------------	-----	-----	-----	------

BRITISH GOVERNORS.

Sir David Baird	1806
Hon. H. G. Grey (Lieut.-Governor)	1807
Du Pre, Earl of Caledon	1807
Hon. H. G. Grey (Lieut.-Governor)	1811
Sir John Francis Cradock	1811
Hon. Robert Meade (Lieut.-Governor)	1813
Lord Charles Henry Somerset	1814
Sir Rufane Shaw Donkin (Acting)	1820
Lord Charles Somerset (relieved)	1821
Richard Brooke (Lieut.-Governor)	1826
Hon. Sir Galbraith Lowry Cole	1828
Lieut.-Col. T. F. Wade (Acting)	1834
Sir Benjamin D'Urban	1834
Sir Andries Stockenstrom, Baronet, Lieut.-Governor of Eastern Province,	1836
Sir George Thomas Napier, K.C.B.,	1838
Colonel John Hare, Lieut.-Governor of Eastern Province	1839
Sir Peregrine Maitland,	1843
Major General Right Hon. Sir Henry Pottinger, Bart.	1847
Sir H. F. Young, Kt. Lieut. Governor Eastern Province	1847
Lieut.-General Sir Henry G. W. Smith, Bart....	1847
Lieut.-General Hon. G. Cathcart	1852
C. H. Darling (Lieut.-Governor)	1852
Sir George Grey, K.C.B.	1854
Lieut.-General R. H. Wynyard, C.B., (Lieut.-Governor	1859
Sir G. Grey, K.C.B.	1860
Sir Philip Edmund Wodehouse, K.C.B.	1861
Sir Henry Barkly, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.	1870
Sir H. Bartle E. Frere, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.S.I....	1877
Major General Sir H. H. Clifford, V.C., K.C.M.G., C.B., Administrator	1880
Major Sir G. C. Strahan, K.C.M.G., Administrator	1880
Sir Hercules G. R. Robinson, G.C.M.G.	1881

APPENDIX B.

It may be interesting to my readers if I here introduce in an "Olla Podrida" form, some accounts of events, anecdotes, &c., &c., which I have not had an opportunity of inserting before. The following is from the book of Archibald Forbes on Gordon :—

While Gordon was staying at Lausanne in the spring of 1881, he had received and had declined an offer from the Government of the Cape of Good Hope of the command of the colonial forces, at a salary of £1,500 a year. He had made a tender of his services in a sphere of wider responsibility, to which the Colonial Ministers had apparently not seen their way to accede. But troubles had been thickening upon them ever since ; and they bethought themselves again of a man whose administrative genius stood so high. They applied to the Home Government for consent to utilise Gordon's services, and this accorded, the Premier of the Cape Government, on March 3rd, 1882, sent him the following communication : "Position of matters in Basutoland grave, and of utmost importance that Colony secure services of some one of proved ability, firmness, and energy. Government resolved therefore asking whether you are disposed to renew offer which you made to former Ministry. They do not expect you to be bound by salary then stated. Should you agree to place services at disposal of this Government, it is very important you should at once visit the Colony, in order to learn facts bearing on situation. Could you do this you would confer signal favour on the Colony, leaving your future action unpledged. . . . It is impossible within limits telegram to enter fully into the case, and in communication with you, Government rely upon same devotion to duty which prompted former offer, to excuse this sudden request." Gordon's former offer had been of "his services for two years to assist in terminating war and administering Basutoland."

He immediately took ship, and reached the Cape in May. Governor and Ministers found themselves in a difficulty. Mr. Orpen was Administrator of Basutoland, and him they were reluctant to remove. They wanted Gordon's services, yet they did not see how to utilise them, since Gordon and Orpen would clash. The object of the former in coming to the Cape was clear. He had once already declined the appointment simply of Commandant of the Colonial Forces. He wished to engage himself in the settlement of the Basutoland troubles, and the Cape Government were anxious that he should do so, but could not make up their minds to clear the way for Gordon by the removal of Mr. Orpen. Most men in Gordon's position would, under those circumstances, have declined the Cape service

altogether ; but he, hoping disinterestedly to find some method whereby he might be of use, took the appointment of Commandant-General which he had refused a year previously. It was told him that the appointment was but a temporary expedient. He studied the native problem carefully, and sent in a memorandum giving as his opinion that the Basutos should have been consulted as to their transference from the Imperial to the Cape Government, and suggesting that they should be summoned to a conference concerning the terms of agreement with the Colonial Government. To this memorandum no reply was accorded, and Gordon proceeded up country to King William's Town, and there prepared the report on the colonial forces which the Premier had requested of him. It was full of suggestions for reforms, and Gordon showed how the Colony could, by the adoption of economies he pointed out, maintain an army 8,000 strong, instead of the existing force of 1,600, at an expense of £7,000 less than the smaller force cost. Neither on this, nor on suggestions in regard to other matters which he had been asked to make, did any action follow. In July the Government requested him to visit Basutoland, to which his reply, accompanied by a memorandum as to the line of action he would recommend there, was that there was no use in his going to Basutoland, unless the Government were prepared to acknowledge his presence and take account of his proposals. To this, apparently, the Government did not see their way, and Gordon remained at his military post in King William's Town, until next month, when the Cape Secretary for Native Affairs came up and requested him to accompany him to Basutoland, whither Mr. Sauer was going to see Mr. Orpen, the Ministerial representative. Gordon demurred. He pointed out that he was opposed to Mr. Orpen's policy, and could do no good ; but Sauer pleaded hard, and he went. As the issue, Gordon became more and more convinced of the futility of a policy which consisted in trying to settle matters by using one set of Basutos to coerce another, and wrote a memorandum embodying his opinions. Then Mr. Sauer asked him to go, as a private individual, to Masupha, the hostile Basuto chief, and try to win him over. Gordon went with neither credentials nor instructions on an errand of no inconsiderable risk. Masupha fortunately was a gentleman, although a "nigger." While Gordon was negotiating with him in the name of the Cape Government, the emissaries of that Government inspired Letsea, the opposition Basuto chief, to assail Masupha. The latter might have held Gordon as a hostage ; instead, he magnanimously allowed him to go in peace.

Conduct of this description Gordon, with all his self-abnegation, was not the man to brook. The moment he got

back from Masupha into what of civilisation South Africa anywhere affords,* he telegraphed to Cape Town : "As I am in a false position here, and am likely to do more harm than good, I propose leaving for the Colony, and when I have finished some reports I will come down to Cape Town, when I trust Government will accept my resignation." The reply was : "The Premier has no objection to your coming to Cape Town as proposed." But Gordon had taken service under certain conditions which he was prepared to fulfil, and intimated accordingly. The Premier was severe in a little Pedlington fashion, but after the same fashion grandly magnanimous. 'This was his reply : "In answer to your telegram proposing to come to Cape Town and expressing a wish that Government would accept your resignation, and to subsequent messages intimating that when you telegraphed it had escaped your memory that you had stated your willingness to remain until Parliament met, I have to state that I have no wish to hold you to your promise, and am now prepared to comply with the desire expressed, that your resignation should be accepted : after the intimation that you would not fight the Basutos, and considering the tenor of your communication with Masupha, I regret to record my conviction that your continuance in the position you occupy would not be conducive to public interest."

It was a minor thing to have earned the gratitude of an Emperor for the subjugation of a rebellion that was striking at the vitals of his Empire ; it was a trifle to have been Viceroy of the Soudan, and to have won the admiration of the world because of the resolute skill with which he had pacificated that vast and turbulent region. What availed Gordon all these things so long as he had been unsuccessful in giving satisfaction to the Premier of the Cape Colony ? He has lived through much, through what would have proved fatal to most men ; but the most surprising proof of tenacious vitality he has given is that he should have survived that august functionary's recorded conviction that his continuance in office "would not be conducive to public interest." He staggered back to England, there to recover from the prostration of despair. It is surprising, indeed, that, after so authoritative an imprimatur of his incapacity, wanton recklessness could tempt greater powers than the Cape Government to entrust him with responsibility. Yet this has been done.

* Whatever Mr. Archibald Forbes may think of the colossal intellect of Mr. Sauer, he might omit his impertinent remarks on South Africa, although there is a reason for his soreness considering that he was expelled from the D'Urban Club in Natal for continual drunkenness. "Square Bottle Forbes" as this irrepressible person was known as during the Zulu campaign, &c., although a "ranker" is yet a fairly good showman and postman, but he should modestly confine himself to his show business and flunkeyism, and not venture out into waters wherein he may be ducked—even in poor despised South Africa.

APPENDIX C.

SIR GORDON SPRIGG.

As a sequel to John Dunn's remarks on Zulu affairs quoted in the foregoing text, the former words of Sir Gordon Sprigg (who has so steadily and pluckily brought up the finances of this Colony that we may this quarter repeat an excess over estimated revenue, of £200,000) might well be quoted. I accordingly beg to re-produce what this praiseworthy Colonial statesman said in London, as reported by the *South African* then Edited and owned in London by Mr. R. W. Murray Senr. :—

The Hon. J. Gordon Sprigg, late Premier in the Cape Town Parliament, on Monday night addressed the members of the Earl's Court Conservative Club, on South Africa. Sir Sibbald Scott, who presided, read a letter and telegram which had been received from Sir Bartle Frere regretting that he was unable to be present, and adding, "I know of no subject more worthy of the attention of Conservative Associations than our Colonial Empire, and few men who are better entitled to be heard on it than Mr. Gordon Sprigg." Mr. Sprigg, in the course of his address, said that at this moment there was more unrest, more distrust of the future prevailing in every part of South Africa than at any time during the present century, and that feeling was, in his opinion, largely traceable to the action of her Majesty's Government within the last two years. When the Cape Government offered lenient terms to the defeated Basuto rebels her Majesty's Government put up Mr. Grant Duff in the House of Commons to state, on the authority of the Government that a censure had been sent out to the Cape Government for the terms they had proposed. The statement was telegraphed to South Africa, and its effect was to encourage the Basutos in rebellion against the authority of the Crown. How was it possible for loyal men in the Cape to carry on successfully the government of the country, uphold the authority of the Crown, and ensure obedience to the law, if Ministers at home cast their great weight on the side of rebellion? But he was not surprised at what her Majesty's Government had done in South Africa, seeing what they had done in Ireland. Sir Garnet Wolseley's settlement of Zululand had left that country in absolute anarchy, and if Cetywayo were once sent back to his native land it would be the signal for the rising of every barbarian in South Africa against civilised government. Zululand ought to have been annexed—(hear, hear)—and whether the authorities in Downing-street liked it or nor, it must be annexed.

and governed like other parts of the Queen's dominions. (Hear, hear.) What they complained of in South Africa was that they had been *sacrificed to party exigencies in England*. Referring to the appointment of Mr. Sendall to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Natal the speaker condemned it as another example of the persistent determination of the present Government to do the wrong thing. But if the colonists rose in arms against the appointment, perhaps the Government, who always paid respect to the wishes of those *who were in rebellion*, would then give way. (Laughter, and hear, hear.) A vote of thanks was given to the hon. gentleman for his address.

About this time the *Times*, alluding to some vindication of the rights of the Cape Colony remarks: "We readily give every honour to the leading colony of South Africa for recognising and fulfilling its duty, and Mr. Sprigg, who is the advocate of full colonial responsibility, and, at the same time, champion of all that is loyal at the Cape, is, of all our high minded colonial statesmen, well entitled to hearing when he protests against what appears to him a misrepresentation of his colony with a view to its gradual abandonment by the mother country. Mr. Sprigg's vindication of the Cape Colony serves to set in relief the position of the outlying colonies of South Africa." It strongly urges confederation, which it believes would be the surest way to enable South Africa to possess full autonomy and yet remain closely linked to the mother country.

DONALD MOODIE'S CAPE "RECORD."

I am glad that our worthy Knight, Sir Gordon Sprigg, is achieving the financial success alluded to elsewhere, because the Government may see their way clear to resuscitate ancient Cape literature. The above "Record" might well be taken in hand, as it is at present quite a *rara avis*. Five years ago the Hon. Richard Southey, C.M.G., was good enough to go about Cape Town with me in the endeavour to get a copy. The late Mr. Juta, *inter alia*, was applied to without success, and he surmised that success would be attended by the disbursement of about forty shekels of gold. *The Eastern Star* of Graham's Town, dated July 15, 1887, says, alluding to my advertising the present volumes:—

Mr. D. C. F. Moodie's advertisement, which appears in another column, reminds us of that invaluable work of his father's, Donald Moodie, R.N., entitled the "Cape Record." In our archives there are still papers of correspondence between Sir George Grey and our late eminent ethnologist and philologist,

Dr. Bleek, regarding the desirability of our Government republishing this solid landmark of ancient Cape history, from which subsequent writers have so largely helped themselves—sometimes without acknowledgment. The fact that none of our libraries have a complete copy of this high authority reflects badly upon our forethought. The gentleman mentioned at the head of this note has, however, a complete copy containing an autograph parchment letter of ‘Jan Van Riebeeck’—as he *clearly* signs himself in all his earlier despatches. Mr. A. Wilmot, writing to Mr. D. C. F. Moodie, says:—‘In writing my History of the Cape Colony to 1820 I found Moodie’s Records of the greatest value. There can be no doubt that their importance has never been adequately appreciated, as they are to our History of the Cape Colony what such works as “Froissart’s” Chronicle are to our History of England. The foundation and publication of these Records by your father placed the people of this Colony under a deep debt of gratitude to him’ ”

Dr. Bleek, in writing to the author of this “Record” on the 3rd of November 1855, after an exordium, says, “I can, therefore, conceive no undertaking better calculated to give a thorough insight into South African Ethnography than the republication of this ‘Record,’ . . . and I cannot but consider it a great loss to the History of this Colony, and to that of its inhabitants, that circumstances obliged you to discontinue your work.”

“The object was, indeed, rather historical and political than ethnological or scientific. Yet I beg to assure you that *I never met with a book that appeared to me of so much value for imparting an accurate knowledge of the ethnography of Southern Africa, and none so rich in facts.*”

“It is my candid opinion that these Records will long form the bases of ethnographical studies, and that it will be long before all the materials contained in them can be thoroughly mastered. . . .

“I fully believe, therefore, that contributions towards the ethnography of Africa will now command attention. I deem it highly desirable that the contents of the Cape Record should be more generally accessible, and finally, I congratulate you most sincerely on having devoted your leisure to a work so useful and beneficial.—I am &c., W. H. J. BLEEK.”

Sir Gordon Sprigg, writing to the author of these volumes (“Battles” &c.) then in Australia in July, 1882, says “I should have written before, but have delayed in the hope of being able

* The italics are the Doctor’s, of course.

to send you a copy of the "Cape Record." I am sorry to say I have not been successful. It is a very scarce work—out of print. The booksellers know it, and they have promised to let me know if a copy should come into their possession. One gentleman in Cape Town lent me a copy, and I perused it with very great interest, but he would not part with it. Your relative, Thomas Moodie, who lives near Port Beaufort, told me he had a copy, but I could not induce him to give it up." I have since secured this copy.

Upon obtaining the promise of Government assistance, my father set to work and learnt the Dutch language, and also acquired the peculiar power which enabled him to decipher the enigmatically written quaint old Dutch Documents. When the very valuable old papers upon which he worked had been rescued from neglect and decay by him, they were taken up to the office set apart for him—at present (1888) in the occupation of the Surveyor General of the Cape, Mr. Abraham De Smidt, and an old Cape civil servant related to me, the other day, the following story almost in these words: "I was the clerk of Colonel Mitchell, and I heard his voice crying out 'For goodness sake, come here Bell (the late John Bell, then Secretary to Government) and look at old Moodie'! The day was suffocatingly hot, and there was the old gentl man in the very warm, close room, coat and waistcoat off, sleeves up, and spectacles perched on crown of head, standing neck deep amid a mass of dirty old cobwebby documents, which he was, by dint of patient toil, endeavouring to reduce to some order."

Touching the "Record," Mr. G. M. Theal, the careful author of the "Chronicles of the Cape Commanders, &c.," says "This work, now unfortunately so rare that a copy is only obtainable by chance, is a literal translation of a great number of original documents relating to the Native tribes of South Africa, from 1651 to June 1690, and from 1769 to 1809. A vast amount of labour and patience must have been expended in the preparation of this large and valuable book.

* * * * *

"It would be an act of injustice on my part not to acknowledge the eminent service performed by Mr. Moodie in this field of literary labour forty years before the Archives were entrusted to my care."

The Editor of the *Cape Argus* of May 7, 1888, says "We fully recognise the value of the late Lieut. Moodie's "Record." The "Record" a monument of research, is fit for students. It is a pity that so valuable a work as Lieut. Moodie's should be out of print. Copies are now obtainable, if at all, only at collectors' fancy prices."

The "Record" as published by A. S. Robertson of Cape Town in 1838 is a large and unwieldy book, which it is the desire of all who prize valuable scientific research to have reproduced in succinct, neat, and handy form. It contains, by the way, much more than matters relating to the native tribes, as the whole of the first part of the work contains the journals of the earlier Cape Commanders, besides a mass of important particulars regarding the days of the occupation of the Cape by the Dutch East India Company, which particulars almost all subsequent writers on Cape History, such as Watermeyer, Napier, Chase, Wilmot, &c., &c, have taken as the bases of their writings.

I should deem the labour of reproduction, in the form indicated, a pleasure and an honour if the Cape Government should see fit to assist in the matter as, of course, I take a great deal of interest in the Cape. First, I am Cape born. My father, and his brothers Benjamin and John Moodie, imported the first mass of Immigrants in 1818. They helped to start the first Scientific Society at Cape Town (sat on by Lord Charles Somerset). My father produced the first book, as we have seen, and the late Major Pigot, late of the Dragoon Guards, my maternal grandfather, imported the first merino sheep into Albany, as may be seen by the early files of the local "Journal."

APPENDIX D.

SOUTH AFRICAN RHYMES.

For a philological reason, and in order to fix the character of a people, I gave the original "Kaatje Kekkelbek," which I have had a deal of trouble in running down. Mr. Bain and Mr. George Rex composed it long ago—about 1834.

[For the same reason above given I also present to my readers some selections from the "Rijmpjes" of Mr. Reitz, reprinted from various South African publications, and published by Juta in Cape Town in 1884. Competent judges, that is those who are in happy possession of the knowledge both of the English and of the Cape Dutch languages, all say that these verses of Mr. Reitz are remarkably clever, as selection of subject, the wit, and the shrewd adaptation are all to be praised.]

KAATJE KEKKELBEK OR LIFE AMONG THE HOTTENTOTS.

As sung with unbounded applause at the Graham's Town
Amateur Theatre.

Tune "Calder Fair" or "How cruel was the Captain!"

(Kaatje Kekkelbek enters, plucking a Jer's harp)

My name is Kaatje Kekkelbek,
I come from Kat Rivier
Daar s van water geen g'brek,
But scarce of wine and beer.
Mijn A. B. C. at Ph'l's school,
I learnt a kleine beetje,
But left it just as great a fool
As gekke Tante Meitje.

Spoken.—"Regt, dat's amper waar wat ouw Moses in the Kaap
zegt "Dat is alles flausen and homboggery." Met mij Tol de
Rol, &c.

But A. B. C. and I. N, *in*
Ik dagt met uncle Plaatje,
Ain't half so good as Brandywijn
And vette Karbonatje.
So off we set—een heele boel,
Stole a fat cow, and sacked it,
Then to an Engels settlers fool
We had ourselves contracted.

Spoken.—"Ja, jong, jij kan mijn g'loo, dat ons het de settlars
gehad. En hij denk altoos dat het ander volk is wat zijn goed
steel. Zoo een Jan Bull is een domme moerhond—een kleine
kind kan hom vernuik. Met mijn Tol de rol."

We next took to the Kowie Bush,
Found sheep that was not lost, aye,
But a schelm Boer het ons gevang,
And brought us voor McCro-ty
Daar was Zaa-tje Zeekoegat, en ik,
En ouw Dirk Donderwetter.
Klaas Klauterberg, en Diedrick Dick,
All sent to the Tronk together.

Spoken.—"Regt, zoo een Boer is een moer slimme ding! Hij
was eerst net so stom als de settlars, en christemense, *maar*

Hot'nots en Kaffers het hom slim gemaakt. Ja ! rasnavel ! Ons het de dag zoo lekker sit kramnatjes eet, dat de vet zoo lans de bek af loop. Hier kom de Boer bij ons uit ! met zijn overgehaalde haan, en sleep ons heele spul na de Tronk. Maar nou trek hij weg oor Groot Rivier, die moervreter—hij zegt dat hij ni t meer kan klaar kom met de Engelse Gorment ! Met zijn töl, &c.”

Drie months we daar got banjan kos,
 For stealing ons een hamel,
 For which, when I again got los
 I thanked for Capt. Campbell.
 The judge came round—his sentence such
 As he thought just and even.
 “Six months hard work ” which means, in Dutch,
Zes maanden lekker leven.

Spoken.—So een Jud ! Hij verbeel hem dat hij slim en geleert is, als hij daar zit met zijn witte kop, wat net zoo lijken als de ding waar de Engelse de vloer mee schoon maak, en zijn mantel en bej net als een predikant, maar, ons Hotnots, wil jij gloo ? is banjan slimmer—ons weet wel wanneer ouw Kekevis rond kom—dan steel ons de meeste, want zijn straf is altoos “Six months hard labour.” Maar de kwaaye ouw met de rooye bakkies, wat hulle zeg “Menzie,” die is beetje straf. Hij gee ons twee jaar en de bandiet, en laat ons klop zoo als in ouw Breslar zijn tijd. Die lange Spitzies van Seur Jan Wyl, daar geef ons niks om ! Maar ouw Kekevis het hulle afgezet, om dat hij te goed was voor ons, en Musgraaf in zijn plaats gesteld. Daar is ook een Montakee die Secretaris, die net zoo goed als Gouverneur in de Kaapstadt is tegenwoordig. Niemand kan *de* kerel fop. Hij laat al de Hotnots werk op de hard way, which is a very hard way of dealing met de poer Hotnots. Met hulle “Tol de rol, &c.”

Die Tronk is een lekker plek
 Of 't was not joost so dry,
 But soon as I got out again,
 At Todd's I wet my eye.
 At Vice's house, in Market-square,
 I drown my melancholies,
 And at Barrack Hill found solders there
 Who treated me with jollies.

Spoken.—Rasnavel jong ! Jij kan mij gloo dat de ouwe dikke kerel zijn brandewijn lekker is, maskie ouw Pratt zijn ook, maar ons neem altoos sluk bij ouw Todd als ons uit de Tronk kom. Dan smaak hij reg lekker. Met zijn “Tol de rol, &c.”

Next morn they put me in Blackhole
 For one rix-dollar stealing,
 And knocking down a vrouw that had
 Met mijn sweetheart some dealing.
 But I'll go to the Governor's self,
 And tell him in plain lingo,
 I've as much right to steal and fight
 As Kafir has, or Fingo.

Spoken.—"Dats onregt. Het is de grootste onregt in de wereld. De teef het mijn man afgeronseld, en hulle het mij in the Blackhole ingesteek. Ik moet gelijk krij. De Engelse Gorment moet mij gelijk geef, anders zal ek toon wat Kaatje Kekkelbek kan doen." Met haar "Tol de rol, &c."

Spoken.—"Regt, jong, I wish toch dat de mis—den—vaarheid Syety would send me to England to speak the trut, net zoo as oom Andries (Andries Stoffels, Esq.) en Jan Zatzoe done in Extra Hole, waar al de Engels kom met ope bek om alles in te sluk wat ons Hotnots vertel I not want Dr. Philipse to praat soetjes in mijn oor wat ik moet zeg, zoo hij done met Jan Zatzoe, en ouw Riet met oom Andries. Kaatje Kekkelbek het self een tong in haar smoel, en is op haar bek niet gevalle. Ik zal vertel hoe de Boere en de Settlaars ons hier vernuik en verdruk, en dat hulle een Temper Syety hier wil oprigt om ons niet meer brandewijn te laat drink, dan zal ik plenty va'rlands t'wak en dacha krijge om te stop, en brandewijn en half kroons; want als een menswil rijk word in England, jij moet maar banjan kwaad spreek van de Duits-volk, maar hulle zal voor mij niet laat gaan, hulle is bang voor Kaatje Kekkelbek! Maar mijn regt wil ik hebbe. Ik gaat verdomd na de Gov'neur!—(*Exit Kaatje.*)

Signed KLIPSPRINGER.

APPENDIX E.

THE SEKUKUNI STRONGHOLD.

Times of Natal, March 31st, 1880.

The *Inverness Courier* has the following:—The employment of the Swazies in the attack on Sekukuni has been animadverted on in one of the London papers, these men, our allies in the expedition, having been charged with the commission of horrible atrocities, and the statements, which it appears had no foundation in fact, have been reproduced by other journals, and thus

been widely circulated. I think, therefore, it is only fair that the public should have an opportunity of seeing portions of three letters which I have received recently from my son, Capt. Macleod, late 74th Highlanders, who raised the Swazie force, led them to the attack, and returned with them afterwards to their own country. I send them to you rather than to any other paper, because in consequence of my son's name not appearing in any despatch, his friends in the Highlands have been anxious about him, and the *Courier* is sure to be seen by them. The first letter was written before the fight :—

“Lydenburg, 17th November, 1879.

“One line to say I have succeeded so far beyond my fondest hopes. Sir Garnet wrote to say he attached the greatest importance to getting 2,000 Swazies, 5,000 if possible, both for themselves, and because their presence, on account of their fighting reputation, would give heart to the other Kafirs. He authorised me to offer any terms, but here I am with 8,000 without any terms beyond keeping the cattle they take, within sixteen days, of first getting the order, having marched 150 miles from the King's kraal. When you consider I had to ride fifty miles to the King, collect the chief men to consult from long distances, then call up the people, many 100 miles away, just in the thick of planting their gardens, you will see I have done well. No one believed I would get an impi at all, and I think nobody but myself could, for from twelve months' experience they have learnt to place confidence in me, and believe what I say. I have had a very hard time, what with the hills and ravines, rivers and swamps, rough Kafir paths, rain every day, and scarcely anything to eat. For four days, the Kafirs had nothing and I only had a bit of mouldy bread. The troops are not ready yet, so I go on by easy stages to Fort Burghers, and expect to advance on the 24th. I am sorry for the Coon, as he is called. From all accounts it will be very nasty work, and we shall lose a good many men. The Boers and people here say they have never seen so big a Swazi impi, nor such order kept. I have had them under perfect control, and though almost starving they have not even taken a fowl from the farms.”

The second letter is also dated from Lydenburg, but after the fight, and was written on the 8th December. In it he says :—

“I am now on my way back with the Swazi army. I hope to reach the King's kraal and hand them over on the 15th, and get back to Derby on the 16th. I cannot tell you how glad I shall be. I am nearly done up with the constant hard work. We have it much harder than the soldiers, and no comforts. On the 27th November I left camp with the clothes I stood in, a rifle

and a pistol, and got back as I went on the 3rd December, having been fighting more or less all the time, and having had to keep up with Swazies over the most frightful ground on foot. The fighting has been very severe. I think I have lost at least 600 Swazies killed, and with them poor Alister Campbell. The success has been most complete, and most important at this juncture. It may save much bloodshed, and whatever may be said about employing the Swazies I can assure you it could not have been done without them. A very large force could have done it in time, but the loss would have been very heavy, and no white men living could have swept over that hillside as the Swazies did. They have behaved very well, and done no mischief either going or returning, and two days more will see me over the border."

The third letter, dated Derby, 20th December, is as follows :—

"I got here yesterday thoroughly tired out with the last month's work. I took my army back to their own country, without doing any mischief on the way, which is really a wonderful thing, for a Kafir impi is supposed to have free licence. Everybody was astonished at their behaviour, and the Landdrost of Lydenburg complimented me upon it. I am myself surprised when I think that I got 8,000 Kafirs to Lydenburg within sixteen days of first getting the order to call them out, and brought them back without any damage having been done to anyone. They fought like tigers, and to them belong the chief credit of the complete success. As yet I have not seen sufficient justice done to the Swazies in the official reports in the papers, but I have only seen the first telegrams. Sir Garnet says—Ferreira followed Sekukuni and surrounded him, and that he surrendered to Ferreira. The truth is, that I with 1,000 Swazies was after him first, and surrounded him two hours before Ferreira's came up. Sir Garnet probably did not know this, as Ferreira sent back word by mounted men, and his despatch was written at once. But I told him afterwards, and I believe if we had not been so close on Sekukuni he would have got into a much stronger place, full of fighting men, two miles further on. I suppose an outcry will be made at home about employing the Swazies, but I think it was necessary. It would have taken a very large force of white men, and I consider that my 8,000 Swazies were more effective than an equal number of soldiers. I do not believe Sir Garnet or anyone knows the places we swept over. In another way the result will be good also. The soldiers and Swazies fraternised, and each admired the other's pluck. The Swazies do nothing but talk about the soldiers, and tell the Boers to their faces that it is ridiculous their talking of fighting against such men. I tried hard to find

Alister Campbell's body, but failed. I am very sorry about it, but we did all we could. I was unable to search myself till after we had taken Sekukuni, and then I searched the hillside till I could not put the one leg before the other. It was not pleasant work. The whole place was covered with dead bodies, Swazies at the mouths of the caves and Basutos inside. I estimate the Swazie loss at between 500 and 600 killed, and about the same wounded, but I cannot say for certain. They are wonderful fellows. Many with fearful wounds walked back the 200 miles as if nothing had happened."—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

MACLEOD OF MACLEOD.

London, 9th February, 1880.

ATTACK ON UMZOET.

The *Cape Times* of October 23rd, 1878, says :—The Transvaal Volunteers, thirty mounted infantry under Major Russell and 300 native contingent under Commandant Nel, and 200 under Ekersley, and three guns under Lieut. Nicholson, R.A. attacked Umzoet's kraal. The fighting lasted for about two hours, when the kraal was taken and burnt, and a large quantity of grain destroyed. Thirty-six head of cattle and a quantity of goats taken with many guns and assegais. Casualties eleven men wounded—some seriously, Sergt Tegg. died next morning and little hope entertained of Peak's life.

I now go on to another account of the Capture of Sekukuni's Town :—

THE GRAND ATTACK.

TOTAL DEFEAT OF THE ENEMY AT ALL POINTS.

(*Traansvaal Argus.*)

The attack on Sekukuni—writes an eye-witness—commenced on Friday, the 28th November, 1879, at about four o'clock in the morning. Ferreira's horse entered Sekukuni's stad, and immediately a volley was poured into them by the enemy, which wounded six troopers. The redcoats and volunteers advanced simultaneously, and in a short time the town was in their hands. At 11 a.m. Sir Garnet gave the order to storm the Vechtkop, which was quickly done in grand style by the Volunteers, soldiers, and Swazies, the white men leading. The caves were then blown up with dynamite. Sekukuni is hemmed in a cave, and strict watch is being kept on him. The enemy's losses were heavy, over two hundred dead bodies lie in the open, and the caves are full of dead as well. Our losses are about fifteen whites killed and thirty wounded. No correct estimates yet made of losses of our native allies; it is put down at present at fifty killed and over 100 wounded. Umzoet is to be attacked next.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

We have been favoured by a gentleman at Pretoria, who was present at the attack, and has just returned to town, with the following particulars :—

We started from Fort Albert Edward at four o'clock on the morning of the 20th November, and trekked to Sevenmile Spruit, where we waited until five o'clock, when Sir Garnet and the staff joined us. We then proceeded to Sekukuni's stad, trekking the whole night through until four o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th, when we outspanned about two miles outside of Sekukuni's. The trek was, it need hardly be said, a most arduous one, apart from its mere duration, rain falling the most of the time, and the roads being rough, wet, and slippery in the highest degree. The camp having been pitched in front of Sekukuni's, all arrangements were made for an attack at daybreak. We went to bed in a very expectant state, and "thought of the morrow." At half-past two next morning the whole camp was quietly astir. At three o'clock all the Volunteers left the camp on foot to the several posts assigned to them, including Commandant Ferreira, to whom was given the honour of opening the attack, and his corps, with Sekukuni's brother "Ramrod," as their guide. They proceeded quickly and quietly towards the foot of the mountain, hoping to get under cover of the boulders before daybreak; but when about 500 yards from their cover at the foot of the "Berg," daylight enough appeared to allow the Kafirs on the mountain to see them, who instantly poured in a tremendous volley from all sides which was returned with interest by all the volunteers and soldiers. Thereupon the signal was given to charge the mountain. Ferreira's men were the first on the mountain, and worked their way up from stone to stone, from krantz to krantz, until they had taken a large krantz overlooking the whole of the King's part of the stad, and commanding another large one on the other side of the mountain, from which the Kafirs were pouring a very heavy fire on other portions of the attacking party. This latter krantz had to be at once silenced, which was speedily done by a few well directed and heavy volleys by Ferreira's men; others at the same time pouring a heavy fire down on the stad, and driving the whole lot of the Kafirs before them to take shelter in higher parts of the mountain. Now came a well-timed and splendid volley of musketry, accompanied by a deafening cheer, from the top of the mountain, which at once told us that the red-coats and Swazies from the other side of the attack had reached the top. And now began the grand chase, as the Kafirs had all taken refuge in the higher parts of the fastness. The 8,000

Swazies set to with a will to "rouse" them out, and drove them before them like flocks of sheep, stabbing them as fast as they could come up to them, the Makatees staying occasionally in their flight to turn round and discharge their guns, dropping a few of their pursuers. In the meantime one half of Ferreira's men had gone below to set fire to the stad; the others with the rest of the volunteers firing at the enemy as they fled before the Swazies, wherever they could see them. By half-past ten the whole stad was in flames, and the entire position was ours, when a few British cheers and Swazie yells told the people at the camp that everything had been successful. All then mustered on the flat round the Vecht Koppie, which the artillery had been shelling with two guns since 4.30 in the morning, but with no more effect than had they been blowing peas against an iron target. When the koppie was surrounded by the volunteers, Swazies, and red-coats, two rockets were sent up as a signal to charge, and with a deafening cheer every one rushed on to the koppie. And now appeared the grand sight of the morning, when 7,000 Swazies spread themselves into open order, and "swarmed" up the kopje like cats. But we must not forget Ferreira's men, who were here very much to the fore, with their Commandant at their head. They were the first on the kopje, and received a heavy volley from the Kafirs, who remained on the krantzies until the attacking party were within a few yards of them, when the Kafirs took refuge in their caves, the entrances to which were natural clefts in the granite boulders. From thence they shot a large number of the attacking party as they forced their way up. But they were very soon silenced by a heavy fire of musketry from our fellows at the mouth of the caves, and took refuge further in. The kopje having been cleared of the enemy on the outside, the blasting was then commenced by the Engineers, and large charges of gun-cotton were fired at the entrance. The only visible effects were the disturbance of a few of the blocks at the mouths of the caves. Towards evening the kopje was surrounded by strong picquets of volunteers and soldiers. The night came on very dark, with heavy rain, which, favouring the Kafirs in the cave, they fired a heavy volley and numbers of them made a charge to get away, in which nine of them were shot, while a number of them escaped to the mountain. On Saturday morning, the 29th, the blasting was commenced again, and about ten o'clock 400 or 500 of the enemy came out and gave themselves up, together with a number of women and children. During the charge of the kopje, Captain Laurell, on the staff, was shot dead through the head from one of the caves as he was climbing up with his revolver in his hand. I must not forget to mention that at the charge of the kopje all the staff took

part in the attack. Poor Campbell was killed while leading the Swazies on the top of the mountain, but his body was not found. Commandant Macauley was one of the first who was killed in the charge upon the mountain. During the whole of the morning half a million shots must have been fired, as bullets were flying about like hail. Some of the prisoners taken say that there was an immense number of Makatees on the mountain—many more than all the force engaged on our side. As to the kopje it is about 300 feet long and 200 broad, composed of huge granite boulders, one on top of another, and wherever any natural entrances appeared they were closed up by built schanzes.

Altogether it was a hot morning's work, if not one of the hottest that has been in South Africa. Our loss is estimated at from thirty to fifty whites killed and wounded, and upwards of 500 Swazies and men of the Native Contingents. The enemy's loss it is difficult to ascertain, probably double that of ours.

APPENDIX F.

GRIQUALAND WEST FIGHTS—OUR LOSSES.

(From the Independent.)

The losses we have sustained, in killed and wounded, during the three months' war in which we have been involved, are terribly severe. So far as we have been able to ascertain they are as follows :—

Killed.—Arnold, Burness, Burness, Burness, Burgher, Campbell, Davis, Ford, jun., Louw, Muller, Paterson, Rawstorne, Thompson, sen., Walton, Woodward, Williams, Westhuyzen, and six Zulus.—Total twenty-three.

Wounded.—Caldecott, Crewel, Druton, Von Essenwein, Ford, sen., Hutton, Horsley, Hunter, Hill, Hughes, Japp, Muller, Nesbitt, Percy, Policeman, Policeman, Policeman, Poulton, Shepherd, Thompson, jun., Williams, Wood, one Griqua, and eight Zulus.—Total thirty.

A total of twenty-three killed in action, murdered at their homes, and deaths from wounds, and of thirty wounded, forms a ghastly proportion out of the numbers engaged, and the comparatively small numbers of the inhabitants exposed to the fury of the enemy. The worst passions of our numerous foes are aroused, and it would be difficult to find a tribe that is not hostile to us. The loss of property in three raids alone exceeds

ten thousand pounds sterling—viz., Van Druten's sacked and destroyed by Griquas, assisted by a heterogeneous gathering of murderers; at Burness's committed by Mora's people principally; and at Thompson's, in which Gasibone and Mankorane's people were the perpetrators. In addition to these we must remember the loss of property in Klein Boetsap, and several other home steads, and the value of cattle stolen throughout the Province which would, together, make a sum total of not less than ten thousand pounds. Besides this it is not supposed that the cost of the war, and the loss by injury to trade has been less than seventy-five thousand pounds. In other ways, no doubt, losses and expenses have been incurred by private individuals, so that the loss in property has been up to the present time not one penny less than one hundred thousand pounds. We trust that punishment will be duly meted out to the chiefs and the people who have thus injured us and caused the loss of so many lives. The chiefs must not be sent to Hopetown, to tide over present emergencies. They must be hanged, and their people hunted until they submit, when they may be taken care of for a time.

The following is as nearly as can be ascertained a correct list of killed, wounded, and missing in the fighting before Sekukuni's town on November 28th and 29th:—Staff—Killed—Commandant Macaulay, late 12th Lancers. and Capt. Laurell, 4th Hussars. Wounded—Captain Maurice, R.A., slightly; Lieut. Dewar, K.D.G., severely. Missing—Captain Campbell (late R.N.) Native contingent. 21st Fusiliers.—Killed—Corporal McNully, Privates Weston and Donoghue. Wounded—Captain Gordon, severely; Captain Willoughby, slightly; Corporal Leedham, severely; Private Whitty, dangerously; Privates Law, Barrett, Dale, Durham, Steenly, and Morrison, slightly. 94th Regiment.—Killed—None. Wounded.—Lieut. O'Grady shot through arm; Private Woods (orderly to Colonel Russell), mortally; Privates Finn, Griffiths, Moloy, Wiley, Downey, and Brady, severely; and Lyons, slightly. Ferreira's Horse.—Wounded—Quartermaster-Sergeant Arthur de St. Croix, dangerously; Sergeant-Major Washburn, mortally; Corporal Win ham and Troopers Releinzner and Hendrikson, dangerously; Troopers Simly, Garton, Saunders, and Bates, slightly. Border Horse.—Killed—Quartermaster-Sergeant Norman, McLeod and Corporal Mithell. Wounded.—Troopers Chasey and Masters. Rustenburg Native Contingent.—Captain Beeton shot through leg—leg amputated. Total eight killed and thirty-two wounded up to the evening of the 28th: but on the morning of the 29th two volunteers were killed and several wounded, the names of whom we have not yet received. The number of Swazies killed and wounded is estimated to be about 150. Enemy's loss great, but not known, and according to their leader, Capt. McLeod, between 500 and 600 Swazies.

APPENDIX G.

JAN COMPANY'S AFFAIRS AT THE CAPE.

On the 31st December, 1687, when the yearly census was taken, it appears that the Company had in Rustenburg, in round numbers, 100,000 vines bearing, and had on the several farms 1,164 head of horned cattle, 140 horses, and 9,218 sheep, says Mr. Theal.

The returns in connection with the Colonists, their stock, and corps were as follows :—

Burghers	254
Wives of Burghers and Widows	88
Children of Do. Do.	231
European men servants	39
Men slaves	230
Women slaves	44
Slave children	36
Horses	155
Horned cattle	2,951
Sheep	30,142
Muids Wheat, last crop	1,857
Do. Rye	197
Do. Barley	205
Vines, bearing	402,900

List of Huguenot emigrants sent out from Holland to the Cape. Names copied from documents at the Hague by Mr. Theal.

The first ship was the *Voorschoten*. She sailed from Delfts-haven on the 31st of December, 1687, with the following passengers, according to a despatch from the Chamber of Delft to the Cape Government :—

Charles Marais, of Plessis,	
Catherine Taboureux, his wife,	
Claude Marais, 24 years old	} his children
Charles Marais, 19 years old	
Isaac Marais, 10 years old	
David Marais, 6 years old	
Philippe Fouché,	
Anne Fouché, his wife,	
Anne Fouché, 6 years old	} his children
Esther Fouché, 5 years old	
Jacques Fouché, 3 years old	
Jacques Pinard, carpenter, 23 years old,	
Esther Fouché, his wife, 21 years old	

Marguerite Bache, unmarried, 23 years old,
 Etienne Bruère, wagonmaker, bachelor, 23 years old,
 Pierre Sabatier, bachelor, 22 years old,
 Jean le Roux, bachelor, 21 years old,
 Gabriel le Roux, bachelor, 17 years old,
 Gideon Malherbe, bachelor, 25 years old,
 Jean Paste, bachelor, 25 years old,
 Paul Godefry, bachelor, 22 years old,
 Gaspar Fouché, bachelor, 21 years old.

The *Borssenburg* sailed on the 6th of January, 1688. Her passenger list—says Theal—seems to be lost from the Archives of the Cape Colony, and also from those at the Hague.

The *Oosterland* left Middelburg on the 29th of January, 1688, having as passengers, according to a despatch from the Chamber of that place to the Cape Government :—

Jacques de Savoye, of Ath,	
Marie Madeleine le Clerc, his wife,	
Antoinette Carnoy, his mother-in-law	
Marguerite de Savoye, 17 years old,	} his children
Barbère de Savoye, 15 years old,	
Jacques de Savoye, 9 months old,	
Jean Prieur du Plessis, surgeon, of Poitiers,	
Madeleine Menanteau, his wife,	
Sarah Avicè, young unmarried woman,	
Jean Nortier, agriculturist,	
Jacob Nortier, agriculturist,	
Daniel Nortier, carpenter.	
Marie Vytou, his wife,	
Isaac Taillefer, vine dresser of Thièrry,	
Susanne Breit, his wife,	
Elizabeth Taillefer, 14 years old,	} his children
Jean Taillefer, 12 years old,	
Isaac Taillefer, 7 years old,	
Pierre Taillefer, 5 years old,	
Susanne Taillefer, 2½ years old,	
Marie Taillefer, 1 year old,	
Jean Cloudon, shoemaker of Conde,	
Jean der Buis, agriculturist of Paris,	
Jean Parisel, agriculturist of Paris.	

The *China* sailed from Rotterdam on the 20th of March, 1688, with the following passengers, according to a despatch from the Chamber of that place.

Jean Mesnard,
 Louise Corbonde, his wife,

Jeanne Mesnard, 10 years old,	} his children
Georges Mesnard, 9 years old,	
Jacques Mesnard, 8 years old,	
Jean Mesnard, 7 years old,	
Philippe Mesnard, 6 years old,	
Andre Mesnard, 5 months, old,	
Louis Corbonne, bachelor, 20 years old,	
Jean Jourdan, bachelor, 20 years old,	
Pierre Jourdan of Cabriere, bachelor, 24 years old,	
Marie Roux, 10 years old,	} orphan nieces of Jean and Pierre Jourdan
Marguerita, 7 years old,	
(A second) Pierre Jourdan, also bachelor, 24 years old,	
Pierre Joubert, 23 years old,	
Isabeau Richard, his wife,	
Susanne René, 20 years, young, unmarried,	
Jacques Verdeaa, 20 years old,	} brothers
Hercule Verdeaa, 16 years old,	
Pierre la Grange, bachelor, 23 years old,	
Matthieu Fracasse, bachelor, 26 years old,	
André Pelanebron, bachelor, 15 years old,	

And twelve others that died before the ship reached her destination.

More names. Arrived about this time, 1688-90 : Pierre Lombard, Pierre Jacob, Abraham de Villiers, Matthieu Arniel, Hercule du Pre, Louis Cordier, Jean le Long, Widow Charles Privot, Marguerite Perrotit, Jean du Plessis, Daniel de Buella, Nicolas de Lanoy, Pierre Bousseau, Guillaume Nel, Nicholas Kleef, Eneas and Susan Costeux, Jean Margra, Louis Fourie, Jacob and Etienne Vivet, Jean Cloudon, and Jean Durand, Louis Barré, Jacques Thérond, Francois Retif, David Sènèchal, Solomon Gounnai, Daniel Couvat, Pierre Meyer. Jean Boi, Daniel Hugod, Michel Martineau, Antonie Gros, Daniel Ferrier, Jacques Malan, Nichola la Tatte and Jean Garde, Abraham and Pierre Vivier, Elizabeth du Pre, Pierre Batte, Antonie Martin, Zacharie Mantoir, Pierre Rochfort, Jean Magnet, Pierre Reneset, Abraham Beluze, Jean Mysal, Pierre Le Tebre, Guillaume du Toit and wife Francois, Revd Pierre Simond and wife and child, Louis de Pierron, Pierre Barille, Andre Gaucher, Guillaume Basson, Abraham du Plessis, Paul Brasier and Paul Roux. The Holland list gives a total of 177 souls, while in despatches of nearly the same date from the Cape Government the number of Huguenots of all ages in the Colony is stated to be 155. But in the last case those in service of the Company were certainly not included, and possibly those who had married into Dutch families would not be reckoned. In the latter portion of this list I have omitted women and children.

Johannes Mulder, the first Landdrost of Stellenbosch, retired

from office at his own request, and on the 12th of June, 1691, was succeeded by Mr. Cornelis Linnes. In the Heemraad and in the consistory men were taking part whose descendants are to be found there to the present day. The same may be said of many of the members of the various Boards at the Cape, for in the Burgher Council, the Consistory, the Orphan Chambers, the Matrimonial Court, and the Court of Commissioners for Petty Cases were men with names now well known throughout South Africa. In a roll call of the Militia, a large proportion of the names would be familiar to-day anywhere between Cape Point and the Limpopo.

The most notable Burghers in the Cape Cistric, at this time (1691) were Van As Luow, Barillé, De Beer, Van der Bol, Botma, Boewman, Van Brakel, Brasier, Burger, Coetsee, Colyn, Cornelissen, Diepenbout, Eems, Esterhuis, Gerrits, Gildenhuis, Gunnwoud, Harst, Hartog, Van Heusden, Heyns, Huising, Jurgens, Kruywagen, Loubser, Louw, Lubbe, Merhuisen, Michielsen, Mostert, Mulder, Myburgh, Persyn, Phyffer, du Plessis, Van der Poel, Potter, Pousioen, Pretorius, Pinsloo, Ras, Reyniers, Van Schalkwyk Simons, Smit and Smuts, Sneewind, Strydon, Verschuur, Victor, Villion, Vesagie, Visser, Vlok, Vogel, Wessels, Van der Westhuizen, De Witt and Russouw.

The most notable inhabitants of Stellenbosch were, Appel, Boom, Boshof, Botma, Brand, Van den Brink, Brouwer, Van der Byl, Campher, Cloete, Coetsee, Van Daalen, Van Dyk, Le Febre, Gerrits, Greef, Grunf, Groenewald, Van Hof, Hoeder, Jacobs, Janssen, Jooste, Kleef, Kok, Konterman, Linnes, Van der Lit, Mankadan, Mol, Morkel, Mulder, Nel, Van Oldenbiz, Van Oudbeyerland, Van Oudtshoorn, Pasman, Paterborn, Pyle, Schiepers, Steyn, Tas, du Toit, Venter, Verbrugg, Vosloo, de Wereld and Wismer.

The most notable inhabitants of Drakenstein were Barre, Basson, Bastiaans, Batté, Becker, Beluize, Boysen, Binere, de Bruyn, du Buis, Van der Byl, Classen, Cloete, Cloudon, Corbonne, Cordeen, Convat, Van Deventer, Durand, Van Eek, Van Eden, Eechhof Erasmus, Ferrior, Fouché, Fouriê, Fracasse, Garde, Gaucher, Godefroy, Goumai, la Grange, Gros, Hatting, Van der Heyden, Hugo and Jacob, Joubert, Jourdan, Kruger, de Lanoy, Lombard, de Long, Van Maarseveen, Magnet, Malan, Malherbe, Manteor, Margra, Marais, Martin, Martineau, Van der Merwey, Mesnard, Meyer, Mysal, Van Niekerk, Nortier, Oosthuizen, Parisel, Pelanchon, de Pierron, Pinard, du Plessis, du Pre, Reneset, Retif, Rochefort, Roi, Romond, Rousseau, Roux, de Ruelle, Sabatier, de Savoye, Senechal, Simond, Snyman, Van S'aden, Swart, Sevol, Taillefer, La Tatte, Therond, du Toit, Vordeau, Vermey, Verwey, de Villiers, Vivet, Vivier, Van Vuuren, Van Wyk, Van Zyl.

APPENDIX H.

VOLKSLIEDEREN.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
 Give, oh, give me back my heart !
 Or, since that has left my breast,
 Keep it now, and take the res t!
 Hear my vow before I go,

Ζωη μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
 Woo'd by each Ægean wind ;
 By those lids whose jetty fringe
 Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge
 By those wild eyes like the roe,

Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste ;
 By that zone-encircled waist ;
 By all that token-flowers that tell
 What words can never speak so well ;
 By love's alternate joy and woe,

Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

SANNIE BEYERS.

Sannie Beyers, eer ons skei,
 Gee mij hart terug aan mij !
 Of, nou dat dit al verloor is,
 Vat dit maar, met al wat oor is !
 Voor ik weggaan sweer ik nou,
Hartje ik het lief ver jou !

Ach ! die lokies ongebind,
 Die heen en weer waai met de wind ;
 Ach ! die wange rond en mooi,
 Nes en perske zacht en rooi !
 Ach ! die oogies, hemelblauw !
Hartje ik het lief ver jou !

Maar o ! die lippies ! Al mijn vee
 Zal ik ver een zoentje gee ;
 Mij hart wil soommer overstort,
 En woorden kom mij nou te kort ; -
 Altijd blijf ik aan jou trouw,
Har je ik het lief ver jou !

Sannie, ik gaan van jou weg,
 Maar als gij zoo alleenig leg
 Dink om mij ; bij jou dich bij
 Zal mij hart en ziel nog blij :
 Kan mij liefde ooit ophou ?
Hartje ik het lief ver jou.

KLAAS GEZWINT EN ZIJN PAERT.

(Burns' 'Tam o' Shanter' vrij gevolgd.)

Als jij misschien nog met jou maat,
 Boo in de dorp zit lach en praat ;
 Vergeet jij, jij moet huis toe gaan,
 Anders zal Elsie voor jou slaan,
 Zij zit al bij die vuur en brom,
"Ik krij hem, zoos hij huis toe kom."

Jammer dat mans zoo zelde hoor,
 Als hulle vrouwens voor hul knor :
 Dit is maar zoo, hul kan maar praat,
 Ons luister toch nie na hul raad.
 Dat dit zoo is, het Klaas Gezwint
 Een donker nacht ook uigevint,
 Hij 't leelijk in die knijp geraak,
 Toen hij terug rij van die Braak,

Had Klaas geluister naar zijn vrouw,
 Dan het dit hem nog nooit berouw ;
 Geen dag gaat om of zij vertel hem,
"Maar Klaas, jij is toch al te schellem,
Nog nooit is jij van huis gewees,
Of jij gedraag jou als een bees,
En loop Klaas Titus met jou mee,
Dan gaat dit woos met julle twee."

Eén aânt, plaas van na huis te gaan,
 Blij Klaas nog in de dorp in staan,
 "Nou, arrie! moet jul mij trakteer,
 Kom, kerels, gooi maar nog een keer."
 Hulle gee oom Klass ook nog een dop,
 Toe was hij net mooi hoenderkop.

Nou scheel dit nix, al wordt dit nach,
 Hij blij maar daar gezels en lach;
 Als Klaasie eerst begin te slinger,
 Dan kan jij gloo, hij zal maar linger.

Plezier is nets een jong komkommer,
 Als jij hem pluk, verlep hij sommer:
 Of nets een schulpad in zijn dop in,
 Zoos jij hem vat, dan trek hij kop in.
 Als Klaas van aânt zijn huis wil haal,
 Dan word dit tijd om op te zaal.
 Zoo klim hij "Kol" maar zaggies op
 En druk zijn hoet vas op zjn kop.

Een flukse merrie was ou Kol,
 Al was haar rug een bietje hol;
 Eerst fluit de ou—want hij was bang—
 De neen-en-neentags e gezang,
 Dan kijk hij weer een slagie om
 Of daar misschien geen spook aankom.
 Voor hij van aânt zijn huis kan krij,
 Moet hij de kerkhof noch verbij

Die drank is toch een snaakse goed,
 Hij gee die bangste kerel moed.
 Al is een Hotnot nog zoo ooliek,
 Een zoopie maak hem net nou vrolijk;
 Steek hij maar net een dop of drie,
 Dan stuit hij voor geen d—v—l nie.

Maar Klaas het daarom naar gelijk,
 Toe hij daar in de kerkhof kijk;
 Zijn bloed het wonderlijk gekook
 Toe hij gewaar hoe dit daar spook.
 Daar speul de d—v—l op een tromp
 Voor veertig spooke in een klomp;
 Hul dans daar rond, dat dit zoo gons
 Geen ouderwetze cottiljons.
 Maar eers "Alexander Klip salamander"
 Trap hulle algaar met malkander,
 Toe was dit weer die "honde krap,"
 Tòt dat die zweet zoo van hul tap.

Die goed was bijna poedel kaal,
 En zie, die vrouwens was *te* skraal,
 Maar een daarvan, een bietje dikker,
 Maak zoo een uitgehaalde flikker,
 Dat Klaas, plaas van zijn bek te hou,
 Schree, "Arie ! dit was fluks van jou."

Zoo, hij dit zegh, toe moet hij jaä,
 Die heel boel zet hem, achterna ;
 "Kol, loop nou dat de stof zoo staan,
 Anders is Klaas van aant gedaan ;
 Kom jij m3ar net die drif voorbij,
 Dan dalkies raak jou baas nog vrij ;

Een spook is nets en bok kapater,
 Hij loop nie zomaar in die water,
 Toe Kol die d—v—l snij jou spoor."
 Hier leg de drif "*hiert*" zij's daaroor,
 Haar stert het hul glat uitgeruk,
 Maar Klaas is los, dits een geluk.

Voor die wat lus het om te draai,
 Wil ik maar net een woortje raai ;
 Gedenk aan Klaas Gezwint zijn paert,
 En vraag jou zelf : waar is haar staert ?

DAANTJIE GOUWS.

(Een vertaling van Burns zijn 'Duncan Gray.' (Op die wijsie van 'Try, Try Try, Again.'))

Daantjie kom hier om te vrij,
 Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo ;
 Sondagsaänts het hij vèr moet rij,
 Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.
 Martjie steek haar kop in die luch,
 Kijk zoo skeef en trek terug,
 Sit ver Daantjie glat op vlug ;
 Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo

Daantjie smeeke en Daantjie bid,
 Martjie's doof en blij maar sit ;
 Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo
 Daantjie such vir ure lang,
 Vêe die trane van sijn wang,
 Praat van hemzelve op te hang ;
 Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.

Die tijd versach maar ons gevoel
 Verachte liefde word ook koel ;
 Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.
 "Sal ik," seg hij, "nets een gek,
 "Om een laffe meisie vrek ?
 "Zij kan naar die hoenders trek ;"
 Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.

Hoe dit kom lat dokters vertel,
 Martjie word siek en hij word wel ;
 Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.
 Daar 's iets wat an haar borsie knaa,
 En hartjie-seer begin haar plaa,
 Haar oogies glinster ook mar braa ;
 Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.

Daantje was een sachte man,
 En Martje trek haar dit soo an ;
 Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.
 Daantjie krij jammer in sijn hart,
 De liefde groei weer an sijn part.
 Nou leef sulle same sonder smart ;
 Ja, met vrijers gaat dit soo.

ALIE BRAND.

WYSIE.—'Gaily the Troubadour.'

Ach mijn lieve Alie Brand, de liefste van mijn hart,
 Laat ons onze schaapjes op een klompje maak,
 Geê mij permissie, mijn liefste Alie Brand,
 Om morre naar die dorp te rij, en haal die predikant

Mijn vader en mijn moeder is alle bei al oud,
 En als hul kom te sterven, dan erf ik banja goud,
 Een plaats zal ik dan koope, en ook zoo banja vee,
 Daarom mijn liefste Alie, zeg mij toch niet nee !

Pluimvee en blomtuin, alles kan jij krij,
 Koeijen om te melken, perde om te rij,
 Koffie en koekies voor die tantes en die ooms,
 En daarom nog geld genoeg voor die dochters en die zoons.

Als gij zeh nee, dan weet ik wat ik doet,
 Ik neem een lange riem. en hang mij aan een boom,
 Want zonder mijne Alie, wat maak ik met mijn nek,
 Want zonder mijne Alie ! dan wil ik lievers vrek.

JAN JURGENS.

(Cowper's 'John Gilpin,' vrij gevolgd.)

Jan Jurgens was een burgerman
 Van aanzien en van roem,
 Een vrede regter was hy ook
 Op die fontein van Bloem.

En Jan zyn vrouw zeg aan haar man
 Ons twee is nou getrou
 Al twintig jaar, en ons het nog
 Geen "hollidey" gehou.

Nou morge is ons bruilofs dag
 Zoo laat ons dan toch ry
 Na Uithoek, daar op Modderspruit,
 Waar onze tanta bly.

Myn zuster en myn zuster's kind
 En ik en Griet en Jan
 Die maak en vrag, zoo kom jy maar
 Te paert ons agter an.

Hy antwoord toe, daar is maar een
 Ou vrouw die ik bemin
 En jy is det, myn liefste hart,
 Zoo doet maar na jou zin.

Ik is een eerlyk winkelier
 Det weet toch iedereen,
 En myn ou vrint die timmerman
 Zal myn zyn paert wel leen.

Zeg Juffer Jurgens det is goed,
 Maar "serri-wyn" is duur,
 Zoo neem ons maar een fles pontak
 Die is toch nie zoo zuur.

Jan Jurgens zoen zyn lieve vrouw
 Verblyd was hy verwas,
 Te zien al hou zy van plesier
 Det zy toch spaarzaam was.

Die dag was daar, die kar gereed,
 En alles in die hak
 Met al die kinders binne in—
 Was det maar zwaar gepak.

Bly was zul' toe die paerde trek,
 En toe die wiele draai,
 Det gaat ook det die stof zoo staat
 En det die klippers waai.

Jan Jurgens staat daar by zyn paert,
 En gryp hem aan zyn maan,
 Hy spring flux op, maar klim weer af,
 Om in die huis te gaan.

Want skaars was hy mooi in die zaal
 En wou zyn reis begin,
 Of daar kom boere na hem toe
 En wil die winkel in.

Zoo klim hy af, want tyd verzuim,
 Hoe hem det ook mag spyt,
 Is daarom nie zoo'n groot verlies
 Als schade van profyt.

Det het ook taamlyk lank geduur,
 Voor det zul' klaar kon kry,
 En toe det oo'r was skree die meid,
 "Die wyn had t'huis gebly."

Magtig zeg hy—daar het jy det,
 Det's nou en lieve las,
 Maar wag, bring hier myn bandelier,
 Hy hang daar in die kas.

Nou Juffer Jurgens (zorgzaam ziel)
 Had daags te voren mooi
 Twee aerde kanne uitgewas,
 En wyn daarin gegooi.

Elk bottel het en kromme oor,
 Die bind hy met zyn band
 Vas op zyn lyf, en voor balans
 Hang een aan ieder kant.

En over det, dat hy mog zyn
 Gekleet van top tot toon
 Trek hy zyn nieuwe overjas
 Zoo netjes en zoo schoon.

Nou zit hy weder op zyn paert,
 Een triplaar van belang,
 Hy ry voorzigtig deur die straat,
 Op echte burgher gang.

Maar toe die pad gelyker word
Trek hy op een galop,
Toe snork die paert en loop zoo hart,
Det Jan hem nie kon stop.

“ Ho-ha !” zeg Jan, “ ho-ha ” nou paert
Maar nou was det te laat,
Want al hoe verder det hy loop
Hoe harder det hy gaat

Een man die tog geen ruiter is
Moet aan die maanhaar hou,
Zoo gooi ou Jan die lyzels weg,
Om aan die paert te klaau.

Die paert die was det ongewoond
Det hul' zoo aan hom vat,
En wis nie wat ver ding det was
Det boven op hem zat.

Hy neem die loop met Jurgens zaam,
Zyn hoed is na die maaⁿ,
Hy 't nooit gedoch toe hy vertrok,
Det det toch zoo zou gaan.

Zyn jas die wapper net's een flag,
Daar skeur die laaste knoop,
Die wind die warl det van zyn rug,
En gooi det op een hoop.

Toe kan die mense algaar zien
Die bottles aan zyn band,
Twee eerde kruikies om zyn lyf
Een hang aan ieder kant.

Die honde blaf, die kinders huil,
Hul' skuif de vensters op,
En algaar skreef hom agterna
Zoo ja—nou druk maar op.

Daar gaat ou Jan, det is mos hy,
Zeg iedereen terstont,
Hy draag gewig—hy ry en rees,
D'es voor een duizend pond.

Die tolman gooi die tolhek oop,
Geluk voor Jan zyn nek,
Die kerel gaat die dokter haal,
Of anders is hy gek.

Nou het die bottels al verskuif,
 Tot agter op zyn rug,
 Toe slaat hul al twee teun makkaar
 En waai daar in die luch.

Die wyn die loop toe in die pad
 Tot det die paert zoo rook,
 Die wasem slaat zoo uit zyn blad,
 Als of hy was gekook.

En hoe Jan Jurgens ook mag rem
 Zyn paert die gaat maar vort,
 Daar hang die bottel-nekke nog,
 Vas om zyn lyf gegord.

Hy gaat by Uithoek oo'r die werf
 Zyn vrou staat op die stoep,
 En zoo's zy haar Jan Jurgens ziet
 Begon zy uit te roep.

Stop Jan ! Stop Jan, hier is die huis
 Hier is die huis zeg zy,
 Des opgeskep—en tyd voor ons :
 Zeg Jan des tyd voor my.

Jan doch det was al ver genoeg :
 Zyn paert die het nog haas,
 Want nog en half uur verdor leg
 Die woonhuis van zyn baas.

Dus net zoo skerp als ooit een koe'l
 Maar uit en roer kan fluit,
 Zoo loop die paert en nou is ook
 Myn storie net half uit

Daar gaat Jan Jurgens amper flou
 En teu'n zyn wensch en wil
 Tot by zyn vrint die timmerman,
 Daar staat hy eindlyk stil.

Die timmerman was glad verbaas
 Oo'r die toestand van zyn maat,
 Hy zet zyn pyp ook daadlyk neer
 En dus begon hy praat.

Wat nuuws, wat nuuws, zeg myn toch gau,
 En wat zoek jy dan hier,
 En waarom kom jy zonder hoed,
 Magtig hoe zweet die dier.

Jan Jurgens was een vrolyk man,
Die 'n grappie nooit kon laat,
Dus zeg hy aan die timmerman
Ik zal jou zeg ou maat.

Ik kom om det jou paertd wou kom,
En het ik det nog reg,
Dan zal myn hoed ook haas hier wees
Hy is alreeds op weg.

Die timmerman was bly te zien
Zyn vrint nog opgeruim,
Dus geef hij ook geen antwoord toe,
En maak ook geen verzuim.

Maar hy gaat haastig in die huis
En haal een ander hoet ;
Die was nie al te bestig, maar
Hy was nog daarom goet.

Die timmerman het toe getoon
Det hij ook grappig was,
Hij zeg die hoet is veuls te groot
Dus zal hy zeker pas.

Maar krap dan toch die modder af
Jij lyk mos zommer vaal,
En jy zal zeker honger wees,
Zoo moet jy maar afzaal.

Zeg Jan, det is myn bruilofs dag—
Die mense zal mos praat,
As mijn ou vrouw by Uithoek eet,
En ik hier bij myn maat.

Zoo zeg hy aan die paert “Jy 's hier
Voor *jou* plesier gekom,
Zoo gaat jy nou maar nog een slag
Voor *myn* plesier weerom.”

Maar skaars het hy die woord gezêh
Of hy het hom berouw,
Die Ezel hings die skree zoo hart,
Zyn paerd det nooit kan hou.

Hy beef en snork en gaat te keer
Als of hy 'n leeou hoor,
En spring zoo skielyk weg det Jan
Slaat amper agter-oor.

Daar gaat Jan Jurgens en daar gaat
Zijn hoet weer in die sloot,
Det val ook nou veel gauwer af,
Om det het was te groot.

Nou Juffer Jurgens toe zy zag,
 Haar man gaat zoo voorbij,
 Wys zy en half kroon aan en jong,
 En zeg det zal jy kry.

Als jy die ou baas nou gaan haal
 En breng hom veilig hier :
 Ja zeg die jong, des goed ou nooi,
 Det doet ik mot plesier.

En toe hij Jurgens aan ziet kom
 Wou hy ook dan probeer
 Om dwars voor in die pad te staan,
 En zoo hom nog te keer.

Hij het dan ook zyn bes gedaan
 Die lyzels beet te kry,
 Maar ongelukkig vat hy mis,
 Toe was die paert weer vry.

Daar gaat Jan Jurgens en daar gaat
 Die jong ook agteraan,
 Die paert die loop maar altijd voort
 Zoo hard als hy kon gaan.

En toe die mense langs die pad
 Ziet hoe det Jan hem weert,
 Zez zulle algaar "wat is det
 Daar's zeker iets verkeerd."

Toe jâa zul' almaal agter aan
 Want daar was een geruch,
 Det Jurgens was een paerde dief,
 En det hy wou ontvlug.

Die tolhek gaat nou nogmaals oop,
 Zul' denk det is een grap,
 Die tolman zeg zul' ry zoo hard
 De's voor en weddenschap.

Det was ook zoo' hy won det ook,
 Want hy was eerste t'huis,
 Zyn paert die staat nie eerder stil
 Als vlak voor die kombuis.

Die Vry-Staat boo ! ik zeg ook zoo,
 En Jurgens lank leef hy !
 Maar mag ik daar wees om te zien
 Als hy ooit weer gaat ry !

DIE BOER ZIJN ZATERDAG AAND.

(Na Burns' 'Cottar's Saturday Night,')

Die Noordewind waai koud in Junijmaand,
 Om vijf uur is die zon al weggezak,
 Die osse, moe van ploeg, is blij dis aand,
 Die kraaie trek ook hu's toe oor die vlak.
 Die boer gaat van die land af, klaar met werk
 —Hij het dit zwaar gekrij, die laatste week—
 Hij word al oud, hij voel nie meer zoo sterk,
 Maar morge kan hij rus, nou gaat hij pijpop-steek,
 En zoetjes, in die voor, naar huis toe hou hij streek

Hij maak nog schaars die draai, kort bij zijn huis,
 (Wat hij nog zelf gebou het toen hij trouw,)
 Die kinders loop en kruip uit die kombuis,
 En hang om hem en trek hem aan zijn mouw,
 Zijn stoel staat klaar, zijn vrouw geef hem een zoen,
 Die misvuur brand, die waterketel kook,
 Zy kom ook zit, want daar's niks meer te doen ;
 Hy blaas zyn koffie en hou op met rook,
 En hy vergeet zomaar zyn werk en moegheid ook.

Die ander kinders kom ook almal thuis
 Jan met een bok wat in die wyngerd plaai,
 Martinus het gedokter een volstruis,
 En Gert het ver oom Piet om zaad gaat vraai.
 Die oudste docter Sannie kom toe net
 Met rooie wange, ooge groot en zwart,
 Zoos Kaapse meisjes net alleenig het ;
 Pa wil nog zeh : "Dag, Sannie, dag mijn hart,"
 Zy zoen hem eer hy praat, en zit by hem apart.

Die broers en zustres kortswyl met malkaar,
 En praat oor wat hul morge zal gaan maak,
 En hulle is nog met nieuws vertel nie klaar
 Of Gert zyn oog val toe al van die vaak.
 Die ou man en zyn ou vrouw wensch en hoop
 Dat al die kinders duegdzaam op mag groei ;
 Die ou vrouw stop die kouse, deurgeloop
 En zeg ver Jan : "Kyk al die gate, foei
 Wag maar, als ik my nie meer met jou goed bemoei !"

Die ou man waarschuw vrindlyk en vermaan,
 Die jong volk om toch goed en vroom te wees,
 Om nooit lui rondteslenter en te staan,
 Hulle plicht te doen en altyd God te vrees.

Om te bly staan, zeg hy, is bainkeer zwaar
 Als die verzoeking om te verlei,
 Maar vraa ver God, lat hy ver julle verklaar
 Hoe julle moet maak kom om goed en vroom te bly,
 Myn kinders, doet toch nooit wat met Gods wette stry.

Daar word geklop. Ma vraa, wie kan dit wees ?
 Dis al zoo laat, dis amper zeven uur ;
 Maar Sannie raai zoomaar, dis zeker Kees,
 En haar gesig word net zoo rooi als vuur.
 Haar slimme moeder ziet hoe sterk zy bloos,
 Zy merk dat Sannie rooie wange kry ;
 Zy vraa: " Wie's dit ?" en zy ontstel haar boos,
 Zy denk, dis zeker een wat hier kom vry !
 Maar toe zy hoor dis Kees, is zy gerust en bly.

Kees is een frisse kerel van oor zes voet,
 Gedamasseerd met hande grof van werk ;
 Dit is een goeie keus wat Sannie doet
 En daadlyk het die ou vrouw alles gemerk.
 Die ou man praat met hem van boerdery
 Van paerde en van koeie en van ploeg
 Al het Kees ook gekom om hier te vry,
 Hy moet zit aanhoor, maar is lang al moeg ;
 Die moeder merk dat Kees by Sannie hem wil voeg.

Die liefde is een wonderlyke ding
 Die grootste zaligheid wat kan bestaan ;
 Ik het al bain op aarde doorgebring
 En dis die les wat ik het opgedaan :
 Daar 's niks nie wat 'n mensch zoo wonderlijk lat voel
 Niks wat een mensch zijn hart zoo goed kan doen,
 Als 's avonds als die lucht is afgekoel
 Een jonkman ver zijn meis-ie te zien zoen
 Als die maan schijn op die boome, uitgeloopt en groen.

Is daar een mensch wat hart het in zijn lijf
 Een schelm, een schurk, zóó innerlijk versleg
 In list en slinkschheid zoo geheel verstijf
 Wat meissies bring op die verkeerde weg !
 Vervloekt is hij, met zijn geslepe taal !
 Het hij geen eer, gewete, en geen God ?
 Als hij haar later met een hart van staal
 Verstoot en oorlaat aan haar bitter lot,
 Dan kom daar rouw en wanhoop zeker aan die slot.

Die tafel wordt gedek. en hulle zit aan,
 Daar 's ryssop van van middag oorgeschieet,
 Een schottel stoofvlees nie ver daar van daan,
 En dikmelk zoos een mensch maar zelden ziet.
 Om ver die vrijer vrindelijk te wees,
 Haal tante boogoe zoopies uit die spens
 Zij vraa : "Hoe drink dit"? "Voorentoe," zeg Kees ;
 Zij zeg dat boogoe goed doet ver een mensch,
 Dat almal matig drink is net al wat zij wensch.

Die meid neem nou die kos weg en die sop ;
 Eerbiedig wag die kinders almal stil,
 Pa slaat de groote Statenbijbel op,
 En zoek in al zijn zakke naar zijn bril.
 Uit die ou erfstuk lees hij hulle voor,
 Die oue psalme wat ver almal stich ;
 Die kinders zit aandachtig aan te hoor
 Hoe die ou man met een ernstig gezicht
 Die woorde lees van Leven, Liefde, Vrede, Licht.

Die oue Testament word eers geles
 En toe een Hoofdstuk uit die Nieuwe ook,
 Oor hem wat eens op aarde was gewees
 En door zijn volk, door priesters aangestook,
 Onschuldig werd gekruist als moordenaar.
 En toe zit Sannie in die aangezang
 "O Groote Christus"—die wijssie 's te zwaar,
 Om te blij steek, nee, daarvoor is zij bang,
 Zij zing die liederenwijs met draaie regte lang.

Toe kniel hulle almal voor hulle stoele neer ;
 Die huisgezin zijn hoofd doet een gebed,
 Hij bid dat onze Vader, aller Heer
 Van kwaad en van gevaar hen toch wil red.
 Zóón vroomheid, dis wat onze God wil heh
 Geen aanstellings en geen dwaze huichelarij
 Daar 's bain wat bain lang op die knie leh
 En wat Gods wette heelmal gooi op zij,
 En doen wat heelmal met die wil des Vaders strij.

Die zeuns zeh ver die oudjes nou : goe nag,
 En Sannie gaat ook naar haar kamer toe.
 Hulle ouers kan ook nie meer langer wag
 En voel ook regte afgemat en moe.
 Gerus gaat hulle leh in stille hoop
 Dat Hij die ver die vogeltjies wil klee
 En ver die lelies langs die waterloop,
 Ook al wat noodig ver hulle zal gee
 Hij-zorg toch net zoo goed voor menschen als ver vee.

Dis die eenvoudigheid waarvan ons lees
 Die kinderlijkheid wat het Rijk beeft,
 Wat stil zijn plicht en recht doet en God vrees
 Rijkdom wat mot en roest nie kan bederf.
 Grootheid en geld span net ver ons een strik
 Geen schande is dit om gering te wees
 Daar is geen grooter werk van God als dit :
 Een eerlijk man, wat zonder menschenvrees
 Zijn naaste liefhet en zijn God het allermees.

D. P. F.

APPENDIX I.

EXTRACT FROM THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW," DECEMBER, 1835.

"PRINGLE AND MOODIE."

"We now come to the work of Lieutenant J. W. D. Moodie, of the 21st Fusiliers, who, like Pringle, left this country for the Cape in 1819, and, like him, abandoned the colony after a residence and struggle of ten years. This gentleman however had no immediate connection with the Government scheme, for which £50,000 was granted by Parliament in the year above mentioned. His attempt was dependant on the isolated experiment of the family to which he belongs—a family which had for ages held a high station amongst the gentry of the Orkney Islands.

"The Lieutenant informs us that, soon after the peace of 1815, his family found their resources so straitened by the pressure of debts that they were obliged to make up their minds to part with the extensive property in that remote region, which had descended to them from the period of Norse dominion. But how the debts and difficulties had accumulated to this grievous extent he does not explain; nor had we any particular right to expect that he should do so. We know nothing from any other source of the particular case, but we are but too well acquainted with the causes of the ruin that about this time overtook many of the most ancient and distinguished families in the Hebrides and Orkney Islands, as well as on the other Highland coasts of Scotland, and the kindred shores of Connaught and Ulster.

"The high price of kelp during the war swelled their rentals to an amount of which their forefathers never had had the remotest anticipation. The rise was of the kind with that of agricultural rentals throughout the kingdom generally, but far more extrava-

gant. Like the other landlords of the time, these gentlemen accommodated their modes of living to this extraordinary change, but the imprudence was more than usually absurd upon their part, in consequence of the absolutely frail tenure on which the increased annual income depended. When the peace disturbed their fragile monopoly, they did not at once comprehend that it was in reality gone for ever—at least for their lifetime,—and they continued to live on as they had done during the war, in the vain hope of better days coming back to them. But indeed it would not have been easy, even for the most prudent persons in their situation, to change their habits suddenly. A young generation unaccustomed to the frugal manners of the old time had grown up—new houses had been built on the scale of great English mansions—the whole arrangements of every domain, as well as household, had been framed according to this luxurious style of modern English life. It cost years of struggling and shifting before the stern hand of necessity was able to enforce its painful lessons, and, in numerous notorious instances, the ancient property in the soil had at last to be abandoned altogether. Such, or nearly similar, was in all likelihood the fate of the Moodies of Melsetter—a name familiar to every one who has visited or read any books about the bleak Archipelago of the Udalers.

‘By stack and skerry, by noup and by voe,
By air and by wick, and by helyer and gio,
And by every wild shore which the northern wind knows.’ ”

The young Laird of Melsetter—(Benj. Moodie)—his land having been disposed of—determined on removing to the Cape Colony, and he assembled about him some 200 Scotch families of the common sort, who were willing to place themselves under his guidance, and who entered into regular indentures, by which, in return for the expense of the exportation and outfit, they bound themselves to work for Mr. Moodie on a certain fixed rate of wages, during a certain number of years after their arrival in South Africa, or to buy up their indentures at a reasonable rate, also fixed and determined beforehand. The ex-Laird, however, made a sad mistake in this matter, or rather a whole heap of mistakes. First of all, these people were not from his own part of Scotland, but from the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and thus neither had they that attachment and respect for his person, which he would probably have found in a similar congregation of Orcadians, nor had he that intimate acquaintance with their manners and habits of industry which is so desirable in the leader of a colonial settlement. Moreover, while they had no habitual veneration for him, they were closely allied with each other. He was like the foreign captain of a troop all raised in the same village. Mr. Moodie relied implicitly on the solemn contracts entered into with these people. He had been careful in admitting

none who could not produce certificates of good character, and would not suspect that, once removed from the eyes of all neighbours and connections, except those who were exposed to exactly the same temptation with himself, the austere and sanctimonious Presbyterian could make up his mind to a deliberate fraud—indeed, a plain theft and robbery. Such, however, was, in all but a very few cases, the result.

Mr. Moodie had not been long in South Africa before the great majority of his people broke all their contracts, abandoned him for ever, and scattered themselves over the vast colony wherever they could get good wages, without the least regard to his interests, and in such a manner as to baffle him and his agents most completely. The Laird, however, was not wholly out of his element as the master of a huge grazing district, in whatever part of the world it might be placed. Some of his people did keep their faith, and by their assistance, and that of Hottentots hired in the room of the fraudulent fugitives, he by degrees overcame the worst difficulties of his new position. His country education and previous habits were in no small degree adapted to the colonial existence. His old experience as Justice of Peace was found valuable, and he seems ere he had been many years in South Africa to have earned for himself great personal consideration amongst all classes of his neighbours. So much for the Laird!

His two younger brothers—the one a naval, the other a military officer—had both been reduced to half-pay about the same time when his rental sustained its cruel reduction. These gentlemen no sooner heard of his African scheme than, from opposite parts of the compass, they both hastened to join him in his new location of the Penates; and the soldier it is whose narrative now lies before us. The Laird was near enough failing. We have noticed some of the circumstances to which he owed his escape; but perhaps the main secret after all was that, however reduced, he had still some considerable capital at his back. The cadets wanted this important ally, as well as his habits of rural life, and practical acquaintance with farming and grazing operations. Under such circumstances, one would naturally expect to find them placing themselves under the elder brother's experienced eye, and as near him as possible, but, though the whole book seems full of proofs of strong fraternal affection amongst the three Moodies, such was not the case. Even the soldier and sailor*—though they pitched their tents together for a time, soon parted company also. The latter is now, it appears, settled in a respectable station in the Civil Service of the Colony. We infer that, in some way or other, all his farming attempts had failed before he solicited such employ-

* The sailor was the father of the present writer of "Batles, &c."

ment. As for our author, the gallant Fusilier, his book contains a full and particular account of all his ups and downs ; but we must be content with mentioning two of the leading occurrences.

First, then, the grant of land which he originally obtained, and on which he built his house and settled his establishment, had been marked out for him at the time when Sir Rufane Donkin filled the situation of Acting-Governor in the absence of Lord Charles Somerset ; and when Lord Charles returned to the Colony, he found that his deputy had made a serious blunder ; the said grant, and a great number of grants besides, being within a district which the English Government had by treaty recognised as neutral—which in short had never been ceded, Lord Charles considered that faith had been broken, though of course undesignedly, and would not continue to protect these new settlers. He withdrew the troops which had been stationed for their defence against the forays of the indignant Caffres, and they were soon obliged to abandon their houses and farms entirely. We certainly think that, as the Acting-Governor could have been guilty of nothing worse than an oversight, he ought to have been reprimanded indeed, but the poor settlers who had laid out time and money on reliance on his geographical and official authority, should have been compensated in some way for the losses thus sustained. Lieut. Moodie, however, says that all their petitions to this effect were fruitless. Lord Charles thought they might have taken the trouble to examine the map before cutting out their farms and erecting their houses, and they left to select new settlements for themselves at their own discretion, and on the usual terms. The Lieutenant chose a very beautiful place, by a fine stream, not far from the sea coast, though in a remote part of the colony, and hired some servants and reared a cottage, and for a time his herds multiplied about him, and all seemed to go well. But presently the distance and solitude of the location became distateful to his servants, and one by one they all left him. For some weeks the poor gentleman remained actually alone in the midst of the wood and wilds, with 500 head of cattle to take care of. Under such circumstances, the courage, even of a Fusilier, might pardonably give way, and though a lucky accident brought him help and company, and he once more resumed his efforts, yet he seems never to have quite recovered the shock of his Robinson Crusoe desertion, and to have, in short, contracted a fixed disgust for the very name of South Africa. The Lieutenant sold his lot and stock, and came over to England, and wrote his book. But before it could be published he was already on way to Upper Canada. We sincerely hope he may have better luck there than at the Cape ; but there seems some reason to fear that he is of an unsettling disposition. We doubt if he will reclaim any considerable section of the Canadian forests ; but he will, if his views are moderate, find his half-pay a very comfort-

able income ; and certainly he will be at no loss either for hearty cheer or jolly company, if he chooses to locate himself within dining distance of that epicurean of the woods, Dr. Dunlop.

(After numerous extracts from "Ten Years in South Africa,")
 "Here we close our extracts from one of the most amusing books we have lately met with."*

HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of the Cape Argus.

SIR,—In your justly favourable review of the above work, lately issued by our worthy friend, Mr. G. M. Theal, to whose matured powers of research South African (and indeed other) readers are so greatly indebted, you write as if you thought the range taken by Mr. Theal was new ground. In simple justice to the memory of my late father, our friend will agree with me that this matter, once for all, should be made plain.

The Cape "Record" (which I submit to you), produced by my father, Donald Moodie, and published by A. S. Robertson, of Cape Town, in 1838, really (with some exceptions) embraces all the ground gone over by subsequent writers on South African history.

The wording on the title page of the "Record" is, indeed, misleading, inasmuch as it relates to the "condition and treatment of the native tribes," whereas a perusal of the voluminous text will show that it is, in point of fact, a detailed history of the Dutch occupation of the Cape to the arrival of the Huguenots.

The journal of deserter Jan Blaux, or Blank ; Van der Stell's journal of his expedition to Namaqualand and back ; Ensign Stryker's trip to the Inquas ; the stories and diaries concerning the ships *Stavennisse*, *Bona Ventura*, *Hooker Centaur*, *Noord*, &c., are all given in the "Record" in minute details, the stories of the adventures of the ships occupying forty-six large pages. Yet I have taken, for the "History of Battles and Adventures" that I am bringing out, Mr. Theal's clear and condensed accounts regarding them, in preference to the long-drawn detail.

The Cape "Record" (I must say in proof of my above assertion) opens with a "Remonstrance" from the "Inkomende Brieven," from Janz and Proot, on the 26th July, 1649. This paper explains to the Dutch Company in Holland the value of the possession of the Cape Peninsula.

* The Lieut. died in Belleville in Upper Canada in 1868. Being a bit of an antiquarian, he had visited Scone and all the very ancient offices of "Record."

Then follows Van Riebeeck's report upon it, and the Company's instructions to the commanders of ships sent to the Cape by it (issued on the 12th December, 1651.)

Then come 233 pages of a large (quarto I believe) size, containing copious extracts from the journals of Van Riebeeck, embracing every minute particular of the doings and adventures of the first-comers, to May, 1662, when Commander Wagenaar was duly installed. These pages also contain all the orders from Holland.

Then, extracts from the journals and chronicles of Commanders Cornelis van Quaelbergh, Borghorst, Hackius, Van Brugel; Governor Isbrand Goske; the journal of Jan van Meersden, regarding the expedition under Ensign Cruse, against the rebellious "Gonnema Africans" on July 12th, 1672, and following days.

Then follow extracts from the journals of Governor Bax (1677), Provisional Commander Crudop, Van der Stell (1681), Governor-General R. van Goens (1685), and Van der Stell's journey to Namaqualand, occupying seven pages.

The text of the "Record" then suddenly breaks off in the middle of a sentence regarding some extract from a despatch from Van der Stell to the Chamber of XVII in Holland, May 24th, 1690.

The last entry is on June 12th, 1690, beginning "The French refugees landed here with your concurrence," &c.

The "Record" then closes, the compiler saying in a note, "Among the journals included in the inventories of the Records of the Colonial Office, taken on the capitulation of the colony in 1795, and its cession to Holland in 1803, those of the years 1688-90-91-2-3-4 and 5 are wanting; and have been in vain advertised for in the *Government Gazette* of the 29th March, 1839. As they must contain very material information upon several important points, it is not intended to proceed any further with the publication of this portion of the 'Record,' until an endeavour has been made to supply these and some other deficiencies by application to the proper authorities in Holland and Batavia."

The "Record" opens again in Governor Ryk Tulbagh's time, and gives Council proceedings, dated November 14th, 1769, and also copies of official reports of Landdrosts and every other "Drost"; Governor Plettenberg's correspondence, and also numerous reports of officials regarding native disturbances and commandos down to July, 1781.

Then a long journal of a "Tour to the North-Eastern Boundary, the Orange River, and the Storm Mountains," by Colonel Collins, in 1809. and also a report upon the "Bosjesmans" by the same gentleman. And then, and only then, a vast mass of papers relating to the various Kafir and Bushmen races.

A great deal of other tributary matter, and an autograph parchment letter of Jan van Riebeeck, concludes a large book of 703 pages,—I am, &c.,

D. C. F. MOODIE.

Valhalla, Cape Town, May 6th, 1888.

[We fully recognise the value of the late Lieutenant Moodie's "Records"; but to Mr. Theal belongs the undivided honour of having popularised the study of the times of the Cape Commanders. The "Records," a monument of research, are fit only for students. Mr. Theal, moreover, has gone to the fountain head for his information, and has depended upon no previous publication, however valuable. It is a pity that so valuable a work as Lieutenant Moodie's should be out of print. Copies are now obtainable, if at all, only at collectors' fancy prices.—*Ed. Cape Argus.*]

THE LATE COMMANDANT BAREND M. WOEST.

SEPTEMBER 1886.

Another Kafir war veteran (says the *Journal*) has departed this life. The name of the brave, genial, hospitable Barend Woest has been a household word in many a frontier home. When the British Settlers of 1820 landed on the bleak shores of Algoa Bay, Mr. Woest was one of those who conveyed many of them to their no less bleak-looking locations in Lower Albany, and many are the amusing and interesting stories and anecdotes the writer has heard him relate of these "raw" Settlers when sitting round the bivouac fire while on patrol in the Kafir war of 1851-52. Mr. Woest served in every Kafir war since the year 1829. He at one period of his life resided near Salem, on the farm Providence, and was then celebrated as a keen sportsman and supporter of Grahams Town turf, on which his horses took many plates. He was passionately fond of a good horse, and never kept a bad one. In the Kafir war of 1851 he was residing in Oliphant's Hoek, near the present village of Alexandria, and when the war broke out the inhabitants of that locality formed a "laager" at the village and kept that part of the country not only clear of Kafirs, but it served as a depot to supply the large demand for oathay for the cavalry regiments, and other mounted men. A Committee of Safety was formed of which the following were members:—P. J. Woest, Commandant, C. G. Hall, J. A. Vogel, C. F. Scheepers, F. son, L. H. Meurant, B. M. Woest, C. V. Buchner, nearly now all gone to their last homes. When the fight took place near Theopolis

army, near Unkunginhlove, when Piet Uys the elder met his between the Oliphant's Hoek Burghers, Lower Albany men, under Field-cornet Gray (who was shot dead), and the Graham's Town Sporting Club, under the late Commandant Thomas Stubbs, and the rebel Hottentots under Uithaalter, Mr. W. Stubbs was wounded in the forearm (broken), and Commandant John Woest (younger brother of B. M. Woest) was, wounded in the knee. Commandant B. Woest, jointly with the late M. C. T. Scheepers, sen., then took command of the camp, and commanded numerous patrols which came into conflict with Kafirs and rebel Hottentots. At the conclusion of the war, M. B. Woest had a farm granted to him in the beautiful Chumie Valley (under the Cathcart system), which he named Weltevreden, and upon which he erected a fine double-storied dwelling-house and a water-mill, and there he displayed the same energy for which he was so conspicuous. Few men served their Queen and country better, or as well. During the latter period of his life Mr. Woest resided in the village of Alice (Victoria East). He departed this life on the 22nd of September, 1886, after a short illness of about a week. He was ailing a little before, though nothing serious was apprehended; but he took to his bed, from which he never rose again alive. Up to nearly the last he was riding his horse and driving his own cart and, working in his garden. Only a week before his death he drove his cart to the farm of Mr. Cairns, to get timber to build a new house. He died a true Christian, in his eighty-fifth year. He was a total abstainer for over fifty years.

Natal Times, August 4th, 1884.

DEATH OF AN OLD VOORTREKKER.—The Wakkerstroom correspondent of the *Echo* writes on July 26th :—Another of the old voortrekkers has gone to his rest. Last Wednesday died, at the good age of 73, Johannes Andreas Martinus Laas. He was well known in Natal, for he spent fifty years of his life in this colony, and only came to the Transvaal from Greytown about nine years ago. Mr. Laas was in some sense a historical character, for in conjunction with the late John Meyer he crowned Panda King of Zululand, and their sons Andreas Laas and Conrad Meyer performed the other day the same ceremony for the grandson, Dinizulu.

A VETERAN.—Our correspondent with the mounted volunteers writes to the effect that there is in the Natal Hussars—the corps now stationed at Potspuit—a simple trooper, was was by no means under fire for the first time at the battle of Inyezane. In the year 1838, when a mere boy, he took an active part in the then great fight between the two Boer commandos and Dingaan's

death. This "hussar" of Natal gives a telling account of the battle. Again, he was engaged in the memorable battle of Congella, when Captain Smith was beleaguered by the Boers in 1842. On several other occasions, both with the Zulus and the Amaponda, this man has fought for his wagons and his flocks, and now we find him with his two sons, grown men, enrolled as troopers in the Natal Hussars, and fighting side by side with Englishmen against the common enemy! On being asked why he came into the field he replied; "because I want to fight once more, and to be with my sons." The Inyezane engagement, on the 22nd January, 1879, this man counts as his seventh battle. His Swinburne-Henri Carbine he regards as an incomparable weapon, and one that would have told well in the hands of the Boer pioneers against the forces of Tshaka and Dingaan. He truly remarks, if we with the old "Brown Bess" (when the Zulus had those they had obtained from Retief's party and other sources) were able to beat off an army of overwhelming numbers, how now is it they sweep down upon a British force and exterminate it? In those days a laager was formed half an hour after the wagons had outspanned. The Boers stood shoulder to shoulder, fired steadily, and by bullets alone kept the savage hordes from advancing on their laager.

While in King William's Town, some time ago, I had the privilege of spending a few pleasant hours with Mr. Charles Brownlee C.M.G., who is, as is well known here, an unimpeachable and colossal authority upon matters Colonial speaking, as he does, all the native languages perfectly. Men possessed of the isolated qualities of Mr. Brownlee and Sir Theo. Shepstone are now rapidly passing away, and their knowledge, so vitally essential to the ethnologist and the philologist will die with them. For this reason their material evidence should be carefully and faithfully given. Mr. Brownlee is a Hottentot as well as a Kafir scholar. I know the (Xosa) Kafir names of the various rivers in the Eastern Province, but the Hottentot ones I was not aware of until my venerable oracle spoke. The following are the Hottentot names of these rivers:—

The Knysna	Nqeisnqua
Komadaga	Qabadora
Koonap	Xaharanxhap
Buffalo	Qonce
Keiskama	Xesixama
Great Fish	Nxuba
Cowie	Cowe
Kareiga	Cerera.

According to the accepted and settled Missionary mode of spelling Hottentot and Kafir, the "r" is guttural; the "c" is a

dental click, *i.e.*, the tongue is placed against the inside of the upper teeth and suddenly withdrawn, resulting in a noise we usually make to denote pity. The “q” is a palatal click and the “x” a lateral dental one, resembling the sound made in urging on a horse. The only remarkable variation in the above rule is that in the concluding name of the river “Cerera” the first “r” is pronounced as in the Scotch.

MOROSI'S AFFAIR.—GALLANT SURMON!

A bare record of Captain Surmon's death is all that has appeared as yet in our column. That gallant officer of the Cape Mounted Rifles died the other day from the effects of the wounds he received when attacking Morosi's mountain. It may be remembered that while he was leading the stormers he was shot, and rolled down the steep declivity into a gulley, where he would have died a lingering death had he not been discovered and rescued in a most gallant manner by a native adherent. Captain Surmon's name deserves well to be cherished in Natal, inasmuch as it was he who, in conjunction with Inspector Grant, led through the deep defiles of the Drakensberg the detachment of Cape Mounted Police sent to co-operate with our own forces in the capture of Langalibalele. They had to traverse a trackless and well-nigh inaccessible country, but they did so successfully, and were primarily instrumental in securing the capture of the fugitive chief who now basks in exile at Uitvlugt.—*Natal Mercury*.

A combatant and an eye witness in Capt. Smith's (of the 27th) fight with the Boers in Natal, in May 1842, while in entrenchments, tells me that a man named Nelson shot a Boer named Klopper. Another Boer, named Marais, was shot by either Hardy or Gardner, who fired at the same time. The Boer was shot bang in front of the head—Gardner afterwards gave his Hottentot the bloody hat of the victim.

Mr. Brownlee says that the Amaxosa names of the rivers mentioned below are as follows :—

The Kei	Nciba
The Buffalo	Qongqe
Keiskama	Cesi
Great Fish River	Nquba
Koonap	Qobanqaba
Kowie	Cuwe
Kareiga (as in Hottentot)	Cerera
Bushmans	Qora
Sundays River	N'Qweba

Further Eastward begin the names with the Zulu prefix, *i.e.*, Umbashe, Umtata, Umgazi, Umzimvubu, Umzimkulu, &c.

APPENDIX J.

BOOM PLAATS.

On a tomb stone in the small enclosure round St. Goerge's Cathedral, Cape Town, is inscribed the following :—

IN REMEMBRANCE OF

CAPTAIN ARTHUR STORMONT MURRAY

of the Rifle Brigade, who died of wounds,
received in action at Boom Plaats,
on 30th August, 1848.

Here also rest six men of his company,—John Barrett, Charles Martin, John Dannahy, James Day, James Thomas, George Hollister, who, emulating the example of their captain, fell in performance of their duty. This memorial is erected by his affectionate wife Elizabeth Mary.

From the *Sporting Times*, March, 1888.

A REMINISCENCE.

[*Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Childers, Mr. Morley, and the rest are full of noble sentiments (see newspapers). Some of us have memories—of Gordon for example.*]

Oh shame ! Are these the men to walk
Where Cromwell and where Chatham trod ?
They weary patient heaven with talk ;
They would chop logic with their God.

We sicken at their ghastly prate—
That nauseous flow of glozing breath ;
Silence ! We think of Gordon's fate
Our King so foully done to death.

The dastard crew who slew that king
Flaunt boldly in our presence now ;
The echoes of their falsehoods ring,
Untroubled is each brazen brow.

Where is our ancient manhood fled ?
Has our proud loyalty basely gone ?
The flower of all our race is dead,
And Gladstone lives to babble on !

The hero dies. The other lives,
 He cannot feel the pinch of shame ;
 While England graciously forgives
 The poor poltroon who smirched her name.

In that far Land where Time is not,
 Where cares and wrongs no more are borne,
 Gordon, with all his pain forgot,
 Smiles down on us with solemn scorn.

Report of Native Commission, 1883, on Native Laws, Customs, &c

The following is included in the evidence of Sir THEO. SHEPSTONE :—

List of tribes which anciently occupied the territory now forming the Colony of Natal, prior to their being disturbed by Tshaka's wars, which began to affect them about 1812.

TRIBE.	TRIBE.
Amacele	Amazizi
Amandelu	Amakuze
Amahlongwa	Amatolo
Amasomi	Amanewabe
Abalumbi	Amagamedse
Amanhlovi	Amankabane
Amakanyao	Amahlanyao
Amatuli	Amanqondo
Amazelemu	Sibanya ka Sali
Amanganga	Amandhlovu
Amahlongwa	Sivuku
Inyamvini	Emacindwaneni
Amadunge	Amantsbele
Amancolosi	Amakalalo
Tshangase	Amantambo
Amakabela	Amayoba
Amapepeta	Amatolo
Amazondi	Nomabunga
Amanxamalala	Amatambo
Amampumuzi	Amacekwana
Magenge	Jojo
Amaxasibe	Abatshwau
Amafunze	Amavundhle
Amagwar yana	Amandonyela
Amasani	Nomanhla

TRIBE.
 Amabaca
 Amambedu
 Macibise
 Amanyamari
 Amahlanganyoka
 Amanji-o
 Unqinambi
 Unondaba
 Emkulwini
 Amabombo
 Amawushe
 Umbonjeni
 Amahlanganyao
 Amavengane
 Amahlubi
 Amabele
 Amazisi
 Amakuze
 Abatembu
 Abakwamiy
 Amazizi
 Amazizi

TRIBE.
 Tshobeni
 Tshangasi
 Amambovani
 Gwai
 Amapumulu
 Amaqwabe
 Amanyuswa
 Amaqadi
 Amaosiyane
 Amabombo
 Amahlala
 Elangeni
 Emalangeni
 Amangcobo
 Amabiya
 Amakanya
 Amamemela
 Enhlangwini
 Amapemvu
 Abamkulisa
 Amangongoma
 Amalanga

Aboriginal Tribes, which now inhabit Natal, having retained or regained their original tribal organization.

TRIBE.
 Amaclee
 Amandelu
 Amahlongwa
 Amasomi
 Amanhlovu
 Amatuli
 Amanganga
 Inyamvini
 Amadunge
 Amancolosi
 Tshangase
 Amakabela
 Amapepeta
 Amazondi
 Amanxamalala
 Amampumuza
 Magenge
 Amafunze
 Amambedu
 Amanyamvu
 Amabombo

TRIBE.
 Amahlubi
 Amabele
 Amazizi
 Amakuze
 Abatembu
 Amapumulo
 Amaquabe
 Amanyusu
 Amaqadi
 Amaosiyane
 Amahlala
 Elangeni
 Emalangeni
 Amabiya
 Amakanya
 Amamemela
 Enhlangwini
 Amapemvu
 Abamkulisa
 Amangongoma
 Amalenga

THE BATTLE OF KONGELLA, 1842.

The following names of the soldiers killed at the above battle in the night between the 23rd and 24th of May, 1842, and shortly afterwards, appear on the tombstones on the D'Urban (Natal) flat. The graves are under a large old wild fig tree. I have a photograph of the place, which I am sorry I forgot to insert amongst the pictures. The inscription runs :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

The following brave soldiers H.M. 27th Inniskillings Regt., who fell in the cause of their Queen and country, near Camp. D'Urban, Natal, South Eastern Africa, in May and June 1842. Sergeant Dwyer, Privates J. Bowles, J. Brislin, J. Brown, A. Callaghan, R. Donoghue, J. Fitzpatrick, M. Griffin, T. Grimmers, R. Kerr, T. Barone, T. Doogan, T. M. Gee, T. Micham, J. Kelly, T. Kelly, T. Hardy, C. Jennings, J. Canes and W. Stewall. Twenty in one grave.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

Ensign H. R. M. PRIOR,

H.M. 27th Inniskillings Regt., who was killed in action at Port Natal on the 18th of June, 1842. Aged 19 years. Also Privates John Miles, J. O'Brien, and Patrick Conroy, on the same day wounded, who died on the 30th of June following.

Privates A. W. E. Wessels, and C. Jacobus, Cape Mounted Rifles, who were killed in action at Port Natal, the 28th of June, 1842 ; also John Beattie, R.E.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

Licut. GEORGE WYATT, R.A.

Who was killed near Kongella at the head of the Bay of Port Natal, on the night of the 23rd May, 1842, also of Gunner Drivers Thomas Stead, William Springall, Samuel Hawkes, and Matthew King, who were killed on the night of the 25th and morning of the 26th May, 1842, A.D., in fighting for their Queen and country against the rebel Boers.

I take the particulars of the above from the memorial photographs. I notice the Gunners, &c., killed on the night of the 23rd are not mentioned.

FREE STATE.—KILLED. (WHEN RAMELANA RAIDED NATAL).

Names of four Boers murdered at their transport wagons conveying goods to the Transvaal for Munro and Co. of D'Urban. They were killed close to the Drakensberg, and as the tombstone (erected to their memory) under one of the huge hills shows, their names were :—This was on the 27th of June, 1865—the wagons belonged to certain “Smits.” The inscription on the stone is H. P. N. Pretorius, born 18th August, 1800 ; J. L. Pretorius, born 11th March, 1835 ; J. J. Pretorius, born 20th April, 1841 and A. W. Pretorius, born 10th January, 1847. The inscription is, however, in Dutch.

BOERS' LOSS IN ATTACK ON SECHELI'S TOWN, MONDAY,
30TH AUGUST, 1852.

Jan de Clerk, Mr. G. Wolmarans, F's son. On August 31st, 1852, young Smit died of wounds received the day before, also one Bastard auxiliary.

NAMES OF SOME OF THE BOERS KILLED IN THEIR WARS WITH
THE BASUTOS.

In the month of June, 1865, an engagement took place at Paulus Moperi's place, where fell :

Daniel Roberste—Hendrick Robertse—Piet Wessels—Jacobus Grayling—Jacobus Kotzee—Louis Taljaard—Jurie Human—H. Struben—Peter Bay—Barend Olivier—J. Robertson, and Piet Swanepoel.

On the 15th of August, 1865, at the storming of Moshesh's stronghold of Thaba Bosigo.

Commandant Louw Wepener—Sampson Daniel—John Horspole—Wilhelm Hövels—Gerrit Joubert—Dorus Van Eede—Adam Ranbeuheimer—Johannes Dry—Jacobus Ingelbrecht—and Jacob Stolz—were killed, and eight others, including English volunteers, wounded. Many volunteers were mentioned with praise, including Captain Hunton—who the present writer knew—who was knocked off the precipice by the rocks thrown from above.

On the 29th of September, 1865, a fight took place at Nauwpoort, near Bethlehem, where forty-eight Basutos fell, and the following burghers. Piet de Beer—Michael Henn—Edward Russow—Jan Minnaar. and A. Pretorius and eight wounded.

Night attack on camp of Detachment of 3rd Yeomanry stationed at junction of Quthing and Orange Rivers. 29th May 1879. Amongst those killed were Thomas Johnstone, B Troop, Frederick Meyer, B Troop, Cornelius Lourens, B Troop, A. Hastings, B Troop, C. Mason, C Troop, W. Kay, C Troop



LIST OF AUTHORITIES.

The following are some of the authorities I have referred to in writing these works :—

Herodotus.

Diodorus Siculus.

Livy.

Barros

Camöens.

The Cape "Record" by Donald Moodie, R.N., Cape Town, 1838.

The late Judge Watermeyer.

Geo. McCall Theal.

The Cape Monthly.

The *South African Commercial Advertiser*, Cape Town, January, 1824.

The Cape Quarterly.

Smiles' History of Huguenots.

Cape Times and *Cape Argus* files.

The Library of C. A. Fairbridge, Esq., gave me many details—
re The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*.

George Thompson—1827.

Cols. Napier and Sutherland, founded on the Cape "Record."

Judge Cloete's Lectures.

Sketch on Mokanna Rebellion.

The Hon. Charles Brownlee.

Hon. Richard Southey, C.M.G.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone, K.C.M.G.

Rev. Dugmore ("Albany Settlers' Reminiscences".)

Capt. Gardiner R.N.

Hon. R. Godlonton.

Chase's Natal Papers.

Capt. Harris—on Trek Boers—1835.

Andrew's Personal Reminiscences.

General John Bisset (Sport and War.)

Holden's History of Natal.

Dr. Mann's History of Natal.

Annals of Natal (John Bird), 1st two parts.

Official Cape Records of Basutoland.

"With the Cape Mounted Rifles," by an Ex C.M.R.

The Imperial Blue Books.

Fred Jeppe's Transvaal Almanac.

Hofstede's History of the Free State.

"Journals of the Trek Boers" in the "Thirstland," between Rustenberg in the N.W. of the Transvaal, and the River Cunene on the West Coast of Africa, compiled by W. W. Jordan, and long account given by J. J. Debrits (one of the Trekboers) to the Editor of the *Cape Times* (January, 1880).

Fynn's Papers.

Nathaniel Isaacs.

John Dunn's Notes.



